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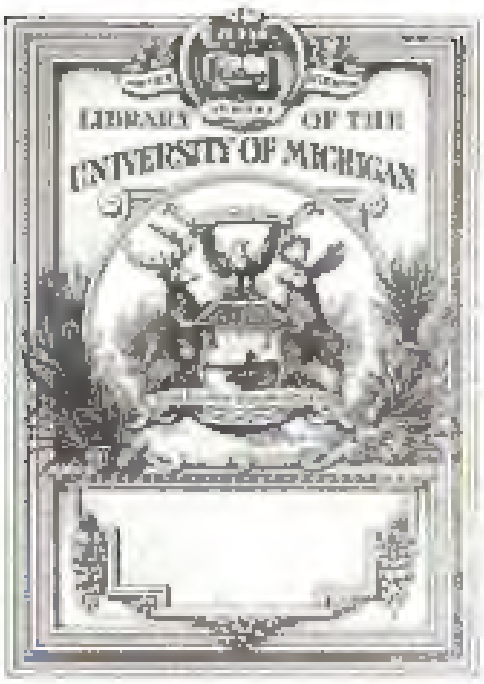

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

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GULLIVER'S LAST VOYAGE

CHAPTER I

AFTER my return from that voyage in which I made the discovery of the Houyhnhnms' Land, and fell into so high an estimation of their magnanimous people, I continued at home but a short while, finding my company too close of kin to the detestable qualities of the Yahoos to be by any means supportable: and therefore accepted an adva tageous offer made me to go the African voyage in the *Wide World*, a stout merchantman of great tonnage and repute. I was furnished with a supply of money bestowed about my middle in a leathern belt; and my business was, on behalf of my employer, to send home from time to time such quantity as I could come by of the *canards géants* which are found abundantly in that quarter of the world. And to the better procuring and more regular forwarding of these I was empowered either to buy wholesale or to breed from stock, and to pack my cargoes in any convenient manner, but so always that they should come to hand alive and fit for my employer's purpose.

We went aboard at Southampton on March 31, 1716, and set sail on the following morning. For some days we kept a southward course and our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. Let it suffice me to say that I did not waste my time, but conceiving

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diligence to be of the essence of my contract, I began at once to practise my trade, and by collecting here and there from such of those on board as had any *petits canards* (the common species) to give away, I contrived to send home, from one or two ports where we touched, a number of small packets not indeed marketable for the London Season, but very sufficient at a later time to hold the table with gooseberries and sea serpents and such like commodities. And in this busy fashion I continued, though with increasing difficulty, until the breaking out of the conspiracy which I shall now relate.

Certain of the crew, being of a churlish and injudicious temper, had from the first refused me a reply to my inquiries, and there were others who, though they would converse readily enough over night, in the morning appeared uneasy upon a sight of the note-books in which I made my entries. These rogues formed a design to be rid of me, and put their plans into execution with a firmness much beyond my expectation. For one morning while I was yet sleeping they turned the key in my cabin-door and waking me with derisive shouts informed me that I was a prisoner, and my case, as I understood, then under consideration by the captain. The deliberations of these rascals were however rendered impracticable by the growing severity of the weather, which had increased during the night from a sailor's capful of wind to a violent storm. During the whole continuance of this tempest, which raged for one and twenty days, they sent me down victuals and drink twice or thrice a day, but held no converse with me, except to threaten that I should be thrown overboard if I were discovered writing.

Upon the twenty-second morning of my captivity, the weather being somewhat abated, one John Tarr came down to my cabin, and said he had orders from the captain to turn me adrift. I expostulated with him: but he replied that I was rather to congratulate than to bewail myself; for it had been resolved to drown me like the young of some domestic animal, had not the opportunity offered, by reason of the ship being

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blown out of her course, to set me afloat in a very remote region of the world, from which my return was not speedily to be looked for. I desired him to tell me what region. He replied that we were now in the Antipacific Ocean and not far from the Archipelago, of which the most considerable part is known to mariners by the name of the Internecine Islands.

I was then carried upon deck and forced into the long boat; but these wretches were so civil as to furnish me with a month's rations of plasmon biscuit, some sixty pieces in all, for my food, and for my drink a convenient supply of sparklets. They then set the boat's sail and pushed me off in the direction of the islands; after which the ship was brought up into the wind and began to run from me in long tacks. Judging myself to be at the least five thousand miles from the coast of Africa and seeing the Archipelago upon the horizon to leeward of me, I resolved to throw myself upon the hospitality of the islanders, and set my tiller accordingly. Towards nightfall I came before a light south wind almost within hail of land, but being extremely tired, and with that and the heat of the weather and the sparklets that I had drunk, falling continually to sleep, I let myself run on for the best part of the night, and so came by daybreak into the mouth of a large river, which as I conjectured and was afterwards assured, was the main port of entry to the capital island of the Archipelago.

CHAPTER II

Of my first landing, of my reception and entertainment I shall not at present give a particular description. In brief I was entreated if not with cordiality yet with such welcome as new arrivals commonly meet with among the curious; and I discovered not long after that I might very well have fared worse; for I had by good fortune chanced upon the least inhospitable of the Internecine peoples. I shall now set down my observations first upon the customs and manner of life of

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the islanders, whether distinctive or common to the whole Archipelago, then upon the inhabitants of the capital island into which I had been carried, and lastly I shall give an account of the great revolution which I saw brought to the birth, and show to what unexpected and misshapen growth it matured.

The Internecine Islands, properly so-called, are but seven in number, and form but the smaller part of the Archipelago, the sum of whose territories I conjecture to be not far short of the whole extent of the lands at present known to us. The largest island lies to the east and is called by the name of Slibearia, though the inhabitants among themselves give it the title of "Holy Land" for a reason which one of them explained to me, but which appeared too mystical to be understood by a European intellect. On the west of this lies Franz-Josefland or Nubia Felix, the people of which are doubly internecine, being subdivided into six or seven tribes of an irreconcilable habit of mind. The next two islands are called Gottland and Paparegia: of these the former is the more northerly and derives its name from the nature of its government, which is a theocracy. The presiding deity is reported to be omnipotent and omniscient; he is besides almost omnipresent and is gifted with miraculous activities. In the common speech he is alluded to as "The Divine Will" or "Everlasting Billy": but in public worship he is always addressed as "War Lord" or "High—high—high." The commerce of this country is reckoned upon an antiquated method, by a coinage known as Grenadierenbeinen, formerly in use in Pomerania. The principal manufactures are statues of the national deity and Prussic acid; of this last very large quantities are exported annually, but from certain observations which I made, I should judge the distillation to be performed from insufficient materials, for the drug though disagreeable in its effects appears to be much below proof, and is rarely fatal to life, at least in the case of adults of a moderately robust health. The larger part of this country is not and never has been cultivated; the most abundant crop is a kind of wild oats which is dragged to the

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government mills and there ground into a coarse flour called in their dialect "fist-mail." There is no external demand for this commodity; it is sometimes exported in small quantities to the Far East, but it is said to arrive in unsatisfactory condition, and is only disposed of by forced sale and at a considerable loss.

The island to the south is governed by two kings, one black and one white, a system rendered necessary by the character of the population, which is divided after the same distinction of colour. The name Paparegia is intended to describe this condition, being compounded of the native words for *black* and *white*, but as to which signified which I could arrive at no certain determination. A singularity of this people is that the richer classes are wholly insolvent, and have for some years past been charitably supported by the poor, who pay all the taxes in addition to performing all the labour of the country.

Westward of the two islands which I have last mentioned is another named Boulevardia, from an old word corresponding to the *Elysium* of antiquity. The peculiarities of this people are striking in a high degree: they choose their government by means of a mechanical instrument devised on the principle of the kaleidoscope, no combination being allowed to continue in power for more than ten lunar months. They eat no flesh save that of the frog, and have but two varieties of drink, a sweetish syrup called Benedictine, and a more favourite kind of *esprit fort*, bitter in flavour and highly effervescent when the weather is disturbed, as by thunder or great heat. They are pre-eminent for the severity of their morals, never exceeding the limit of two children in each family; and for the polish of their address, holding, as one of their great educators laid it down, that "manners are given us to conceal our thoughts." Pertinent here is the observation of a Japanese traveller upon the commoner sort of Boulevardier, videlicet, "He very polite but inside quite different."

The sixth of these islands is the one which I have called

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the capital, and which I shall presently describe in a more particular manner. The seventh lies off to the west at a considerable distance; it is named Aquila, after an indigenous species of bird, from the spread of whose tail and the loudness of its screams the inhabitants are accustomed to take their omens. The climate of this country is insalubrious, and induces a singular malady which I have not found in any other people; the nostrils become obstructed early in life and the voice takes on a metallic sound; in the less favourable cases this is followed by a general swelling of the head, accompanied with a distortion of the vision and an unnatural desire to have all things of a monstrous bigness; the disease then reaches the stage called *Pierpont Morbus*, and is considered to be past curing. The fauna of this island includes choates, gold bugs, mugwumps, sophomores, clams and greenbacks; the principal import is white trash, and the chief exports are chestnuts and housewives, both of excellent quality.

These then are the seven main islands of the Archipelago, and I was at first moved to wonder by the diversity of their governments and their national characters. But upon a further reflection I saw clearly that in both of these respects they resemble one another more than they differ. For in all of them alike, though in varying degrees, hatred and distrust of foreigners are the chief national characteristics, and perpetual war the fundamental principle of their politics. And since they display these qualities in a far greater degree than any of the smaller nations by whom they are surrounded, it is not without reason that they are distinguished by the name "Internecine," and that their affairs are treated separately in Internecine Congresses and according to a special code of Internecine Law.

CHAPTER III

I now intend to give the reader a short description of the capital island and its inhabitants. But I must first observe

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that nothing but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story, for I am moved even now by the recollection of the beauty of this country and of the splendour of her history, which is incomparable among the nations of the Archipelago: and I have retained besides an ill-reasoned liking for the people, though they seldom allowed me to perceive any such feeling on their part towards myself. The name of the island is agreed upon all hands to have been formerly Merryland; but the word "merry" from which this was derived, being held to apply only to the hilarity of intoxication, was discountenanced as too direct a description of the national custom. The country is now called Jocoseria, by which name it is implied that these people are accustomed to treat only their pastimes seriously and their serious affairs as a joke. And this is true to my knowledge, and also in strict accord with the mental habit of the nation; for they regard it as an act of indelicacy—the most abhorrent kind of misdemeanour—to state or pronounce anything directly and clearly, or to betray their true feelings or reasons for any act. This is noteworthy as being an acquired and not an original characteristic; for I cannot doubt that it was introduced mainly by the immigrants from Puritania, a people of peculiarly refined taste and humane manners. Since their arrival a code has been compiled, and from time to time amplified, prohibiting the public use of most of the nouns and verbs of the ancient language, and providing legal substitutes. For example, it is not lawful to call a spade a spade or a blatant advertiser an Encyclopædic hooper; rulers are spoken of as ministers, decoy ducks as directors, frozen mutton as loyalty, a dead failure as an army corps, and so forth; much as if we were to call a motor-car a harmsworth because it is not worth the harm it does. I was present at the development of several of these linguistic changes; for some of the islanders were beginning to take the word "rose-berry" to signify a sour grape, and others, though unsuccessfully, were endeavouring to use "banner-man" for "leader." A still more remarkable

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instance I shall record presently; but indeed this singularly oblique or reversed manner of speaking is carried into all their concerns; so that you would do well never to look for literature from their literary men, cricket from their professionals, religion from their fanatics, art from their academicians or education from their universities. The king has the least power and liberty of any among them, and the private citizen the most; and whereas in our clocks the bells are subordinate parts and are heard only at the proper hours, the people of Jocoseria allow the times of the day to be entirely controlled by one bell, and that one though perhaps the greatest yet not the best-toned among them.

It is in accordance with this system that their spelling and pronunciation appear to have so little connection with one another; for example, the word written indifferently "balfour" or "golfer" is sounded as "arthur"; the adjective "cholmondeley" as "marchbanks," and the feminine of this, "miss-cholmondeley," is always pronounced "masterly." And such is the delicacy of this people that the same word has often two or more pronunciations appropriate to the different circumstances in which it may be used. Thus the word "crack" may be sounded "cwack" in speaking of a distinguished regiment, but never of a distinguished physician; common "red-tape" is spoken of as "routine" in all government offices, and the word written "damned" is pronounced "dashed" by schoolmasters and churchwardens, and "blest" by the higher ecclesiastics; but it is only just to add that these fine distinctions are not invariably preserved in moments of great haste or emergency.

These people and the Aquilans, who are descended from the same stock with them, have many elements in common; to this extent indeed, that they are at times accused of not being good Internecines, as not showing towards each other the spirit of hatred proper among Archipelagans of the first rank. They are both remarkably forward in the invention of mechanical devices, and have succeeded, by a novel method

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which I cannot now describe, in drawing all the islands of the Archipelago nearer together, so that it is possible to go from one to the other in less than one-fourth of the time formerly required. It was at first feared that this change might be followed by a decay of Internecine feeling, but the danger has been averted by putting the bulk of the population in every island into a distinctive uniform, by severely restricting commerce, and by keeping a number of young lions in dens conveniently placed, where they are instructed to roar whenever the name of a foreign country is heard; by which sound, however senseless, the envious and malignant passions of the Archipelagan races are excited to a surprising degree.

The kings of Jocoseria and Aquila are both elected by the people, in the former country for life, in the latter for life or a period not exceeding eight years. The Aquilan monarch is, however, the more properly so called, being practically absolute, while the authority of the King of Jocoseria is by traditional usage confined to the regulation of clothing, cattle-breeding, baccarat and other games of skill; while the rest of his affairs have always been managed for him by one or other of the high state officials; in past centuries by the Mistress of the Bedchamber, afterwards by the Privy Council, and latterly by the Great Chamberlain, of whom I shall find it more convenient to speak in a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER IV

At the time of my coming into the Archipelago Mr. Secretary Chamberlain or Mr. Chamberlain, as he was familiarly called, was at the height of his reputation, and already endowed with so many legendary attributes that it was hard for me to discover the truth about him as I should have wished. It is certain that he descended from a family second to none in antiquity, and that he was admitted on equal terms to the Royal Society of Jocoseria: but during the prolonged tenure

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of his office his private appellations were gradually forgotten. I was informed by one of good authority that his name was Joseph, by another with equal certainty that it was Judas; and a high official in the Post Office declared it to be without doubt Austen. The name of his family was given by some as Kynoch, but this I do not believe, for I have myself made researches in the Chronicle of Froissart, where he is called "de Birmingham": and this I conjecture to be the good old Chronicler's quaint way of spelling the word "Brummagem," which was sometimes used in the controversies of the day to describe the Great Chamberlain's policy.

His miraculous powers were equally the subject of fable: by a flourish of his hand he could make screws for all his followers; when drawing one himself he could prolong it almost indefinitely; he caused artificial flowers to grow after a fashion superior to those designed by Nature; he destroyed the national church by a form of words only, and restored it by another, gave away three acres and a cow to each of several million people, and remained no less wealthy than before, made a crystal out of nothing and a majority out of the crystal, taught a wild boar to say "suzerainty" and a Prussian pig to clean out his own sty: and to conclude this list of marvels, he devised a pair of mechanical eyes of supernatural power; and this I can affirm to be true, having myself seen him in the Parliament House using one of these eyes and his son the fellow to it. For as I was told and can easily believe, if either of them had used the pair at once, the whole assembly had been petrified.

And now, having gratified the curious reader with some general ideas upon this celebrated personage, I may proceed to narrate the revolution of which he was the chief promoter and afterwards the victim. I have already observed that mutual injury, whether by arms or commerce, is with these islanders of the Antipacific the principal aim of existence. Now at the time of my landing it happened that a great war, which by blows between the combatants and partisanship among the

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rest had for some three years past gratified the liveliest feelings of the whole Archipelago, was now concluded and evidently past hope of recovery. It seemed, therefore, plain to Mr. Chamberlain that there was no means left but commerce for improving the Internecine position of his country, to whose interests he looked, as I have said, with a single eye. He next inquired in what respects the commercial policy of Jocoseria was surpassed in natural savagery by any of the surrounding kingdoms; and found that it was inferior not to one but to all, in this, viz., that in no other country was it allowed that a foreigner should enter freely and freely sell his own produce: for the rest had long avoided a condition which manifestly tended rather to the diminution than the cherishing of reasonable enmities.

The reader may remember that I touched upon this matter before, in mentioning the antidotes used against a nearer feeling of neighbourliness. In its full operation the general system was as follows: a sufficiently high wall—called in those parts a *tariff*—having been built completely round each of the islands, the inhabitants were gravely admonished not to buy of any foreigner bringing merchandise from without: and if they must perforce buy of such, then upon every purchase they must pay a fine to their own government. And the rulers in each country, as well to save their own popularity as to destroy that of the foreigners, very ingeniously devised that the buyer should in the first place pay his fine to the merchant together with the price of the goods; and thereupon the foreign merchant should cast the fine into a box in the wall, belonging to the government. And though, I confess, it is difficult to believe, yet I found the most part of these people simple enough to think that the fines were indeed borne by the foreign merchant, and that they themselves were the richer thereby. And the fervour with which they held this opinion is shown by an adventure which happened to me soon after my arrival. For I was passing by chance, having lost my way in the press, near the house of the militant

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Carmelites, who are bound by their rule to issue forth every morning at sunrise in their daily mail and challenge all comers with blowing of trumpets and waving of little flags called Jacks. And as I passed, I saw one of these ironclads in action: for he had caught a poor fellow singing an old ballad which runs, "O Manchester thou loyal town," and was attacking him with dagger drawn, though the other had no defence but a sort of cobden club. I begged the man's life; and the Carmelite at length departed, exclaiming in a very high voice that the coxy rogue had well deserved to die, as having sung in praise of a city which had denied the doctrine of protection. I knew not then what this word might mean; but the ballad singer guessing my perplexity said to me, "Sir, it is the way of these madmen to call a fine 'protection,' and in their ravings that country which is most heavily fined is said to enjoy the fullest measure of protection": and this I afterwards found to be true, and it is very worthy to be noted among the linguistic singularities of which I have before spoken.

It is no wonder then that the time seemed to Mr. Chamberlain to be ripe even to rottenness, and that he had in his eye the example of the great Protector who rose to be king. He therefore issued a Proclamation in this form, viz.:

"WHEREAS it is evident that what little trade this country possesses is in an unsatisfactory condition, being still on the increase, and whereas being free it is conducted with less friction than that of any other people, and whereas the said trade consists of an exchange of goods partly with the other great nations and partly with certain islands or independencies of our own, such as those inhabited by the Canpackers and Cornstalks, and whereas we have hitherto treated all these upon an equal footing, while by giving a preference to the one class over the other we might create a new kind of jealousy and greatly widen the area of Internecine feeling, and whereas we might also thereby provide ourselves with a new offensive weapon, which whenever used will irritate our neighbours, and

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whenever not used will exasperate our said independencies, Now, therefore We, the Great Chamberlain of this kingdom, by virtue of Our officious position and of the authority vested in Us by some or all of Our late colleagues, duly proclaim Our will as aforesaid, and give notice that Tenders of Submission to the same will be received at The Orchid House, Highbury, or at the office of the Bored of Work, Palace of Westminster, and we hold Ourselves bound to accept the lowest and any other such tender."

The issuing of this proclamation was followed by a prodigious uproar. The first tender to be received was one of great importance, namely, that of the President of the Dilettante Society, who also held at that time the appointment of Cabinet-maker to the king. This distinguished individual, though so nearly blind as to be unable to read, was a pleasing flute-player and a first-rate fiddler; and his opinion on political matters was therefore, in the estimation of the Jocoserians, entitled to great weight. The effect of his adhesion was, however, much diminished by the announcement made at the same moment that the Master of the Fishermen's Company objected strenuously to the protective system, on the ground that it would raise the price of grub and other articles which had an attraction for his constituents, and on which they might often be said to be literally dependent. And this Mystery or Craft of the Anglers being a very ancient and ill-paid industry, with long hours and small takings, the representative who had devoted the best part of his life to it was heard most attentively by both sides. He denounced Mr. Chamberlain as guilty of poaching in conservative waters, and demanded to see the contents of his basket.

Mr. Chamberlain retorted that this was a fishing inquiry. Was it likely, he asked, that he should be drawn into giving up the details of his scheme, when he had been at such pains to guard against indiscretion that he had refrained from formulating them even to himself? He was prepared, however, to practice what he did not preach: he would go to every working

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man in the country and offer him two shillings in exchange for half a crown, and at the same time bet him the odd sixpence that he would not live to sixty-five.

This spirited proposal was so nicely suited to the Jocoserious national character that it finally carried the day, but not before much rioting and some portentous and tragical events had occurred. Many ruffians went about openly armed with cross-votes; though the use of these dangerous weapons is an offence so detested as to be commonly restrained by severe whipping. But now all bounds were passed; distinguished men lost their heads daily, and some were barbarously cut up in public. Moved by an ardent love of spectacle, I agreed with one Buckle, a second-hand bookseller, for threepence a day to be allowed the convenience of his office, which commanded a good view of the tumult. And although he chose to stand beside me the most part of the time, exhorting me to huzzah for Chamberlain, yet I could not but greatly relish the scene before me. For the fighting was exceedingly fierce and the confusion incredible. The discordant sounds of Brum and Fife assailed the ear continually; not a rattle in the town but was clacking all day long; and wild shots were heard in every direction. One day, early in the afternoon, the Chaplin of the House of Commons, chanting a *Nunc Dimittis*, led the mob to a strenuous assault on the Exchequer, as they call the place where the nation keeps its riches. Towards night the attack was repulsed, as the more credulous said by the aid of St. Michael, who was seen in the front of the battle. In the meantime the Earl of Epsom, *ex officio* Caretaker of the National Tabernacles, addressed the crowd from a safe position slightly above their heads. He was attired in a flowered dressing-gown of primrose satin, and wore the blue ribbon of the Turf. At the first hearing he was inaudible, it was thought from weakness, for he had, according to some, a fit of the durdans; according to others, an attack of doubt. To those, however, who stood nearest to him, he appeared to speak with great firmnes and he was soon heard clearly by all. He

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reported that a new line of cleavage had appeared, which threatened to split both tabernacles transversely. He hoped, however, to save enough of the smaller structure to provide a shelter for his friends. A general panic then set in, which was only allayed by repeated assurances that Mr. Chamberlain had committed suicide.

CHAPTER V

It was necessary to give the reader this information, without which he would be unable to estimate the boldness of Mr. Chamberlain's attempt; but I cannot further recount his victory than to say in a word that it was unexpectedly swift and complete. In the spring of the following year, having seen to it that a sufficiently high wall was built round the Island of Jocoseria, similar to those in common use among the other Internecine nations, he left the island upon a long voyage; the thirst he had of visiting his colonial possessions continuing as violent as ever. He sailed in a great ship named the *Cocksure*, or, as we should say, the *Good Hope;* and was absent for three years wanting a few days.

The events and changes which took place during this time were numerous and costly, but I shall desire credence only for some of the least surprising. In the first year I remember that the price of food rose rapidly: many households were reduced to the eating of brown instead of white bread, a thing hitherto abhorrent to their religious instincts, as the flesh of the cow is to the Indous. The distress among the middle classes and those with fixed incomes was very great; organised bands of clubmen marched daily down to St. James's, threatening to bring down the bridge-stakes all along Pall Mall. At the same time the working men were content, for labour rose in price with other commodities. Moreover, they were assured that the tariff-boxes were filling quickly with fines; and that every man of them so soon as he attained to sixty-five would

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be enriched for life by the amount of his winnings from Mr. Chamberlain.

In the second year the tables were turned. The Can-packers and Cornstalks being now able to supply the whole country with meat and bread, the cost of living was as low as ever it was; but foreign trade having diminished in the same or a greater proportion, there were many who could find no employment, and to one that has no wages no cost is low enough. Merchants and manufacturers suffered heavily; several in their despair threw themselves into the Official Receiver, where they perished among the refuse of the city. On the other hand, the dividend-earning or treasured classes, as they were called, now lived at ease; but their comfort was much impaired by the continual apprehension of war. For while their food came from many sources and from foreign countries of great power, it had been impossible for an enemy to deprive them of any but a small part of the supply; whereas now the eggs all came, as it were, in one or two baskets only, and these must be defended against the whole Archipelago. Nor could it be doubted that the danger was constantly impending, for Mr. Chamberlain's policy had been entirely successful in raising Internecine feeling to a pitch hitherto unhoped for. The Jocoserians were so perpetually alarmed by these considerations that they could neither sleep quietly in their beds nor have any relish for the common pleasures or amusements of life. When they met an acquaintance in the morning the first question was about the Internecine situation, how the country could best find alliances, and what hopes they had of avoiding an invasion or a blockade. And this kind of talk they would run after in the magazines with the same temper that boys discover, in delighting to read terrible stories of giant-killers and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to with bragging, and then dare not go to bed for fear.

The third year was that in which was to be begun the payment of Mr. Chamberlain's annuities or pensions to all such as had won their wager and come to the age of sixty-

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five. When the pay-day drew near, however, it was discovered that the tariff-boxes, out of which the money should have been provided, were as empty as the day they were put up. For the imports of food now coming only from the colonies entered without payment of fines. The working men cried out that they were not to be welshed out of their winnings; the government knew not which way to turn. They dared not use fines against their own independencies, but were driven to raise the standing tariffs yet higher, and so cut off all their remaining foreign trade, and the last check upon the universal disposition towards war. The popular fury was thus diverted against aliens; it was made unlawful for any foreigner to set foot in the island, and all were to be counted foreigners who had been abroad for more than six months in any year.

At this juncture of affairs Mr. Chamberlain returned; but found his entry impeded by the new alien immigration act, of which he had not so much as heard. I cannot doubt that the law would shortly have been remitted in his favour; but he was unhappily discovered to be holding communication with an agent of his on shore, one Collings, by means of a necromancer named Marconi; whereupon the *Cocksure* was ordered to sail again within the hour. Mr. Chamberlain was set ashore on the coast of Boulevardia; but he was afterwards rumoured to be living in hiding in his own country, having returned thither in the disguise of a Jesuit or Good Shepherd, an order reputed so blameless that against them no laws of search were ever enforced. For myself I was about that time brought off by a South Polar ship making the homeward voyage, and heard no more of the Internecines and their unimaginable phantasies.

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ON THE LINE

THE strange gift of life appears to be unequally divided. One man lives not much more than a cabbage—certainly with far less emotion than a dog. Another crowds into his individual existence the hopes, the fears, the passions, that would have stocked a dozen ordinary creatures. Living himself, he is the cause of life in them also. When he dies, the world about him grows palpably older and colder. When he dies, death becomes more deathlike than ever—so little he seemed to have to do with it! To this class of men—uncommon enough in England—Sir George Grove belonged. The beautiful *Life* of him just given to the public by Charles L. Graves (Macmillan, 12*s.* 6*d.* net) deserves that strong title so often misapplied to volumes the subject of which lies buried, twice dead, under a heap of words. Here every sentence glows and flashes, every page gives back the light that kindled it. To read is, even for those who knew Sir George but a little, to feel again the indescribable storm of recollection, joy, regret, that a great poet tried in vain to depict when he said that it was half a pang and all rapture. The man himself is back again amongst us.

And many lives as Sir George Grove lived, there were many more that he might have lived; therein lay the touch of tragedy that now and then darkened the radiant happiness of a nature born to be unceasingly the battlefield of science and art, of love and friendship, of humour and sadness, of the

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ideal and of all that is possible. Resignation was not among his thousand virtues. "What would heaven be," says he, "without regret and longing?" He had a boy's delight in struggle itself. All his days he prayed that he might keep the boy's heart, and, to within a few years of the end he kept it. In the midst of business that would have overwhelmed any one else, he would fly off to the Isle of Wight to see a pupil who was ill. At five minutes' notice he started for Paris after dinner on Saturday, to attend a particular concert on Sunday, and returned to his work on Monday. At Vienna he sat up till nearly two in the morning, copying the lost accompaniments of "Rosamunde," and then played leap-frog with his fellow copyist, Sir Arthur Sullivan. He was as keen about collecting toadstools as he was about collecting manuscripts—building lighthouses—exploring Palestine and the Bible both together—guiding and dominating the passion for sweet sound that he had done so much to foster—founding the College of Music on such foundations that those who studied there should hear not only fiddles and pianos and the sound of their own voices, but that music of the spheres to which his heart was set. He never spared himself. He attacked his own behaviour as he attacked cowardly revision, false criticism, want of earnestness in a student. "To me the magazine is nothing but a monthly failure," he said, when a friend congratulated him "on the high standard of excellence attained by *Macmillan's Magazine*" during his editorship. Other men he loved, Stanley he almost worshipped—yet there is a cry of poignant self-reproach after Stanley's death:

> The feeling of regret that I was not more to him, that in so many directions there were walls between us—has distressed me so much that sometimes I can hardly bear it.

And the same note sounds again after the death of his favourite child:

> She was so much my companion and friend—we enjoyed nothing so much as when we enjoyed it together, and our journeys were like lovers' journeys.

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And yet I am not sure whether there is not almost a drawback to the happiness of this recollection in the thought of how much there must always be *unfelt* and *unsaid* between a girl's mind, and that of a man so much older—and the pang keeps continually intruding, "might I not have been more to her, have known more of her?"

The utter absence of self-consciousness in one capable of severe self-criticism throws a charm over every utterance. For pettiness of that kind he had no time. He was too far removed from vanity to think of minimising the excellence of his own work, to feel an instant of reserve or shyness, of anything but youthful pleasure and gracious, abundant gratitude, when it was recognised and proclaimed by other men. As he went about the world loving and giving, no trifling act was insignificant for him. A Christmas card sent by a boy or girl would call forth such a letter in response as left that little life the happier always. His right hand knew not what his left hand did. His benefactions were too numerous for him—or, indeed, for any of those who loved him—to keep count of them. As he gave, so he received. Impressions that would have passed unnoted over a mind less sensitive were by him recorded with some happy touch of picturesqueness, some hint of unsuspected analogy, that makes the least shadow of thought suggestive. We may, or we may not, agree with him that Saul was like Tennyson, that Absalom was like Mario, that the tribes of Benjamin and Judah resembled the Saxons and the Normans, but still it "gives to think." The letter on the character of David is such a flash as might have come from Ruskin in his palmy days. David he loved; David he praised and mourned as if he had been a contemporary.

I can recollect well that when I got him on to the slope leading down into the valley where Goliath stood roaring, my heart beat so that I could not write.

He had a Nelsonian enthusiasm for his colleagues and subordinates, for the younger men whom he had trained, for almost every woman with whom he came in contact. They were all glowing examples of every gift, of every possible virtue,

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and the never failing humour that kept pace with his affections preserved them from too great exaggeration and held them sweet and pure. "George was always ready to fall down with laughter all his life long." As for Nature, he enjoyed it with the double delight of the man who sketches and the man who reads—as much probably as any man can enjoy it who enjoys the society of his fellow men still more. He was as poetical as it is possible for any one to be who is not a poet, as musical as it is possible to be without being an artist. The little bit of thistledown that floated into his railway carriage one day made him as happy as a child. The quaint reflections on the advantage of scaffolding, on the mystery of it, so that the building, when set free, charms less than before, could have occurred only to one conversant with fanciful lines of thought. Time fails us to express our admiration of the way in which this book has been written. It is a perfect example of everything that a Life should be.

There is fine Border rough-and-tumble about **Rosslyn's Raid** (B. H. Barmby. Duckworth's Greenback Library, 1*s.* 6*d.* net).—It sounds the true note of the Marches, neither English nor Scotch, and yet both. It is so full of the spirit and fun of the lively old Border ballads that it sets them humming in the air, and we fly along to the tune of them till we can scarce believe that it is written in prose. Yet good strong prose it is, here and there a little confused as befits the subject (the Borderers were not in the habit of defining either their own property or their neighbour's), but vivid, humorous, instinct with rough chivalry and the love of adventure. Rosslyn himself is drawn with grace and spirit. A more irresistible hero we have seldom encountered. His rare lapses into English and the classics are as the gleam of the jewel in its homely setting, and sturdy Catherine and honest Christie Carmichael make excellent foils. We are flattered with the subtle sense of pleasure that comes of feeling him to be more akin to ourselves than to any one else in the book. He is

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a hero by right, and not by might alone. A young man like this was worthy of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," when there was room and to spare for every kind of courage invented before or since. Raleigh would have shaken hands with him, Sidney might have lent him a chapter or two of the "Arcadia" to read. What is it but his due if all the Elliots and the Armstrongs, the Prior of the great Scotch Abbey, the Warden of the Marches, Hobbie Noble, Simmie Slack and the whole country side, turn out to try and catch him when "Liddesdale is riding"? He slips through their fingers in the end. "Rosslyn was aye that kind o' fechter that ye ne'er knew whaur ye had him."

The second story in the book depicts as well the calm, unruffleable dignity of the East as does the first the bustle and tumult of the North. The hot, still, unchanging sunshine falls on monumental figures who stand in stately attitudes, who speak in carved and polished phrases, or not at all, people as incapable of jest as they are of fear, grandly and simply outlined, solemn and wise. The glorious Princess who is also a servant of the goddess is not a Princess only in name. The scene of the choosing of her husband in the Temple reminds one of some great classical passage in one of Gluck's most lovely operas. Did he find her in the end, that slave who was also the son of a King?

Isabella d'Este. A Study of the Renaissance, 1474–1539. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). (Murray, 25*s.* net.)—"La prima donna del mondo": thus was that fascinating princess, Isabella d'Este, described by her friend and kinsman, the once famous singer, Niccolo da Correggio, whose name only lives in that of his beloved lady. She was, perhaps, the most brilliant and richly gifted woman of the most brilliant and richly-gifted period the world has known, at a time, too, when a woman's fame could no longer rest on singularity in wit or learning. Isabella was surrounded by rivals, for the New Ideas had awakened women as well as men and had roused their untried

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faculties into life; the quest after beauty provided them with a field well suited to their emotions, and they took that field with a surprising vitality. Nothing, perhaps, is more bewildering to the conscientious modern than the supple ease with which they turned from one occupation, or one subject, to another: from dancing to the gravest politics; from death and pestilence to the antics of pet dwarfs; from personal sorrow to the exuberant splendour of feast-day pageants; from providing for a war, charged with consequence, to cloistral readings of Virgil and Plato; from machinations with Popes and Emperors, to eight hours conversation about love, with poets and scholars and other intellectual *flaneurs*, in a cypress-grove. As for the number of letters these ladies wrote, on business, on pleasure, on learning, and the number of answers they received, we can only suppose that Time had also started a Renaissance of his own and invented a longer day for them. Of these capacities Isabella d'Este was the epitome, one, as she was, among many who were almost her equals; and it is creditable to herself, as it is characteristic of her time, that her rivals were also her great friends. With Elisabetta of Urbino, her sister-in-law, she was always on terms of the tenderest intimacy. "There is no one I love like you, excepting my only sister," she wrote; and, again, in after years, long after her sister's death: "I have so many things to discuss with you that . . . five days of uninterrupted talking would hardly satisfy me." Camilla Gonzaga, Lucrezia Borgia, Emilia Pia, Renée of Ferrara, and, later on, Vittoria Colonna, were among her friends and comrades, and it is impossible to discover that she ever had an enemy.

She was one of those delightful beings who fascinate women as much as men, and upon men her influence was always an interesting one. Throughout her long life there was never a breath upon her reputation. She was capable of lasting friendships with princes and with scholars—friendships that were touched with a kind of intellectual emotion, without an idea of love. From her childhood upwards she was trained by men

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of the New Learning. Vittorino da Feltre was her tutor; Bembo, Aldo Manuzzi, and the scholarly Castiglione were the companions of her maturity; Pomponazzi, the heretic, who denied the soul's immortality, was chosen by her to be her son's tutor. It is true that she came of a stock that was favourable to learning. Her father was the art and letter-loving Duke Ercole d'Este; her mother, Leonora, was a charming and cultivated woman; her sister Beatrice, of whom Mrs. Ady has ere this given us a charming picture, married Ludovico il Moro, Duke of Milan, with whom also Isabella had the warmest relations. And when she married Francesco Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, she allied herself with a family as noble as her own and of greater political importance. Isabella perhaps reached her zenith, as far as position went, when Charles V. visited her at Mantua, after his coronation by the Pope at Bologna and all the sumptuous doings which she witnessed there. She had not the least touch of snobbishness about her, but she took a naïve pleasure in great potentates, and when, earlier in the day, she danced with Louis XII. at Milan and received visits from him, her letters overflowed with enjoyment.

Her married life, radiant at first, became overclouded afterwards. Her husband, it seems, tired of her, though she always kept her love for him and her pride in his military prowess. Her heart, however, took refuge in her eldest son, Federigo, and in his younger brother, Ercole, who inherited her scholarly tastes. But she was only *passionate* where art and beauty were concerned, and her relations with the artists of her day make by far the most interesting part of an interesting book. Her letters to and from Mantegna, Bellini, Titian, and Perugino; her dealings with Raphael and Leonardo; her intercourse with Costa, and Dossi, and Cristoforo Romano, bring a living Mantua before our eyes—they give us the keys into her Castello, and its Camera degli Sposi which Mantegna painted; or into her priceless "Studio," where Renaissance statues and glowing canvases from Venice and from Florence found old Greek

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marbles, fresh from the Tiber, for company. When we say that a book is by Mrs. Ady, we have said that it is the book of a true and indefatigable scholar—one who, in this case, must have devoted years to research. It is perhaps owing to the mass of material she has collected that this volume seems sometimes rather compiled than written, and that it lacks vividness of portraiture. The reader gets the impression that the author was conscientiously over-anxious to "get in" every extract from her note-books. This rather prevents the due salience of important facts and overcrowds the pages—so that, in one paragraph, one finds a masterpiece of Raphael's treated, as it were, on a par with the elegant and pedantic poem of some long-forgotten humanist. But this is by the way, and we can really do little but say grace for so rich and so hospitable a banquet.

It is always interesting to hear what a statesman has to say about statesmen whom he has known, and this interest attaches in a high degree to Mr. Bryce's **Studies in Contemporary Biography** (Macmillan, 10*s.* net), and Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's **Out of the Past.** (Murray, 18*s.*) Mr. Bryce has kept his eyes and ears open, both in Parliament and out of Parliament, in a public life of forty years, and though he is a strong party man, political bias does not make him forget the proportions of things, as can be seen by comparing his study of Beaconsfield with his study of Gladstone, the two most elaborate and perhaps most successful of all. Mr. Bryce poses the insoluble question—insoluble because Disraeli liked the idea of mystifying posterity as well as his contemporaries—what manner of man was he, and what was his ruling passion? Jew, adventurer, cynic, charlatan, actor; ambitious, untrustworthy, ungrateful, a lover of shows and shams—all this he has been called, not without a colour of truth: was he at the same time a far-seeing English patriot, the creator of a new party, almost the inaugurator of a new Empire? Mr. Bryce's political convictions will not allow him to say as much; but he is impressed with

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Disraeli's power and effectiveness, though he likes neither his aims nor his methods. So complex a character does not admit of a short and easy description. Courage, tenacity, and imagination were his greatest qualities—the first, common in English statesmen; the second, essential to power; the third, rare always, and especially rare among the Englishmen who rise to power amid the compromises of party and the daily details of office, never free to spread their wings. Imagination, which sees beyond the present shows of things, transfigures both somethings and nothings—it stops the car of Parliamentary reform and harnesses the Tory party to it; it takes the title of Empress, a mere bit of tinsel, and "stimulates the imperial instincts of Englishmen." Mr. Bryce himself will admit that Disraeli's conception of imperialism was something grandiose, and not out of keeping with the traditions of English history.

Disraeli, in his unscrupulous use of other men as stepping-stones, has been accused of being "bent through life on his own advancement." This may be true; but did he not look on advancement with interest as something outside himself? He liked the game, not only for its own sake and its prizes, but for its singularity; his distinction was to be unlike other men and to succeed by unlikeness; his reasoning was not like theirs; his opinion was conceived by imagination, not by logic, and to be so defended. He fished for and caught imagination.

> Disraeli had the artist's delight in a situation for its own sake, and what people censured as insincerity or frivolity was frequently only the zest which he felt in posing. . . . . The humour of the situation was too good to be wasted.

He liked words and maxims, baiting his hook with them as it were. The English public, not very clever at coining phrases, readily adopts them; and "Peace with Honour," "Imperium et Libertas" soon passed into currency. Though not eloquent, he was always telling; and "what he lacked in eloquence he made up for in tactical adroitness. No more consummate

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Parliamentary strategist has been seen in England." Mr. Bryce has some good remarks on the difference between knowing England and knowing the House of Commons. It is possible to be a leading member at Westminster and yet to know very little of England outside London, or that fraction of society which most Londoners take to be London. The collective weight of Lancashire and Yorkshire counts in Parliament for less than its worth, since London affects the imagination almost as much as Paris.

Disraeli thought he had created or discovered the Conservative working man. He may have overstrained the belief that the working classes were ready to follow the lead of the rich; but he was not mistaken in thinking that communism was unpopular, and that imperialism would be attractive to all classes, tired of the Quaker tone of "Little England" politics. In foreign affairs, Mr. Bryce points out that in the contest for Italian unity, the American Civil War, and the Russo-Turkish War, he mistook the true proportion of events, though at the same time he put such a good face upon it that Bismarck could say, "Der alte Jude, der ist der Mann." Dealing with individuals, Mr. Bryce thinks Disraeli was at home; but "one must comprehend the passions and sympathies of peoples if one is to forecast the future. This he seldom could do."

Disraeli's literary work will, in Sir M. Grant Duff's opinion, outlast his political work. Though his philosophy may be shallow, his characters unreal, and his tastes Oriental-tawdry, his novels are read by clever people and politicians, and they have the stamp of audacity and unlikeness which is on every word and deed of their author. But, after all, are they not more interesting because of the man who wrote them, than for themselves?

In contrast to this appreciation of Disraeli is the study of Gladstone. Mr. Bryce attributes Gladstone's development to three causes: his Scotch birth, which gave him subtlety of dialectic and fervour; his Oxford education in the heat of the Movement, which made him as much a churchman as a states-

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man, perfected his logic, and taught him the art of subtly turning phrases; and, lastly, his political training under Peel, which gave him flexibility, mastery of detail, and the habit of not touching the fruit till it was ready to fall. It is difficult to say whether such a man should be called "opportunist" or not. No statesman would like to be called "inopportunist." If some may have thought Mr. Gladstone too easily convinced, the force of his conviction was irresistible. Mr. Bryce dwells on his courtesy and forgetfulness of self, and his power of lifting debate into serener air, and says, "no malignant word and no vindictive act is on record against him." Of both these men we are tempted to take rather a biographical than an historical view; to think more of what they were than what they did. As Sir M. Grant Duff, quoting Bagehot, says:

"What is most remarkable in Mr. Gladstone is his quantity"—so it was. I remember thinking that his first Mid-Lothian Campaign was not like a torrent coming down, but like the sea coming up.

Of Mr. Bryce's other studies we would specially notice, for thoughtfulness and decision of treatment, that of Cardinal Manning, of whom, in his relation to the Catholic reaction of his time, Sir M. Grant Duff completes the portrait. Mr. Purcell has disarmed Manning's enemies, who join in a chorus to save him from his friends. The best side of his character was his sympathy with good causes and his willingness to work side by side with infidels and heretics. In charity for human beings and respect for truth, whether scientific or speculative, lies the hope of reconciliation of creeds.

These two quotations may be set side by side; the first from Renan:—

"Comment n'être pas effrayé de la sécheresse de cœur et de la petitesse qui envahissent le monde? Notre dissidence avec les personnes qui croient aux religions positives est, après tout, uniquement scientifique; par le cœur nous sommes avec elles; nous n'avons qu'un ennemi, et c'est aussi le leur, je veux dire le matérialisme vulgaire, la bassesse de l'homme intéressé."

The second from Matthew Arnold:—

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A Catholic church transformed is, I believe, the church of the future. . . . Will there never arise among Catholics some great soul to perceive that the eternity and universality, which is vainly claimed for Catholic dogma and the ultramontane system, might really be possible for Catholic worship?

These words of the apostate seminarist and the freethinking poet might have been accepted by that universal genius and devout Catholic, Lord Acton, who, knowing as much as one man can know of one half of knowledge—with the other half, science, he had only a slight acquaintance—spent his life in the collection and co-ordination of facts. Brilliant and vigorous, with a perfect grasp of what he knew, and a mind framed for philosophical generalisation—"the most effective reader of our time," as Mr. Gladstone called him, and one of the most effective talkers, a student of all history, and an observer of all opinions—he was the luminary of a circle of friends, and to Englishmen in general almost unknown. This paradox is explained in part by the fact that he "was unwilling to neglect anything: and his ardour for completeness drew him into a policy fit only for one who could expect to live three lives of mortal men." His experience of Vatican methods, which caused the suppression of the *Home and Foreign Review*, accounts for much of his silence. Such men must choose between faith and reason, and Lord Acton had no hesitation in his choice. "I am not conscious that I ever in my life had the slightest shadow of doubt about any dogma of the Catholic Church," he said to Sir M. Grant Duff; "a statement (says the reporter), the most remarkable ever made by any human being."

Erasmus and Sarpi would have understood it; but we may safely say that no one of the three would ever have become a Roman Catholic if he had not been born one. It is not easy, at least for an Englishman, to reconcile, as Lord Acton in perfect sincerity did, a belief in Papal infallibility with the following statement of the aim of historical reading:

To give force and fulness, and clearness and sincerity, and independence and elevation, and generosity and serenity to his mind, that he may know the

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method and law of the process by which error is conquered and truth is won; discerning knowledge from probability, and prejudice from belief, that he may learn to master what he rejects as fully as what he accepts.

Our limits forbid us to do more than direct attention to Mr. Bryce on the two Greens (T. H. and J. R.), Freeman, and Henry Sidgwick, the beloved, in whom the spirit of philosophy had its perfect work in justice, goodness, and wisdom; and to Sir M. Grant Duff on Bagehot and Dean Stanley—but we have said enough, we hope, to induce intelligent readers to acquaint themselves with these interesting and enlightening books.

A most charming, touching little play is **The Dean of St. Patrick's** (Arnold, 2*s.* 6*d.* net), by Mrs. Hugh Bell, whose admirable gift of fine comedy was never displayed with more brilliant effect. Her dainty touch recalls Alfred de Musset. The characters are handled with such delicate art, that which is not, and cannot, be said is indicated by such skilful reserve and silence, that the ordinary actor, trained, as it were, to exaggeration and over-statement, could hardly do justice to the piece. It should be played by highly-gifted amateurs, on a small stage, before a select audience well acquainted with the Journal to Stella and fond of the furniture of Queen Anne.

According to Thackeray, most women side with Vanessa in her immortal rivalry with Stella for the affections of Dr. Swift. In that case Mrs. Bell does not go with the majority; she is a follower of the Star. The contrast is heightened and pointed everywhere to Stella's advantage. The woman who cannot speak, who will not tell, makes a far stronger appeal than she who cries and dies, complaining. Swift was right. However he may have flirted with Vanessa, his real allegiance to Stella was never shaken, and Mrs. Bell suffers us not to wish, even for an instant, that it could be. She does not even show us the flirtation. Swift, as we see him here, is always

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consistently discouraging, and the whole weight of her folly is thrown on poor Vanessa herself. True, she is complimented upon her making of coffee—but even then the compliments are seasoned with good advice; and in the next act Stella makes chocolate. Stella is exquisite throughout, whether as the sweet innocent girl running errands about Sir William Temple's house in the first act, glad when Swift is glad, sorry when he is sorry; or as the sad, lonely, proudly gentle woman who is found living at Ormond's Quay sixteen years later. Would such a woman as this have condescended to read a letter that Swift had left on the table? Mrs. Bell might perhaps have made it a little more difficult for her. We cannot but think that she would have known more than "a moment's irresolution." The *scène à faire* was, of course, that in which the two ladies are brought face to face, and it was tempting Providence to allow this to happen twice over. The first scene, which is extremely skilful, results in the triumph of Stella. On the second occasion, Vanessa's death, Stella, for the first and only time, appears inadequate. How could she have left Vanessa, of whose desperate state she was aware, and made her exit on nothing but "a sort of cry"? And Vanessa actually dies, "throwing" the last words at when her:

> I know now—I know! It kills me to know it . . . but I am glad it kills me. I am glad I cared—I am glad!

again it is only "with a cry" that she rushes forward. This is not like Stella, who seems to have been always either witty or wise. What she really said, when poor Vanessa was dead and buried, and some admirer of "Cadenus" ventured on the remark that she "must be an extraordinary woman that could inspire the Dean to write so finely upon her," was "that she thought that point was not quite so clear; for it was well known the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick." She said it with a smile.

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It is a strange thing, only to be accounted for by the slowness with which any foreign flower blossoms upon English soil, that we, on this side of the water, should know so little of the works of Sidney Lanier. His poems are dear only to a few, and as a critic his very name is new to most of those who are familiar with Shakespearean commentaries very inferior to his, both in conception and in execution.

His **Shakespeare and His Forerunners** (Heinemann) ought to be in the possession of every one who aspires to teach literature. Apart from all the rest, it is a storehouse of such fragments of old English poetry and prose as are most valuable for the instruction of classes, the descriptions of domestic life are well chosen, and the illustrations are excellent. Himself a poet, Lanier entered into poetry as into his natural inheritance. It was his home, not a far distant land wherein he conscientiously travelled for the benefit of his pupils. He knew the people there; and by no painful effort of abstraction, but in the spirit of pure delight, he saw the trees blossom and heard the sweet song of the birds. That is a bold piece of writing wherein, at the outset, he takes the impatient answer to Polonius and sets a text beside it:

> *Hamlet.* Words, words, words.
> *St. John.* . . . And the Word was God.

But he justifies his boldness.

> It is true, and true to an extent undreamed of by those who have not happened to think specially upon this matter, that the world we really live in is the world which the poets have made for us far more than the crude material-of-a-world which we are accustomed to call the actual, or real, or physical universe; to us, as we drive about our business, it does not appear as if there were much connection between literature and actual life; nor, in the year 1590, would it have seemed a very startling piece of information to the busy throngs about Paul's Cross that a young man named Shakespeare was writing a play for the theatre somewhere about London. . . .
>
> We speak of this or that poem as "literary"; we talk of "polite Literature," and the like. Literature has translated your Bible and interpreted it for you. Literature has arranged your public constitutions, your social codes, your private morals. . . . This has indirectly penetrated your

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houses; it fills your homes like diffused sunlight; you read your life by it; you see how to eat, how to drink, how to trade, and how to marry by it; you live by it, you die by it.

For how can you think yourself out of thought? How can you run away from your own feet?

If you endeavour to fly from Literature, it stands and cries to you in that superb, loving sarcasm with which Emerson's Brahma cries to the sceptic who would fly from his god:

I am the wings wherewith you fly.

A man who faces literature fair and square like that is a man to be reckoned with. He gives us nothing at second-hand. Down comes the stroke of his fresh, American wit, and we ourselves are laughing at ourselves because we are such fools as to learn French, Latin, and Greek before we learn Anglo-Saxon! He has been cunning enough in the choice of specimens. His spirited translations and the admirable notes with which he lures the curious on are enough to make one send for an Anglo-Saxon grammar by the next post. What have we been about all this time that we have never learnt Anglo-Saxon? Being without the English prejudice in favour of the most popular hero of the English stage, he attacks Hamlet in good set terms. Hamlet hears the truth about himself at last, and so does the inconsistent Ghost who comes out of a Christian purgatory to preach a heathen doctrine of revenge. Lanier makes short work of a man who talks in one breath about "the undiscovered country" (just after a spirit had conversed with him too!) and, in the next, assures us that a villain who happens to be killed while he is saying his prayers will go straight to heaven, whereas, if he be killed at dinner, he will go straight to hell. Lear he considers the most provoking character in fiction, except the husband of the patient Griselda.[1] His own intimate love of nature led him to prefer "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest" to all the other plays, and he has exquisite things to say about Puck and Ariel. He is keenly interested in friendship, more even than in love; the "divine, self-historical

[1] Query, whether the patient Griselda herself is not more provoking still?

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Sonnets" are "inexhaustible incentives to thought," and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" fill him "with a passionate and working sense of the sweetness of large behaviour between friend and friend."

Shakespeare himself, after suffering the keenest strokes of fortune, went to his death, not in bitterness, but with the calm and majestic tranquillity consequent upon forgiving.

There are long and very suggestive chapters on the varying ideals of womanhood—on the connection between music and poetry, and the *raison d'être* of rhythm—on the different pronunciation of Shakespeare's time, which explains many hitherto inexplicable passages. The treatment of sleep in "Henry IV." is well illustrated by four magnificent sonnets on the same subject, written respectively by Sir Philip Sidney, Daniel, Drummond of Hawthornden, and by a certain Bartholomew Griffin, who beats them all. The beautiful sonnets of Habington are rare treasures also.

The style of the-dragonfly-sipping-water, a charming epithet which he quotes from the Chinese, does not belong to Lanier. He is too copious, too expansive. If half his sentences had been left out, the remaining half would have gained. But the voice is a human voice all through, and sometimes, as in the story of the Indian who tried to kill his friend—of the lily that will only grow when it is watered with ice-water—it has a ring of character that is unforgetable. So, too, when he speaks of the horror of cold that makes the oldest English poems dreadful:

If you will allow me to be so personal, I thank Heaven I know what it is to be cold—to be cold from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, to be cold from the cuticle in to the heart, and from the heart to the soul; I thank Heaven for it because, knowing this, I have a new revelation of the possibility of suffering, and I am able to find a paradise in a common wood fire. Knowing this, I declare to you there is not a more pathetic sight in this world than a poor man who is thoroughly cold from week to week. It is the refinement of torture. It does not gnaw, like hunger, which presently becomes a sort of insanity and relieves itself: it is a dead, unblest, icy

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torment. I used to see men in the army whose silent endurance of cold brought more tears to my eyes than all the hunger and all the wounds.

Life and Letters of Brooke Foss Westcott, Bishop of Durham. By his son Arthur Westcott. (Macmillan, 17*s.* net.)—Mr. Westcott says of his father, the late Bishop of Durham, that his life was one "daily lived upon the loftiest plane of Christian principles"; and this is borne out by the biography, thought not always brought into sufficient prominence. It is difficult for a biographer, even with the help of correspondence (and Bishop Westcott's letters are not extraordinarily good), to convey the impression of character, the charm of holiness, which was present in all that he said and did. The personal impression is what counts, for in it lies the example: and the personal impression which even a superficial observer carried away from Bishop Westcott was that of a man who lived beyond and above the world, in a world of his own, different from that of other men. In short, he was a saint. But though a saint, he was not a recluse. He lived a busy professional life from the age of twenty-seven, when he began his eighteen years' work as a Harrow master, till his death, never out of harness. By resolution which never spared himself he became an eloquent speaker, a leader in public questions, and a practical man of business. In ancient times the saint would not have needed the recommendation of "man of business": but the modern world, too, does not refuse homage to real saintliness; a character which includes other qualities by transcending them.

Cambridge and Peterborough suited him better than Harrow, which was too small a stage for him. But we are not to suppose that his time at Harrow was wasted. If he was not conspicuous as a teacher or ruler, his character was felt among all classes of boys, and his influence upon a few was profound. No doubt also the struggle with small daily difficulties and the necessity for holding his own braced and strengthened him for larger duties.

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It seems incredible that such a man should have been dismissed by Bishop Magee from his chaplaincy and canonry at Peterborough like a servant, for "neglect of duty." If it had been for obscurity, or over-scrupulousness, or over-subtlety, something might be said for such a judgment; but "neglect of duty!" Such a catastrophe brings discredit upon one of the parties; and we cannot believe Bishop Westcott to have been the one in fault.

His reputation as a theologian and a preacher stood at its highest point, when in 1890, at the age of sixty-five, he was called to the see of Durham. Many thought him too retiring and humble to fill the place. They were quite wrong. He seemed now for the first time to have found his work and be able to fulfil himself. He will long be remembered as "the pitmen's bishop," the prelate who courageously and deliberately used his own official position and personal character to claim the office of arbitrator in a trade dispute involving the interests of nearly 90,000 workmen; and who, by knowledge of detail and grasp of principle, and the ascendency of his integrity and charity, succeeded in making peace and persuading the disputants that peace had a moral as well as an economical value.

His devotion to his work as bishop; his scrupulous regard for engagements; his love for the diocese; his never slackening interest in ordinations, visitations, and confirmations, functions which to ordinary men, who think of themselves, lose their freshness and become monotonous; his fatherly care of the theological students at Bishop Auckland, and his extraordinary power of addressing them in words which stimulated their minds and warmed their hearts—these and many other qualities will preserve his memory and give him a place higher, in some respects, than that of his predecessor, Lightfoot, who resembled him in saintliness and generosity, and was intellectually his superior.

We must not omit to notice that friendship formed a large part of Westcott's life. Benson, Lightfoot, Hort, Llewelyn

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Davies, Vaughan, and Henry Bradshaw were bound to him by ties of the deepest affection. Such friendships ennoble those who are capable of them.

Westcott was not a maker of epigrams; but so thoughtful a man and so practical a student of language could not help being aphoristic. We take out, up and down the book, a few remarks which illustrate his cast of thought, and the originality and sometimes the oddity of his opinions. "Wordsworth—the English Goethe—how could he write so much without the impress of Christianity?" "The Incarnation—perhaps the payment of the debt of nature—humanity's sins, not my sins." "Marcus Aurelius' *Meditations* are at the exact opposite pole to Christianity." "The Resurrection and the Ascension are both facts, but facts wholly different in kind." "The spirit of ritualism and the spirit of scientific materialism seem to me to be essentially identical." "We have no rights, but duties." "The true interests of nations are identical and not antagonistic." "Freedom is not to do as we like: it is the capacity of doing what we ought." "We have no right to 'keep to ourselves.'" "We have lost the power of sustained private devotion." "The unseen is the larger part of life." "Guard your Sundays." "The true centre of philosophy is [not sin, but] 'in the image of God made he him.'"

These and many other like sayings come from a nature saturated with grace and full of that charity for men which is the expression of the love of God. We can understand the feeling which made a hearer of one of his sermons say, "This is not preaching, it is prophesying"; and another, that a divinity lecture of his was "the identification of study with prayer."

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS

I HAVE been asked to reproduce in a form convenient for the readers of this Review the substance of the arguments and comments on Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals which I lately addressed to the House of Lords. I have complied with this request in the following pages, but I had not sufficient leisure before going to press to recast the whole speech in a more adequate literary form.

It is scarcely necessary for me to repeat the expression of my conviction as to the impulses under which Mr. Chamberlain brought forward his great plan. No one can doubt the intensity of his belief in the cause on which he has embarked; and it was natural that, fresh from his Imperial mission, with the incalculable advantages of close union between the Mother Country and the Colonies borne in upon him in the most striking and unmistakable manner, and full of the projects by which he thought the existing ties could be so tightened that they might last for ever, he should have wished to lose no time in placing the great issues which inspired him before the country. With his object all will sympathise; but the changes suggested are so vast and affect so deeply the whole fiscal policy of the country, that it is absolutely necessary to submit them to the most searching analysis, and, above all, to test their practicability in every direction.

In this discussion it is most important to recognise from

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the outset that the question of loyalty or disloyalty to the Government cannot arise. The champions or the critics of Mr. Chamberlain's plans must be equally free to press their respective arguments upon the country. Personally, I believe the most effective method of bringing home to the general public the difficulties which beset the execution of any project involving preferential tariffs, is to argue the subject less by reference to what are called the formulas of Free Trade as by a common-sense examination of the bearing of the new scheme on the facts of to-day. There are a large number of men who wish to be enlightened, but to whom citations from the authorities of the past do not appeal. A new generation has sprung up since the days of Cobden and Bright, many of whom are not acquainted with the old Corn Law controversy, and who may be called agnostics in economics. To affect the minds of this class the existing state of things must be closely and exhaustively analysed. I wish myself, though a Free Trader, to present the subject from the point of view in which it is regarded by those on whom a mere reference to past creeds would make no impression. But if the formulas of the past are not to be pressed into the service against the champions of the proposed changes or the agnostics, there should be reciprocity; and if the Free Traders who are opposed to the plan which has been launched do not appeal to the old doctrines or to their authorities—their infallible popes—there must be on the other side no claim to infallibility for the modern view. If the steady light of the well-known beacons by which we have steered, and steered successfully so long, is to be veiled—at all events let us not be blinded by the dazzling brilliancy of the comet which has flashed across the fiscal sky.

The immediate cause which appears to have determined the moment for launching the new plan appears to have been the mysterious repeal of the corn duty. That was the prologue to the drama which is now developing before the country. I advocated the repeal of that tax. I held, and I hold now, that it would make but an infinitesimal difference, if any, in

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the price of the food of the people. It was a substantial item in the revenue of the country; it had in undisturbed obscurity under Conservative and Liberal statesmen alike, yielded many millions, and Mr. Gladstone himself raked in the millions from the tax in happy unconsciousness of financial sin. For these reasons the repeal of the tax seemed regrettable, but weighty reasons have been put forward on behalf of the plea that such a repeal was wise. The tax, while it remained, offered constant temptation to the introduction of a preferential tariff, and it may be presumed that the temptation was considered so strong that it was best to remove it. It appeared in the light of a stepping-stone to preferential tariffs, and a perusal of the proceedings at the Conference of the Prime Ministers of our Colonies last year conveys the impression that it was not unlikely that the stepping-stone might be used. Whatever we may think of the new scheme, at all events it seems wise that there should be a clear field, and that the great change in our financial policy should not be introduced simply as a clause in a Budget Bill imposing a shilling duty, but that it should be brought forward in such a distinct manner that the nation may be called upon to pronounce whether or not it is prepared to enter upon the fiscal revolution proposed in the plan now before the country.

For clearly there is a plan; a plan drawn in sharp outline and of colossal proportions, though no details are worked out; and it is essential as a first step to realise distinctly the several policies included in the plan. In part they are inter-dependent, in part they can be separated. The following proposals are included:—A preferential tariff for British imports to be granted by the Colonies simultaneously with the imposition by us of a tax on food-supplies imported by us from countries other than the Colonies, the object of this mutual arrangement being to advance the prosperity of the Colonies by bringing new corn-growing districts in them into cultivation, and at the same time making them better customers for our manufactures, and further promoting our trade by tariff concessions—a general

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result which, it is contended, would make for the consolidation of the Empire. Such is the great and attractive dream, such are the principal objects aimed at. In the next place the establishment of a system of Old Age Pensions is to be rendered possible by the revenue derived from the taxation of foreign importations of food. So far all is inter-dependent. The third division of the plan is to secure the power of retaliation when onslaughts are made on British industry by foreign devices of bounties, or by the great Trusts which have sprung into being, and which by various means may exercise a crushing influence on some of our industries, or by penalising tariffs on all our Colonies in the shape of reprisals.

These are the avowed objects of the plan; but associating themselves with the champions of these objects, there are two other bodies to whom the dazzling scheme appeals. One is the agricultural interest which hopes that a corn duty may give an impetus to that distressed industry, another consists of men anxious about the physique of the people, who believe that by the taxation of corn agriculture may so revive that labourers will be lured back to the land, giving us an addition to the strongest and most physically fit portion of our population.

It will be observed that with the exception of the power to retaliate on foreign countries by changes in our own tariffs, the whole of the boons enumerated rests upon the taxation of food. What has got to be determined in the first instance is, how this taxation will affect our population at large, and whether its effects may not be too high a price to pay even for the great benefits offered to us. Nor is it only a question of the taxation of corn for the food of man, or of the grain consumed in the fattening of cattle, a very important industry. The taxation of meat, of mutton, beef and bacon will also be found essential to the working of the plan.

As to a corn tax, how high is it likely to be fixed? Is it to be a shilling or two shillings? Duties on such a scale would not offer the slightest chance of proving sufficient. They could not realise the prospects held out; they could not protect

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agriculture; they could not bring back the labourers to the land, and it is difficult to imagine that without a more distinct preference, the hope of largely expanding the wheat-growing area of Canada could be attained.

As to the improvement of the physique of the people, it seems anomalous to begin the process by making food dearer all round. The only hope of increasing the agricultural population would be the bold imposition of a duty of not less than 5*s*. This, I believe, is what the various agricultural interests desire, though it would be imprudent on their part to express such hopes at present. Nothing is more essential, if a judgment is to be passed on the new proposals, than to know, as soon as may be, what food duties would be necessary for their execution. Uncertainty on this head may prove a very dangerous snare.

But before further discussing the case as regards the taxation of food, it will be well to examine what the Colonies are prepared to grant us, and generally how a preferential tariff on both sides is likely to affect our relations with them. That those relations may be as close as possible has been a warm wish on my part ever since I entered political life. In this respect I have no bad record. Long before the present phase of enthusiasm for union with the Colonies in which I heartily rejoice, I have been one of that section of the Liberal Party in the old days, which clung to the possession of the Colonies. I was never tainted with the idea that the Mother Country might be better off without the burden of her Colonial Empire, and nothing must be read into my criticisms on the present scheme which would suggest that I renounced in any degree my hope and desire for more consolidation.

What the Colonies propose is such a regulation of their tariffs as will give a preference to British goods, while we, on the other hand, are to favour their exports in a similar manner, thus establishing a mutual advantage. On this it is to be observed in the first instance that the Colonies must surely see that what they ask of us is infinitely more than they

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are prepared to grant to us. The concessions they make will affect certain trades, certain special trades, where the British manufacturer competes with the colonial manufacturer. But what they ask of us touches the whole of the population; surely a very great difference. It is sometimes asked, What do we do for the Colonies? We admit everything that they produce free of duty, while they maintain a high tariff barrier against us, and we undertake their defence against all comers at an enormous expenditure, while we are content to receive but a very small pecuniary contribution from them. At present at all events if there is to be a calculation of benefits, it is not proved that the Mother Country is on the wrong side. But to consider the present colonial offers. We have no full knowledge of them, nor have the Australian Colonies formulated the concessions they propose. But it would appear from the perusal of the proceedings at the Conference last year, and from more recent indications, that it is questionable whether the existing tariffs will be everywhere actually lowered in our favour. It is suggested that our interests may possibly be sufficiently served by increasing the tariff against the foreigner, leaving the duties imposed upon us at their present rate. This would, indeed, be a very poor boon to give to the United Kingdom in exchange for the demand for a corn and a meat tax to be imposed on our importations from those foreign countries from which at present we derive our chief supplies.

In such circumstances impatience would not be reasonable. Mr. Seddon has been rather too impetuous; his language to the effect that, if we do not grant what is now asked, his colony would have to consider whether it might not be necessary to make arrangements with foreign countries, is not the best way to influence public opinion in this country. From Canada, too, we are informed that Ministers are beginning to consider whether, if we do not meet them, they would have to go back upon what they have given us. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Colonies will not be impatient. For the maintenance of good feeling it is essential they should grasp that

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what they are asking is a very large thing, not merely a question of rebates of duty, but a policy which has always been held to threaten the most vital interests of the country.

But let us assume that on both sides an arrangement has been found practicable and has been carried out. It is clear that much of the liberty of action both of the Colonial and the British Treasuries would be impaired. It may be said that there is no more objection to commercial treaties between the Mother Country and her daughters than with foreign countries; but there is this particular risk about the bargain which is suggested, that it imposes a tax on food imported into the United Kingdom. Suppose that after the arrangements were concluded, the price of bread in the United Kingdom should materially rise, not only on account of this new corn duty, but owing to other causes, such as short crops, or other circumstances affecting the market for grain, might not a considerable popular feeling calling for repeal of the tax arise in an acute form? But however much that repeal might be asked for, however great the pressure put upon the Government, the agreement with the Colonies would tie us hand and foot. We should have to approach the Colonies and ask them, perhaps after vested interests had grown up within them in consequence of the privilege we had granted, to tear up our mutual arrangements in order that we might give free admission to all the imports of grain and food into the United Kingdom for which the country was so clamorously calling. This is a very possible contingency indicating the risk of taxing food.

Another consideration cannot, of course, be left out of sight. It is by no means clear that the course of the changes proposed will run smoothly in the Colonies; but even in the case of their cordially and effectually furthering the plan, the uncertainty as to possible action by foreign countries very detrimental to the interests both of the Colonies and the United Kingdom, must not be ignored. The possibility of reprisals must be fairly faced. What steps, for instance,

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could the United States take as regards Canada if counteraction to our policy should be decided on by that country? The action of Germany as regards Canada, to which further allusion will presently be made, has shown that rival countries are not likely to be unconcerned spectators of our fiscal changes. This danger is very apparent; it is recognised in Mr. Chamberlain's plan, and measures intended to meet it by further changes in our fiscal policy, are included in the new scheme.

To return to the vital point in this controversy—the taxation of food—a startling new departure. What will be its effect on the population at large?

It is admitted by the authors of the plan that the effects of such taxation must mean an increase in the cost of food, though there may be differences of opinion as to degree; but it is said that this increased price will be balanced by an increase in wages. To prove or disprove this proposition is one of the cardinal points in the whole controversy; it is the first question to which those who are engaged in it ought to turn their attention. Will dearer food really mean higher wages, and, if so, a *general* rise in wages? The answer must be given, not by reference to text-books, but by an examination of facts. We should know by what distinct processes an increase of wages is to follow an increase in the price of food. The references to Germany and the United States are quite insufficient to prove the case. The circumstances are entirely different, and the facts are not adequately known. We ought to work the problem out ourselves by an examination of the processes of trade and commerce, and by an analysis of the various classes engaged in various forms of work. In this connection one of the first questions to ask is, *whose* wages are to be raised? Is it held that all wages in the country will be raised? Is it a general wave of prosperity to flow from *Protection?* But it is alleged that Protection is not asked for, but only the power to retaliate in certain cases. If

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so, if the powers entrusted to the Government to establish belligerent duties is only to be employed in emergencies, how are wages to be raised thereby? Or, if it is said that this result will flow from increased colonial trade, is it seriously held that such an increase, limited, as it must be, to certain trades, will have the general effect of raising wages throughout the country?

Again, assuming, though it is far from certain, that through a certain limited amount of Protection the wages in the manufacturing districts in protected trades would be raised, what certainty or likelihood is there that the rise would extend far beyond that area? And at what distance, at what interval of years, would such an effect be felt? For illustrations it is well to look at the case of different classes; consider, for instance, the case of the vast body of men who are employed by the Government, by municipalities, by railways, by public bodies of all kinds. Take the Post Office. Are the wages of the scores of thousands of Post Office employés to be raised? Are the wages of the Dockyard men to be raised? Parenthetically it may be observed that the cost of the increase of wages of the servants of the State, if it should take place as alleged, would make a considerable inroad on the additional revenue derived from the taxation of food imports.

The effect, however, on the Treasury is a minor point. I should have no objection to some financial sacrifice for the sake of an Imperial aim. But nothing can equal in importance the other question—what would be the general effect on unprotected labour, on unprotected home industries, of the new plan? To hold out a distinct hope, a hope so distinct that it is to affect the action at the poll of the classes affected, that a general rise of wages will follow, is a responsibility so great that few men would care to incur it. If the hope should not be realised, food would cost more to these classes, whom no Protection would reach, without any of those compensating advantages which possibly—but only possibly—the protected industries might gain.

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There is one class which inspires special sympathy—the lower middle-class—the clerks, men and women who are as poor or poorer than many artisans, and whose wages are kept down by the terrible competition in their ranks. Is it seriously contended that their wages would rise in consequence of a protective tariff being applied to certain industries? The hope of a free breakfast table has, of course, vanished under increased fiscal necessities, but under the new scheme, it appears, the food at every meal would be taxed. Then there is the submerged class who are hovering on the brink of starvation, the class to whom a few shillings make a considerable difference in their annual expenditure. If a wave of prosperity is to come at all, when would it compensate for their loss on the purchase of food? It should not be ignored that if increased prosperity is to follow on the restoration of a certain amount of Protection, a prospect which Free-traders emphatically deny, it would, in any case, be a process which it would take years to complete, while the difference in the price of food would be immediate. All this is so uncertain, so speculative, that it becomes a gamble, a gamble with the food of the people.

But the working classes are offered another boon besides increased wages—the proceeds of duties on food are to be applied to Old Age Pensions. To this proposal it must obviously be objected, that if the hopes of the authors of the plan are fulfilled, and the colonial wheat-growing area is vastly increased, the revenue from the new imposts will decline every year, so that the amount to be set aside for Old Age Pensions will be a diminishing quantity. On the other hand, the liability once undertaken for Old Age Pensions can never be got rid of, and thus the country will be saddled with liability when taxes on food will no longer suffice to meet it. The cost would have to be defrayed out of the general revenue, a situation which Mr. Chamberlain himself does not consider admissible. Besides, you cannot make a two-sided contract with any class of the population. The State could never escape its liability for pensions, or retreat from its policy. On the other hand,

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it is quite conceivable that the working classes might, under the stress of circumstances, compel a Government to repeal the duties on food. It would be impossible by any legislation to tack the corn duties on to the Old Age Pension scheme in a permanent form.

The third departure in this great controversy is the introduction of measures of a Protective nature. The champions of the scheme repudiate the desire to bring about Protection. "Retaliatory duties" are what is demanded, a demand founded partly on the wish to be able to defend the Colonies who give us preferential duties against foreigners who threaten to penalise them in consequence, but also as a policy to meet other onslaughts on our trade, under the conviction that in this respect the country is in a critical position. While Mr. Chamberlain's chief aim appears to be the consolidation of the Empire, Mr. Balfour's chief anxiety appears to be concerned with an alleged weakness in our export trade, and with the difficulty of meeting the action of great Trusts and other measures taken by foreign countries striking at our trade. His main object in having an inquiry is to discover what steps could be taken to meet the dangers which he foresees.

Much is said as to signs of incipient decay in our commerce and in many industries. It is true that our export trade is now showing little buoyancy, but, on the other hand, there are many symptoms which are generally held to indicate a state of some prosperity. Lord Rosebery pointed out the increased returns of the Income Tax, every penny of which produces ten per cent. more now than it did ten years ago. This is all the more satisfactory as the tax is to-day levied on a narrower area, owing to the larger number of exemptions, and large rebates have been allowed under Schedule A. But if it be said that the Income Tax returns are not a real criterion as they only represent the income of the more prosperous classes, let the story told by the deposits in the Savings' Banks be carefully read. Statistics show that in the last fifteen years the deposits in the Post Office Savings' and the Trustees' Savings' Banks

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together have risen from 101,000 in 1887 to 187,000 in 1901. These savings come from the pockets of the lower middle and the poorer classes. They represent in no way the savings of the rich. Again, the number of *able-bodied* paupers in England and Wales has fallen from 110,000 in 1887 to 101,000 in 1902, a diminution of 9 per cent., while the population is estimated to have increased 18 per cent.[1] These figures should be distinctly considered when the statement is put forward that there is incipient decay.

The uneasy feeling as to the position of our trade is due, in the main, to a slackening in the increase of our exports. It should be observed, in passing, that expression was given to similar apprehensions twenty-two years ago, in 1881. At that time the Fair Traders and Retaliators—the various sections of the Protectionist party—were no less loud in predicting the ruin of the country, based on the relation between exports and imports during the ten preceding years, than the Fair Traders now. Thus we have allegations that the country has been going from bad to worse for more than thirty years! If so it is strange that the effects cannot be traced in the national income, in the wages of the people, or in the well-being of the population. The want of expansion in our exports corresponding to the expansion of some other countries is the one unsatisfactory feature.[2]

But how far is this due to the hostile barriers which are in many quarters raised against us? To answer this question it is of the highest moment to examine whether our exports show want of buoyancy chiefly when sent to such countries as Germany, France and the United States, which raise high tariffs for

[1] The *total* pauperism in England and Wales in the same period fell from 817,000 to 811,000.

[2] Some statisticians and economists deduct the whole of our coal exports from our total exports as being simply an inroad on our capital, but this is not correct. The whole value should not be deducted, but only so much as represents the coal itself. Foreign countries in paying us for our coal pay also for the wages of the men, just as when we import corn we pay for the labour which produces it abroad.

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the protection of their own industries, or whether these countries are beating us even in those neutral markets where there is a fair field for all of us, such for instance as China and Japan, and, I may add, our own Indian Empire where we compete on equal terms with all other nations. If it could be proved that the greater part of the slackening of our export trade was due simply to our dealings with those countries which have raised high tariffs against us to protect themselves, some step in the proof which the Fair Traders desire to offer would have been taken; but if we find the same unsatisfactory feature in those countries where we compete on equal terms with Germany and the United States, then we must look for other causes than Protection for the rapid advance which other countries are making as compared with ourselves. In this connection it should be recollected that it was only about a year ago that the great question of the necessity for more technical education loomed large in the public mind; and assertions were accepted almost as proved, to the effect that we were suffering in the markets of the world through our less developed knowledge in many branches of manufactures, art and science. It would be a great misfortune if now through any hasty judgment the country were to attribute to Protective tariffs phenomena which might be due to want of energy, or of technical education, or to other causes apart from Free Trade. This is really of the essence of the question. It must not be overlooked that the Germans have several advantages over us which cannot be reduced to paper. They are more economical in their methods, their expenditure on their staff is less, they are content with smaller profits—all qualities which make them formidable opponents.

But admitting some slackening in our export trade due to high tariffs against us, what is the true relation of the proposed fiscal policy to such a condition? Mr. Balfour has apparently had in his mind retaliation on special occasions, but symptoms are not wanting that more retaliation, in fact retaliation merging in Protection, is contemplated. The scheme which

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is before the country is, rightly or wrongly, attracting those who believe it to mean a beginning of the protection of many interests. It is reported that in Glasgow the workmen hail the new departure as promising protection for the industries of their city. The curious correspondence between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Vince, lately published, significantly indicates the inevitable tendency of retaliation to develop into Protection. Mr. Chamberlain had caused his Secretary to write to a Mr. Vince, in reply to some questions "that he would not propose to put any tax on German machinery merely because it was cheaper than English, but if he found that German machinery was receiving bounties either direct or indirect he would be perfectly ready to put on a corresponding duty. . . . If Mr. Chamberlain found that the Germans earned their success legitimately, he would leave the home manufacturers to find out how they did it, and so beat the Germans with their own weapons." On this his interrogater asked whether the word *legitimately* was to be interpreted so as to exclude as *illegitimate* the advantage, if any, that the German manufacturer might have in the absence of such restrictions as are imposed on English manufacturers by Factory Acts and the approved rules of Trades Unions. "Is sweating a form of unfair competition which may be counteracted by an import duty?" To this question Mr. Chamberlain is reported to have answered "Yes." If so, we have not the germ, but the plant, of Protection promising a remarkable growth. If the conditions under which production takes place abroad are to determine whether we are to put on or take off taxes on certain manufactured goods, we are indeed approaching very near to Protection, and those who go into this business only as Retaliators or Fair-traders will find they will be landed in Protection with all its difficulties, all its dangers, with all the competition and clamour of interests against interests, classes against classes, with all that lobbying and log-rolling mischief which we know exists in colonial legislatures.

The original plan did not seem to contemplate so great an

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advance towards protective tariffs. Retaliation to meet certain special emergencies was what was asked for; for instance, to meet the case of some gigantic Trust threatening to crush some industry in this country. No doubt this is a very serious matter; but I believe if some such extreme case were *to* occur for which an absolutely heroic remedy were required, the Government of the day would take such measures as seemed indispensable to meet the emergency. But is it wise with a view to such an emergency to recast our whole fiscal system, and to inaugurate new machinery for a case that may seldom and perhaps never occur? The question is a very difficult one, and it is natural that the Prime Minister should be anxious to inquire how these complicated problems could possibly be solved.

The relations between Canada and Germany have started another side of the question, viz., how to deal with such reprisals as the German Government has made in consequence of the preferential tariff accorded us by Canada. It is right that the earliest steps should be taken to put the country into possession of all the facts of this case, and generally to diffuse full information as to how we stand with reference to our commercial treaties. The idea of retaliation as within the sphere of practical politics is so new that as many *data* as can be collected with regard to its history amongst different nations where it has been used and as to the consequences of tariff wars, should be collected and made available for the instruction of the country. Tariff wars raged furiously before England adopted Free Trade, and convinced Sir Robert Peel of the futility of retaliation.

Further, it is important that information should be elicited as to the methods on which retaliation is considered possible. The sooner the controversy can be brought from generalities to particulars the better. Where retaliation is claimed in consequence of the menaces to any particular industry, is it contemplated to protect it by retaliating on the same industry abroad? This will frequently be impossible, and accordingly

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some other foreign industry must be selected for vicarious punishment. The records of tariff wars will show that there will be endless general competition and clamour between various interests to secure a share in the protective results from reprisals, and that it can never be foretold to what extremities such a system may lead.

High duties imposed on imports by way of retaliation naturally increase the cost of the article in question. That article may be used in the manufacture of another article; the producer of the latter then naturally calls for protection for himself, or for the repeal of the Act which inflicts injury on his trade. It would certainly be found that you cannot protect one industry without extending protection to a number of others; and frequently when you protect one trade, you will positively injure another.

As for the interests of the consumers, the suggested situation puts them altogether on one side. Trade must be protected even at the risk of dearer prices.

Abstract argument will not influence the minds of those who see in powers of retaliation the saving of our foreign trade. Accordingly in this field an inquiry into the concrete facts of the present situation and into such experience as can be made available may be useful to all concerned. It should, of course, be conducted with the utmost impartiality, without any bias in one direction or another. The great public, deeply interested as it is, that the truth should prevail, would be badly off if instructions were conveyed to them mainly by electoral leaflets circulated by party agencies. Allusion has been made to tables which might be prepared on hypothetical calculations to show to the working man how much more he would have to pay for food on the one hand with the advantages expected to be derived from higher wages on the other. Hypothetical calculations are very dangerous when pledges are to be given to the masses of the country as to any particular policy on which a mandate is to be asked.

As to the time when this mandate should be asked, it has

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been indicated by the Prime Minister that, in his view, two or three years would probably elapse before the people would be asked to pronounce on this new great issue. Time is required not only to convince the public—the Government as a whole is still unconvinced. Under these circumstances it is clear that if some catastrophe should precipitate a dissolution before the inquiry which the Government desire has elicited all the necessary facts, any mandate asking to revolutionise our fiscal system should be refused.

On the other hand, if, as Mr. Balfour contemplates, the controversy is prolonged, it is to be hoped that it will be so conducted on both sides as to leave no rankling memories behind either in the Colonies or at home. Neither for nor against the proposals is the case, where the issues are so extremely serious, likely to be pleaded without warmth, and signs of impatience are already visible in some Colonies. But this impatience should not develop into irritation. Time is necessary for the old country to pass judgment on the greatest issue which has been before it for generations.

Let us hope, if we do not see eye to eye, and if the Colonies realise that they cannot press us in this matter because it involves the taxation of food, that no ill-feeling will be left behind, and that we can go forward on the road towards consolidating our Empire with the same confidence as in the past. Mr. Chamberlain used some strong words pointing to lost opportunities—and opportunities have been lost—and pointing on the other hand to the glory of a consolidated Empire. He said that unless the question of trade and commerce were settled satisfactorily he for one did not believe in the continuance of the union of the Empire. He continued in words of terrible eloquence: "We have our chance, and it depends on what we do now whether this great idea of consolidation is to find fruition, or whether we will for ever and ever dismiss this consideration and accept our fate as one of the dying Empires of the world." We are to accept our fate as one of the dying Empires of the world if we refuse to tax

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the food of the people! Is the doom of the Empire to be pronounced on every platform if the people refuse to see their food taxed? Is it fair to put the mandate before the people "No preference, no Empire"? I think it is unjust to the people of this country; I think it is unjust to the people of the Colonies; I think it is unjust to the Colonial Secretary himself, who has done so much and made such steady, and I hope permanent, progress in knitting the Empire together. Surely all is not to depend on commercial bargains with the Colonies. Without commercial bargains the Colonies have lavished their blood in South Africa. Without commercial bargains we have lavished our millions in the protection of the Empire, which includes the Colonies, asking but little in return; and under these circumstances are we to be told that if we cannot accept this plan we are to accept the fate of a dying Empire? The resources of statesmanship are surely not exhausted. Before this idea was mooted many and many were the plans by which it was hoped the Colonies might draw closer to us, and we retain our hold over the Colonies. On that road the statesmen of both hemispheres must continue to work, undiscouraged if the result should be against the present plan, undiscouraged by failure. Forward this Empire must go, not as a dying Empire, but as a living Empire in the world, and our statesmen must endeavour to realise the fair dream of a cemented Empire without the nightmare of tampering with the people's food.

GOSCHEN.

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FREE TRADE AND PREFERENTIAL TARIFFS

THE proposal to modify our fiscal system, by the imposition of duties designed to secure a reciprocal preference for imperial trade, involves the determination of matters so fraught with good or ill to the people of this country that I hope no apology is needed for any honest attempt to throw a ray of light upon the subject.

Convinced free-traders seem to me unquestionably right in adopting an attitude of uncompromising hostility to the proposal. It differs from other protective systems only in degree, and sins against the economic principles which have hitherto been relied upon by the adherents of the free-trade system. Even should it be shown that the principles upon which the free-trader relies are conditional and not applicable to all cases, it does not follow that free-trade is not still the best policy for this country; but to have a clear idea of how the matter stands is an essential preliminary to the present inquiry. I find the economic case for free-trade stated in Professor Barstable's "Theory of International Trade," as follows (p. 133):

> In every particular exchange there is necessarily a gain to each party concerned; but the sum total of exchanges is composed of the several particular exchanges which have been made; and as each of the latter implies a gain the immediate result must be beneficial. As the aim of protective duties, on the other hand, is to hinder exchanges, they are necessarily injurious.

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No one is likely to quarrel with this reasoning, but on the face of it it is inconclusive. It may be that the admitted gain in one direction is counterbalanced by loss in another, which has not been taken into account. The complexity of modern commerce is so great that in dealing with any concrete case, important considerations may easily remain unnoticed, and the fundamental facts upon which the fabric of national prosperity is founded may be forgotten. Yet we are powerless to alter the foundation however much we may modify the superstructure. To bring these facts clearly to light, and ascertain their bearing upon free-trade doctrines, it will be sufficient to take for examination a simple form of society, for it is claimed for them that, with the doubtful exception of a newly settled country, they are universally applicable. If, therefore, they are shown to be inapplicable in a particular case their authority is gone until the conditions under which they do apply are formulated. For the sake of simplicity, then, we will leave out of consideration wealth derived from foreign investments, or acquired in return for services rendered to foreign countries.

At the outset we are confronted with the obvious fact that the limit of the material enjoyment of the population is the amount of the national stock. However it may be created, and however it may be divided, it is quite obvious that there can be consumed no more than there is to consume. Consumption is effectively limited by production. It is equally obvious (subject to the exception stated above) that the national stock available for consumption consists of the sum of the national products, including foreign products for which home products may have been exchanged. Herein lies the advantage of foreign trade, for these products will have been obtained cheaper than they could have been produced at home—possibly they could not have been produced at all at home, and, but for foreign trade, must have been dispensed with. The foreign products, however, represent, though in an advantageous form, nothing but the result of home labour; the exchange has not added to the sum of the national stock.

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We require to know, in the next place, what sets the limit to the national stock. The answer is—the home demand for consumption. The home demand only, be it observed, for foreign demand does not involve, directly, the consumption of any part of the national stock.

In the early days of industrial development the national stock may be limited by the capacity to produce; but in our own country this stage has long been passed, and at the present moment, with us, production is capable of being indefinitely increased. It is useless, however, and worse than useless, to produce in excess of the amount required for consumption, and consequently production can only be stimulated by increasing effective demand. It is effective demand, not merely demand which is wanting. Demand cannot fail until every material requirement of every individual in the land is satisfied; while we know that, so far from this being the case, the greater part of the demand of the great majority of the people remains unsatisfied. This is so because they have not the means to buy what they require; in other words, their demand is ineffective, and it is ineffective because of the exiguous portion of the national stock which falls to their share. The result of this state of things is, that production is reduced below its natural level. It cannot proceed unless consumption keeps pace with it, and consumption depends upon the method in which the national stock is distributed. If it were so distributed as to insure its immediate consumption, production would be stimulated in the highest possible degree, and the limit of material enjoyment would become, once more, the capacity to produce.

The method of distribution may operate to check consumption in the following manner: So much of any share as the owner does not devote to his own enjoyment, but saves, is applied, directly or indirectly, in further production. It is true that it is consumed in the process, but in the result the owner's savings are augmented, and the balance between production and consumption still further disturbed. The

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result, when saving is excessive, is over-production with all its attendant evils. In this connection it must be remembered that to insure prosperity it is not enough that commodities should be consumed, they should be consumed quickly. Prosperity depends upon rapidity of turnover. £100 applied to production and turned over twice in a year, is more profitable than £200 turned over only once in a year. Now it is obvious that a man with £10,000 a year is likely to save more than would be saved in the aggregate by two hundred people with £50 a year each. Moreover, the consumption of the man with £10,000 a year would probably not be increased if you doubled his income; whereas, if the income of the two hundred were doubled, their consumption would probably be doubled. Where, therefore, production is reduced by under-consumption, anything which increases the proportion taken by the masses in the national stock tends to stimulate it. Now the share of the masses depends upon their employment and the remuneration they get for it, and it follows that the limit of production is largely dependent upon the continuous employment and general prosperity of the mass of the people. This is a cause of increased production and not, as is often supposed, merely the effect. In short, until every material want of every individual is fully satisfied over-production is an impossibility, except as the result of a method of distribution not calculated to stimulate production in the highest degree.

If the above conclusions are correct, the key of the position regarding the operation of a protective tariff is to be found in its effect upon the effective demand for consumption in the protected country; and this will be largely dependent upon its influence upon the employment of the people. Here let me say that throughout I use labour and employment in a sense not confined to the employment of manual labour, and that it must always be understood that employment in production draws in its train many other kinds of employment not specifically mentioned.

What, then, is the effect of free-trade upon employment?

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In the first place, it will generally be admitted that where the capital and labour of the country are employed in producing those commodities which can be produced to the greatest advantage, and a ready sale is assured, the high-water mark of national efficiency in production can only be reached under free-trade. It is probable that in the early days of its introduction something very like this ideal condition of things did exist, and continued to exist, for many years; latterly, however, there has been an increasing difficulty in finding profitable employment for capital, and where capital and labour cannot be fully employed in the production of the commodities which can be produced to the greatest advantage, a different set of considerations apply.

To what extent, and in what manner, would our position be likely to be affected by the introduction of hostile tariffs, and the rivalry of native manufacturers, in the case of countries which we had been accustomed to supply; imports into our own country remaining free? Assuming that the effect was to some extent to reduce our exports to the country in question, in the absence of new markets our production would be to some extent reduced, and a certain number of people engaged in production thrown out of employment. The limit of production would then be reduced by the reduction in the effective demand of the unemployed. It would be useless for them to apply themselves to the production of commodities similar to those previously received in exchange, for, *ex hypothesi*, these could be obtained cheaper from abroad. But now suppose that when their goods had been excluded from the foreign country, the goods for which they had been previously exchanged had been excluded from this country, they might then successfully apply themselves to the manufacture of similar goods. The effective demand occasioned by their employment would then be maintained, and the only loss would be that of the advantage which we have seen to accrue from an exchange with a foreign country. Where, therefore, foreign markets are restricted the national stock may in certain cases be increased by the protection of home industries.

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A just perception of the relation between the limit of production and the effective demand for consumption, and between the latter and the remuneration of labour, will enable us to understand why England, so long as she remained mistress of the world's commerce, flourished exceedingly under free-trade, and why, as the nations began to undertake their own manufactures, and to close their markets to English goods (while England refused to secure her home markets for her own manufacturers), it became increasingly difficult for her to employ to the full her immense industrial capacity. If we recognise the stimulating effect upon production of an increase in the share of the national stock falling to the lot of the working part of the population, we shall also cease to be astonished at the prosperity of the United States, under a high tariff, and with a remuneration of labour more generous than our own.

A protectionist arguing on these lines would, I think, be justified in maintaining that free-trade is not an absolutely and universally true doctrine, that it is not in all times and places of necessity the only sound system of national trade. But when we turn to Mr. Chamberlain's present proposals we are at once confronted by the fact that the protective measure intended is a differential duty, not on manufactured articles but on food. Now cheap food is one of the primary requirements of an industrial community doing a foreign trade; moreover, food is the principal object upon which the effective demand of the mass of the people spends itself. A rise, therefore, in the price of food may limit effective demand in more ways than one.

Therefore, in considering the economic aspect (and to this I strictly confine myself) of the proposal to levy a duty upon food, imported from foreign parts, in return for a preferential tariff conceded to the Mother Country by her Colonies, the first and most important question is, will it raise the price of food? To ascertain the proportionate extent of the rise in price, which would follow the imposition of a duty, would be extremely difficult if not impossible, but that some rise would

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occur seems to be inevitable. To take the case of corn. At present we draw our supplies from numerous sources outside the Colonies. If the duty imposed does not exclude the importation of corn from some of those sources, it will not advantage the Colonies; if it does, it is difficult to see how the diminution of the sources of supply can fail to raise the price. At the present time, by the automatic operation of free-trade, we draw our supplies from that part of the world where corn happens at the moment to be cheapest In the future we shall not always be able to do so and prices must rise. Indeed, that the price of food will rise is, I think, not seriously disputed, but it is said that wages will rise in sympathy with prices. Is there any ground for the suggestion? When once the remuneration of the working-class exceeds the bare necessities of existence, there is no necessary connection between wages and prices. A rise in wages is the result of a combined demand. Such demand is usually successful where the profits of capital are so good as to induce the employer to forego some of his gain rather than risk the stoppage of his business. In any other case it is almost certain to fail. The British working-man is hardly fool enough to suppose that his employer will raise his wages because food is dearer. He has some practical knowledge gained by experience to guide him. Wages can rise only when production and consequently employment is increased. Where, under a preferential tariff, are we to look for increased employment? There seem to be only two possible sources: increased trade with our Colonies and improvement in British agriculture. Both fields for extension are very limited, for the British population of the Colonies is hardly more than 25 per cent. of the home population, and the greater part of colonial imports are already of British origin; while as for British agriculture not more than some 15 per cent. of the population are engaged in it. Against this must be set the loss resulting from a rise in the price of food, which would act detrimentally on the home market by reducing, *pro tanto*, the effective demand of all.

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The effect would be felt by each, in inverse proportion to his wealth, since the smaller the income the greater the proportion consumed in food. A shrinkage in the purchasing power of the bulk of the forty millions at home would produce the result of over production in an intensified, because a more permanent, form. Finally, a rise in the price of food accompanied by a rise in wages might limit employment by restricting foreign trade.

Fascinating as the idea of the commercial consolidation of the Empire is to most of us, the economic presumption against the propriety of laying a duty on the import of food seems to me enormously strong. A tariff protecting home manufactures would be far more capable of defence, but, in any case, we should hesitate before we cast into the melting-pot our prosperity, fashioned under the Free Trade system. It will not do for Imperialists to banish political economy to Saturn, for our position in the world rests upon an economic foundation, and if we recklessly risk it, we are sinning against the best interests not only of the Mother Country but of the Colonies themselves.

RALPH NEVILLE.

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LORD SELBORNE'S CRITICS

DEARLY as the country loves its Navy and deeply as it appreciates its place in the national existence, it knows little of the men who command it. Their professional reputation remains one of the mysteries of the sea, and it is seldom we can feel interest in a naval appointment. The filling of a Bishopric or of a leading Nonconformist pulpit we can discuss with some sense of knowledge. Well-informed people will even have an opinion on the allotment of a prominent military command. But it is only on the rarest occasions that a naval appointment connotes anything at all to the civilian.

The appointment of Sir John Fisher to the command at Portsmouth is one of these exceptions. His tenure of the office of Second Sea Lord—the office he is now to vacate—has coincided with the production of a far-reaching scheme for the reorganisation of the *personnel* of the Navy; and since the peculiar province of the Second Sea Lord is the charge of the *personnel*, he is recognised as Lord Selborne's right hand in the matter and as the expert specially responsible for the measure. His departure, therefore, from the Admiralty to take up the blue riband of the service can only indicate to the public that the work of designing the new scheme in its broad outline is complete and that the Navy for good or evil is definitely committed to the new course. The man who put the machine together is to be the first to set it in motion. He is to be placed in the position where he can best watch and

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guide its earliest working. It is an arrangement that will at least appeal to our common sense; and in securing it Lord Selborne adds another stone to his growing reputation as a statesman. It can have been no simple task. For a Minister to choose the best man available for his expert, to follow him step by step, seeing the ground made good as he goes, to stand by him when the sound of opposition dins in his ears, demands a clear head and a firm purpose. And no one will deny that, of late at least, the sound of opposition has been growing frequent and loud. Still, the die is cast, and the departure of the Second Sea Lord to his new sphere of activity seems a fit opportunity for examining anew the outcome of his service at the Admiralty.

During the whole of that time the mountain has been in labour—and what has it produced? When the new birth first showed its head it was greeted as a prodigy of sagacious invention. Every one, or almost every one whose opinion can carry weight with the nation, covered it with admiration. I do not speak of certain of the senior men, who could not rightly see the new thing for the tears they were constrained to shed over the old. The old was the service they knew and loved, the system under which their devotion and talents earned them distinction. The sentiment that moves them is one we all honour. The Navy cannot do without it. It is just that blind loyalty to its high traditions that is its true inspiration, but it is not that way that progress lies. When we seek to advance we must look elsewhere. To the men whose eyes are always fixed on the wake of the ship we can only listen with the reverence due to their service and position. But we can do no more than listen. We bow in respectful silence and go on our way, as a man lifts his hat when a funeral passes.

But there are others who must be differently dealt with—men in the zenith of their career, who have earned a high name in the service, and whose opposition carries serious weight. They are men who must remember the responsibility they are assuming. No doubt their opposition is sincere,

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and if the new scheme is wholly bad they are doing the country a great service. But if it is not wholly bad, if in the main it is good, let them remember the incalculable mischief they are brewing. No scheme can be perfect; but its imperfections can easily be overcome by a unanimous determination to make it work. If, on the other hand, men permit themselves to believe that it cannot work, it is in their power, however well designed the scheme may be, to ensure its being at least a partial failure. It is high time, then, that they pulled themselves up and asked themselves, before going further, whether they are really looking the thing squarely in the face. Let them remember that their attitude is not what it was. At first, when they stood up and saw the new birth at a distance, and as a whole, they had nothing for it but praise; but now the world sees them creeping on their hands and knees rubbing their noses against details not yet developed, starting at imagined terrors, as they see a hair or two awry, till from crying out that the thing is ill made they are shouting that it is a deformity from top to toe and should be buried out of hand. Forgetting all their previous declarations, ignoring the conclusions of their experience afloat, some of them go so far as to say that no change was needed, that our officers were the best in the world, and that nothing better is possible.

In their whole attitude there is something radically wrong —something that rings false on the public ear. We want criticism. It is the fixed faith of Englishmen that the right is most surely beaten out by the hammers of opposition. But the blows must be straight and true and clearly struck. And this is what we lack. We hear too much of officers not having been consulted and too little of what they would have said had their opinion been asked. There is too much of "This will never do" and nothing of what they would offer in its place. And still worse, there has been a deal of imputing unworthy motives to the authors of the scheme with no reference to the conditions which made it absolutely necessary that they should do something.

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With criticism of this kind it is impossible for the public not to be impatient. Plain people approach the question with no preconception except a desire to find out what is best for our most cherished service. They call for assistance to form a right opinion, and can only turn away in disgust at what is offered them by the fault-finders. Still nothing is gained by that. Beneath the heat and confused vituperation which the scheme has aroused there may lie solid objections, and the wisest thing to do is to try to dig them out and see what is in them. The task is difficult, for we hardly know where to turn for a calm and complete statement of the opponents' case. To the House of Commons we look in vain. With the exception of one or two speeches in defence of the scheme, the proceedings there were marked with a levity that was wholly unworthy of the occasion. In the Press we find the hostile communications so coloured with personal feelings, or so distorted by misapprehension, that we are still worse off. In the House of Lords we fare better, and it is probable that in Lord Glasgow's speech we get the clearest, most temperate, and best-reasoned attack, and the most authentic exposition of the antagonistic views of the experts. Let us, therefore, take his speech as representing what the best criticism amounts to; or rather not the speech, since he asserts he was ill-reported, but rather his letter to the *Glasgow Herald*, which he wrote to give a fuller and more correct version of his views.

To begin with, he protests that the opposition is grounded neither on the dislike of machinery nor on the dislike of innovation. Let that be accepted, with the passing remark that if any one seriously supposed it was so grounded the opposition has only itself to blame. The ill-expressed utterances of certain of the more strenuous critics afford at least some excuse for the charge.

The fundamental reason on which he says the whole agitation is based is this—that there exists in the service a "rooted conviction that the officers who fight the ship must be kept separate from the officers who control the engines." Here is at

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least a solid and clear objection that goes to the root of the matter. Indeed it does more. It traverses the whole case. For the case of the Admiralty is avowedly based on the opposite conviction. The Admiralty starts from the conviction that the officers who fight the ship cannot any longer be kept separate from the officers who control the engines. It is to that separation that, after deep inquiry, they have traced the disturbing cause that has been troubling the service for years. And not only, be it remembered, our own service, but that of almost every other country that has a first-class navy. The point is of the last importance. Seeing how the critics ignore for the most part the *impasse* that had been reached, seeing how some of them even talk of truckling to Trade Unionism, it is necessary to keep in mind that the difficulty to be overcome was no sporadic or transient affection of our own Navy, but an epidemic that was rampant with all our neighbours as well. In France, Italy, and America the cry is the same—the engineers claiming a greater degree of independence corresponding to their heavy responsibilities. In each of these countries the highest authorities either have been or are still absorbed in devising a remedy. Everywhere the condition of the patient is recognised as in the last degree critical. We have all been travelling the same road. The disease is inherent in the system. As a sagacious American pointed out in the earliest days of steam navigation, the germ was planted in the first paddle warship. Everywhere the system which we have been trying to work began with steam-engines as an auxiliary means of propulsion. So long as it was so, it was easy and unobjectionable enough to keep engineers and deck officers separate, and the words of the wise fell dead. No one would listen, and long after steam became the sole means of propulsion we have continued the old system—tinkering here and tinkering there till the whole was a mass of ill-fitting patches. To persevere on lines that had so entirely lost their right direction was as though a man should persist in trying to make electric lamps burn with whale-oil.

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Under these circumstances, to speak of the Admiralty giving way to Trade Union pressure is worse than idle. The public knows too well how to value such polemics, and they will hear in the charge only an ill-tempered way of saying that the Admiralty has recognised the march of things and put itself in line with one of the most obvious and important advances of the times. For the Navy to ignore the development was impossible. As the importance of the machinery increased the importance of the engineer increased with it, and, so long as we refused to cut ourselves clear from the obsolete conception of auxiliary engines, all we could do was continually to increase his power. But every increase could only be a stop-gap. The engines continued to devour the ship, till now we not only drive and steer but we fight by machinery too. In the combatant or effective ranks no one, except perhaps the navigator, has any longer a place on board a warship who is not driving, controlling or feeding machinery. Machinery dominates every corner of the ship with an ever-increasing supremacy. To meet the increased responsibility of the engineer with an increase of independence was a process that had no finality, and so long as we kept the fighting officer separate from the engineer we were drifting straight to the worst calamity that can strike a navy. We were drifting straight to a dual control, drifting to the heresy of which all the old navies perished—the heresy which it was the first glory of our Navy to have avoided. In every service but our own there was once a rooted conviction that the officers who fight the ship must be kept separate from the officers who control the motive-power. We boldly declared the contrary—that one captain and one set of officers must fight the ship and work it too. To this we clung as to a palladium, and a palladium it proved. No rival navy could stand before it, nor could any raise its head again till our system of absolute unity had been adopted.

In what, then, is the conviction on which the whole opposition is really based—in what is it rooted? Not in the great tradition of the service, not in the vital principle which our Navy

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was the first to discover, and which has made it a model to the world. No, not in that, but in something much smaller—something so small, indeed, that did we not know the genuineness of the conviction, we could hardly speak of it with patience. It is rooted in the idea that a man whose work is between decks can never be fit to handle a ship. They say the analogy between the system of a fighting captain and a navigator and the system of a fighting captain and an engineer is false. And why? Because the navigator was always on deck and the engineer is not. But surely, surely this is a little thing. Stand back and see the matter in its true proportions, and what is it beside that sacred principle of unity in which, from its cradle, our fleet has lived and moved and had its being?

If the engineer officer were to remain the mere advanced mechanic that he once was there might conceivably be some weight in the objection. But the old engine-driving days are long done with, though some of the objectors seem hardly yet to have realised it. Under the new training the last taint will be wiped away. From their childhood the new men will be trained as officers and trained upon the sea. From the moment he joins the cadet will spend some part of every day afloat. Because he is trained as an engineer he will not the less be trained as a seaman and an officer. And afterwards, what is there in the control of mighty engines that will unfit a man's nerve for the control of a ship? What is there in it that will not rather nourish the readiness, the resource, the courage, the fine perception that goes to make the good captain? It is idle to speak of the engine-room as a hen-coop, or to think that, because a man smells oil a bit, he need lose the savour of the sea.

In justice to Lord Glasgow it must be said that he bases the necessity of separation on the ground that a man cannot in the time available learn the duties of an executive officer and of an engineer. Under the old system of education this was true, but it must be remembered that the amalgamation of the executive and engineer classes is accompanied by a com-

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plete change in the method of training which, in the opinion of the highest experts in technical education, will give time to turn out a thorough engineer, and by dropping out the obsolete pedagogy of the old system leave more for seamanship than there was before. The elaborate and enlightened system of education, which upon the most minute and wide-reaching study the Admiralty is developing to meet the new conditions, is ignored in Lord Glasgow's argument. Shutting his eyes to the highly specialised training that is to accompany the reform, he merely says that the new scheme is contrary to all modern experience in that it rejects the advantage of specialising.

But, even here, is not the Admiralty ahead of its critics? Can it be said that, in the sense Lord Glasgow employs the word, the latest tendency in civil life is towards specialisation? The bulk of business and commerce is now conducted by boards of directors who are not specialists except in direction. Retail trade tends to mass itself in heterogeneous "stores." Diverse productive enterprises are continually grouping themselves into "Trusts." Every day the process gains ground and justifies itself by higher success. What does it mean? Surely, so far as our present purpose is concerned, that the world has discovered that command must be specialised like everything else; that to control masses of men and complex enterprises is an art by itself; that to keep men who have the faculty of control studying technical detail is sheer waste of good material, when once they have obtained the general insight necessary for command. A man of brain and education can quickly learn how a file should be used without being able to use it perfectly himself. The higher technical specialisation may safely be left to the artisan. And this is the end to which the whole new scheme of entry and training is directed. The men are to be schooled into the highest manual dexterity and the highest technical knowledge obtainable each in his special trade, and the officers are to learn enough of all to know good work when they see it and to acquire that degree of knowledge which is needful for command. This is the true specialisation

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that is the latest development of commercial life, and when the new scheme is known in its entirety it will be seen to be not contrary to all modern experience, but to ride upon its surface and even to rise beyond anything that civil organisation has yet achieved.

This objection of Lord Glasgow covers that which is most often repeated—that under the new system officers will learn a "smattering" of everything and nothing well. But the fact is that that is just what he does now. The bulk of his school time is given to mathemetics and such pedagogic lore and the rest is consumed with giving him a smattering of steam, gunnery, torpedo and navigation. So admittedly is this the case that all the real work of command has to be done by specialised officers. The ordinary watch-keeper may trudge through to his retirement with no real knowledge of the essentials of his profession. It is to end all this, quite as much as to settle the danger of dual control, that the new system is devised. The assertion that it leads directly to "smattering" is not tenable for a moment. The whole thing is designed, and well designed, as an attack on smattering, and whether it succeeds or not entirely, it cannot but leave things better than they were.

Of course it is easy to say it is unworkable, and this is another familiar argument which Lord Glasgow endorses—if argument it can be called. At best it is but lugubrious prophecy. To test the worth of prophecy we can only look to history and the experience of our neighbours. Now history shows that previous analogous changes, so far as they were analogous, have been in every case successful. It is open to the Cassandras to say that the previous cases were not closely enough analogous for argument, but it is only a question of degree. They cannot deny they were analogous, and they cannot bring forward one case even faintly analogous that was a failure. Where, then, is their ground for prophecy? In the experience of our neighbours? But there is but one case, and that is on the side of the Admiralty. The Americans have

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already dealt with the matter, and dealt with it in their characteristic manner by just a bold stroke of the pen. They cut the Gordian knot by declaring the two branches interchangeable and left them to shake down as best they could. It was a rough-and-ready process, and at first we heard that they were making bad weather of it. That is not in the least surprising. The wonder is that so ruthless and severe an operation did not end in complete failure. Nothing, indeed, shows better how natural the process really is, and how the organism was crying out for it, than that it did not fail at once. But it has far from failed. The latest reports speak of nothing but complete success. The shaking-down is done and the American service is striding along again smoothly and with new life. Why, then, should we fear the result in our own case? The long tradition of loyal endeavour has made the constitution of our service the stronger and our remedy is to be more gentle. It will come about automatically and by easy stages, so that the service will receive no shock—will scarcely, indeed, be sensible that the change is going on.

How, then, with the example of America before us, can it be said that the change is dangerously drastic? For this is another familiar objection. It is said that no such heroic operation was necessary—some slight changes in training would have sufficed. To this again we cannot listen. The public will not be deceived. We know that such a prescription only means another dose of the old tinkering. We want something more than this to make us distrust the policy of the Admiralty. There is nothing the nation can forgive so easily in a public department as an excess of thoroughness. But to an onlooker the main objection seems to be not this, but that the reform is not thorough enough. Every one must see that the memorandum, however it halts before the extreme conclusion, points inevitably to a complete fusion of engineer and executive. To secure it as soon as may be, and with the least possible friction, is clearly the policy of Lord Selborne and his Board, and some of us must regret that they did not see their

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way to declare their purpose at once. Their position would then have been clearly marked and therefore more easily defended. It would have been less open to random attack. The country would have seen more quickly how impregnably it rests upon the stern logic of things—that, in short, it is not a revolution, as its opponents allege, but a plain piece of evolution.

It was so that President Roosevelt spoke of the American scheme. "We are not," he said, "making a revolution, we are merely recognising and giving shape to an evolution that has come slowly but surely and naturally, and we propose to reorganise the Navy along the lines indicated by the course of the evolution itself." Of Lord Selborne's scheme a distinguished officer of the German Naval Staff has written in exactly the same strain:

> However revolutionary [he says] the plan may appear at first, it is really but a fresh link in the chain of natural development which knows how to appreciate the past and how to prepare for the future. Englishmen do not like to advance in bounds, and England's history clearly shows the advantages of natural consecutive action. The questions of training and *personnel* bid fair to become a Gordian knot, but nevertheless it is not being loosed by a single stroke, but by slow and steady action. The present Admiralty will always be gloriously remembered for having commenced this with great energy.

The course of this evolution, the chain of this natural development indicates the control of the engine-room by specialised executive officers, just as gunnery, torpedo, and navigation are successfully controlled already. Could the Admiralty have afforded to say this frankly at the outset they would have been less exposed to the distracting sniping that has been galling them. We should have heard, for instance, little of that familiar wail that good men will no longer enter the service for fear of being condemned to be engine-drivers. But, as our German critic observes, we like things to go slowly, and this, no doubt, is the explanation of much that is cryptic in the memorandum.

As we like to be slow, so we like to be sure, and what the

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country wants from the officers it trusts is criticism that will help to make things sure. Let them, then, stand up again as they did at first, and see the thing as a whole. Let them open their eyes and see it as the nation sees it. We had reached, as all our neighbours had reached, an impossible situation which the old hand-to-mouth remedies only intensified. It was absolutely necessary to devise a new treatment. The Admiralty, which admittedly includes some of the finest officers in the service, have offered us such a remedy. Can those who dislike the taste of it offer us a better? If they can we will listen gratefully; but if they cannot, if they have no suggestions but to continue the tinkering of the old machine, then their duty is plain. The public demands the loyal help of its servants, and none give it more loyally than its servants of the sea. Let them remember the high tradition they have inherited. They may not like the look of the new machine, but a new machine was imperative, and this, the device of the best of their colleagues, is the only one we have. It is their duty, then, to stand aside and cease throwing grit into its bearings; they must take up their oil-can instead; they must watch for every sign of friction or weakness as the thing gets to work, and then, instead of panic cries that the bottom is being knocked out of the ship, let them quietly show where they see the mischief and buckle to to set it right.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

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RECENT NAVAL ADMINISTRATION

WHATEVER verdict history may eventually pronounce upon the administration of his Majesty's present Government, they can never be justly accused of a crime that may be laid at the door of many of their predecessors—neglect of the Royal Navy and indifference to its requirements. Whatever the historian may have to say of the administration of the War Office under the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, he will hardly withhold credit for strenuous and unceasing effort towards attaining efficiency from the present Board of Admiralty. It is a fact, not very creditable to our common sense as a nation, that criminal neglect of the all-important factor in Imperial defence has been the characteristic of most Ministries of a country whose very existence is absolutely dependent on its sea-power. Of this truth the constantly recurring panics which form a feature of our political life are sufficient proof. But a short time back the nation was passing through one of these periodical phases. The public were anxious, and their anxiety was but reasonable. The war in South Africa proved to the hilt that, as far as the Army was concerned, there was a lamentable lack of proper organisation for war. Men wondered if it would be the same with the fleet. If war were suddenly sprung upon us, would the Navy be in a position to act to the best advantage when its services were required? There was an evident lack of strength, both

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numerically and in quality, in some of our most important squadrons, and, we had the word of experienced naval officers for it, that the commissioned portion of the fleet was lacking in stores and munitions of war, in auxiliaries, and in adequate training both for officers and men.

The main essentials to efficiency in which the fleet was, a year or two back, palpably lacking, were :—

(*a*) The want of proper organisation of the *matériel* of the fleet, shown by the inadequate strength of some of our most important squadrons—notably the Mediterranean—the deficiency in fleet auxiliaries, and the retaining on the effective list of ships valueless under modern conditions.

(*b*) The lack of trained Reserves in any way proportionate to the strain that war would throw on the *personnel* of the fleet.

(*c*) The deficiency of adequate training as regards both officers and men.

Although perfection has not been attained, it will not be difficult to show that many and important improvements have been effected, and that the authorities have not shrunk from a full recognition of their responsibilities.

To commence with the *matériel* of the fleet, not the least important feature of recent naval administration has been the strengthening and improved organisation of the three principal commands—the Mediterranean Fleet, the Channel squadron, and the Home fleet, as the old Reserve squadron is now termed. I may here premise that when the term "modern" is used as regards a ship, it means a vessel laid down under, or since, the programme of the Naval Defence Act of 1889. The actual war-value of ships laid down prior to that date must be problematical and dependent upon circumstances, and in no case can such value be of a high order. This must be clearly understood before it is possible to estimate at its true value the extent of the improvement that has taken place in the constitution of the commands above named, for, although there has also been a very appreciable numerical increase, yet much

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of the improvement has been effected by increasing fighting efficiency rather than mere adding to numbers. The Channel squadron is the one in which the least change has taken place. Wisely the Admiralty deemed the strengthening of the dangerously weak Mediterranean fleet, and the modernisation of the very obsolete Reserve squadron, to be most imperative.

The Channel squadron is at the present moment two battleships short of its proper quota of eight, but this shortness in numerical strength is only temporary. It is due to the fact that the ships of the N.D.A. programme, the "Royal Sovereigns," which heretofore composed this squadron, are being transferred to the home fleet, while of the eight "Majestics" that will ultimately compose the squadron, two, which will come from the Mediterranean, have not yet been replaced by the newer ships now nearly ready for commission. This is but the natural sequence of the principle that is governing the reorganisation of the three squadrons. When this reorganisation is completed the eight battleships of the N.D.A. programme will be in the home fleet, their immediate successors, the "Majestics," will compose the Channel squadron, while in the Mediterranean will be the eight "Bulwarks," six of which are already on the station, and probably the six "Russells," two out and the others approaching completion. Not alone does this plan send the newest and best ships to the most important squadron, but it has the advantage of making our squadrons homogeneous. The importance of this, now that the Board have made "standardisation" universal in groups, it would be difficult to over-estimate. In the Channel squadron the most important change that has taken place is as regards cruisers, for though the second- and third-class cruisers, two of each, remain numerically the same, yet the two first-class cruisers of the squadron, which were formerly 20-knot protected ships, are now replaced by heavily-armoured vessels of 21-knot speed. The cruiser squadron, moreover, is for war purposes an adjunct of the Channel squadron, for both would be the first war reinforcements to the Mediterranean

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command. Less than two years ago the cruiser squadron was a commodore's command, comprising one first-class and three second-class cruisers. To-day the rear-admiral whose flag has replaced the commodore's broad pennant has under his command two 23-knot armoured cruisers of the first-class and four modern second-class, to say nothing of two earlier date third-class cruisers commissioned for the purpose of experimenting with new water-tube boilers. Nor is this all, for the First Lord has now stated that in the near future the squadron is to be composed of six 23-knot armoured cruisers of the first-class, viz., two "Drakes" and four of the "County" class. When this proposed constitution of the cruiser squadron is an accomplished fact, it will be the most powerful squadron of its type in commission in the British or any other Navy.

With regard to the home fleet, it is in its reconstitution and modernisation that improvements have been, and are being, effected. In January 1900, the reserve squadron, composed of the coast-guard and port-guard ships, numbered nine battleships and four cruisers; to-day the home fleet totals nine battleships and four cruisers. Of the nine battleships of 1900 three were second-class. One of these was partially armed with muzzle-loaders and was the other day removed from the effective list. A second, albeit her armament had been modernised, was amongst the oldest armour-clads in the Navy. The third was one of the old "échelon" turret-ships, a type we have never repeated, and of which three out of five have been struck off the strength of the fleet as ineffective. Three more belonged to the very inadequately armoured "Admirals," which only an antiquated classification entitles to be called first-class. A seventh, the *Sanspareil*, is but a glorified coast-defence ship. The remaining two, the sisters *Nile* and *Trafalgar*, are fairly powerful turret-ships, which immediately preceded the N.D.A. programme. Thus not one ship was "modern," but to-day, although the *Sanspareil* and two of the "Admirals" are still

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in the squadron, the remaining six are all of the "Royal Sovereign" class. In the cruisers of the squadron a similar modernisation has taken place. Of the four cruisers of the old squadron, there was not one that could claim to be modern. Of the four cruisers of the new fleet, there is only one that dates from a period prior to the Naval Defence Act of 1889. Again, the three instructional flotillas of torpedo-boat destroyers, one of which is in commission at each of the three home ports, may be looked upon as a war portion of the home fleet. Some three years ago the numerical strength of each of these flotillas was increased from six boats to eight, and so there are now in permanent commission in home waters twenty-four destroyers in lieu of eighteen. Moreover, the efficiency of the whole has been largely increased within the last twelve months by providing for each flotilla its own stationary parent ship in the shape of a suitably fitted old armour-clad; by giving to each flotilla its own captain; and by the appointment of an inspecting captain to supervise, and be responsible for, the working of the whole system. Another point in regard to ships in home waters is the tendency shown to replace ineffective ships and hulks by modern and effective vessels. For example, a step in this direction was made in 1895 when the *Medea* and *Medusa*, third-class cruisers, were commissioned as R.N.R. drill-ships at Southampton and North Shields, to take the place of the hulks *Trincomalee* and *Castor*. That the two cruisers in question were not brilliant successes is sufficiently proved by the fact that, although they were launched in 1888, neither had ever been put in commission, but the idea of replacing hulks with ships with at any rate a nominal value was none the less sound.

First, these vessels are always in partial commission and immediately available for mobilisation in the event of an emergency; and secondly, in them men can be trained with modern ordnance and under seagoing conditions. Last year the *Medea* and *Medusa* were taken to be experimentally fitted with water-tube boilers, which they are now testing as units of

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the cruiser squadron, and they have been replaced as R.N.R. drill-ships by the *Apollo* and *Andromache*. Both these are excellent modern second-class cruisers, and, at the moment of writing, four of their sisters, the *Æolus*, *Spartan*, *Sappho*, and *Melampus*, are being detailed to act as R.N.R. drill-ships at Queenstown, Holyhead, Queensferry, and Kingstown respectively.

It is in the Mediterranean that the most important changes of all have taken place. As Belgium, for land war, is the "cock-pit of Europe," so, for naval war, will the "stags" of the Mediterranean fleet be the first game-fowl to "come into the main." "How is it with the Mediterranean fleet?" will be the thought uppermost in men's minds when the tocsin of war rings in the ears of a startled Empire. The following table shows the actual increase of ships "up the Straits" that has taken place in the last few years, and it will be seen that the actual strength in fighting units has changed from thirty-six in January 1900, and forty-four in June 1901, to sixty-one at the present date:—

	January 1900	June 1901	June 1903
First-class battleships	10	10	14
Second-class battleships	1	1	Nil
Coast-defence ship	1	1	Nil
First-class cruisers	2P	2P	2A
Second-class cruisers	4	4	6
Third-class cruisers	3	4	6
Torpedo gunboats	7	6	5
Torpedo-boat destroyers	8	16	28
	36	44	61

Nor does the numerical increase shown above bring out the enormous improvement in "quality" that has taken place during the period under review. It is no exaggeration to say that in some three years the fighting efficiency of the Mediterranean fleet has been doubled. If we institute a comparison between the battleship strength now and that which was on the station in January 1900, we find that four "Royal Sovereigns," the oldest type of battleship entitled to be called modern, have

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been replaced by an equal number of "Bulwarks," the latest type but one to be completed and the most powerful battleships we possess; whilst in lieu of a second-class ship of little, and a coast-defence ship of no, fighting value, we have two more "Bulwarks" and two of the "Duncan" class, absolutely the fastest and most modern battleships we have completed. If we compare the situation with that which existed in June 1901, we find that the three "Royal Sovereigns" have given place to an homogeneous squadron of six "Bulwarks," whilst the *Devastation* (of 1869) and the *Rupert* (of 1870) have been replaced by the *Russell* and the *Exmouth*, the two first of the "Duncans" to be completed.

In cruisers there was no important change in the situation between January 1900 and June 1901, but since the latter date the cruiser strength of the fleet has been materially increased. The two first-class protected cruisers then on the station have now been replaced by two armoured ships, considerably more powerful and a knot faster than their predecessors. In lieu of four second-class cruisers there are now six, and there has been a similar increase in the number of third-class cruisers. Of destroyers there were, in January 1900, five 27-knot and three 30-knot boats. By June 1901, the number had been increased to ten of the slower and six of the faster boats. To-day the station possesses four 27-knot and twenty-four 30-knot boats, an increase that far outbalances the decrease in torpedo gunboats.

It is true that the strengthening of our most important squadrons in fleet auxiliaries has not been on a par with their strengthening in fighting units, but we can congratulate ourselves on the fact that the necessity for fleet auxiliaries has been recognised, and the principle that without them a fleet is incomplete has been admitted. This was one of the deficiencies in our organisation for war on which Lord Charles Beresford laid such stress when addressing the London Chamber of Commerce a little more than a year ago. As already pointed out, the destroyer flotillas at home have been, within the last

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year or so, provided with proper bases in the shape of stationary depôt ships, and a similar ship was commissioned at Malta about a year ago. Now, moreover, the efficiency of the destroyer flotilla "up the Straits" is to be considerably enhanced by the addition of a sea-going base, and the second-class cruiser *Leander* is completing reconstruction to go to the Mediterranean in that capacity. Again, the Mediterranean has for some time had a hospital-ship on the station in the shape of the *Maine*, and two other important fleet auxiliaries, a distilling-ship and a repair-ship, are completed and about to go to the station. In the following table I have tabulated the present actual strength of the Mediterranean fleet *cum* Channel and cruiser squadrons in fighting units and fleet auxiliaries side by side with the minimum that should be their war strength when war was upon us, or even threatened. This minimum war strength has been carefully calculated, and it is, I venture to hope, consonant with what naval officers would deem to be the minimum strength necessary in the united commands on the outbreak of hostilities:—

	Present Strength		Estimated War Strength
Fighting Units:			
Battleships	22 (*a*)	...	22
Cruisers (armoured)	10 (*b*)	...	15
Cruisers (protected)	16 (*c*)	...	25
Torpedo gunboats	5 (*d*)	...	15
Torpedo-boat destroyers	28 (*e*)	...	40
Fleet Auxiliaries:			
Sea-going T.B.D. depôt-ship	2 (*f*)	...	4
Despatch vessels	1 (*g*)	...	9
Ammunition and store-ships	1 (*h*)	...	6
Distilling-ships	1 (*i*)	...	3
Repair-ships	1 (*j*)	...	3
Hospital ships	1 (*k*)	...	3
Fleet colliers	Nil	...	8
Cable-ships	Nil	...	2
Cold-storage ships	Nil	...	3

(*a*) 14 Mediterranean, 8 Channel (when at full strength). (*b*) 2 Mediterranean, 2 Channel, 6 Cruiser Squadron (when reorganisation complete).

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(*c*) 12 Mediterranean, 4 Channel. (*d*) All in Mediterranean (one in reserve). (*e*) All in Mediterranean (eight in reserve). (*f*) *Vulcan* and *Leander*. (*g*) *Surprise*. (*h*) *Tyne*. (*i*) *Aquarius*. (*j*) *Assistance*. (*k*) *Maine*.

From the above table it will be seen that to bring the fighting units up to war strength five armoured and nine protected cruisers, ten torpedo gunboats and twelve destroyers would be required. This can scarcely be called a very heavy demand to meet at even the shortest of notice. The only despatch-vessel on the station, the *Surprise*, has but little war-value owing to her lack of speed, but in war fast liners would be the most perfect craft for this purpose, and of these we have plenty. It is only crediting the Admiralty with the most elementary forethought to assume that the names of the ships that would be selected for this most important duty are already on roster in Whitehall. Sea-going T.B.D. depôts and repair-ships cannot be well improvised, but the other auxiliaries, more or less suitable, could be got from the mercantile marine.

Before passing from *matériel* to *personnel*, there are one or two other points that deserve a passing notice. Perhaps the most important of these is the increased efficiency that now obtains in regard to coaling facilities at the ports and the supply of coal for the actual fleet in being. With regard to the former, the matter is one that formerly lay in the hands of the Controller's Department, and the Controller is not the least overburdened of the very hard-worked body of Naval Lords. As regards the latter, the actual supply of coal to the fleet in commission is a matter which belongs to the department of the Junior Lord, the office of Director of Stores coming under his jurisdiction "as regards coal for the fleet." Now the Controller's Department is responsible for naval construction, repairs, maintenance, naval armaments, dockyards, and (with a few exceptions) stores—in fact, practically the whole *matériel* of the fleet. The office of Director of Stores is responsible for the custody, issue, and maintenance of all stores, except victualling and ordnance stores and such dockyard stores as belong to the

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Office of Works—*e.g.*, building materials.[1] This being the position, the natural result followed. As the Controller had enormously heavy, urgent, and most important demands to meet from his share of the Estimates, and as the Director of Stores comes under the Controller in relation to everything but coal for the fleet, the coal supply was of necessity subordinated to other urgent and important demands. In fact, the Junior Lord had to be content to take for coal what was left when all other demands had been satisfied. Now, however, the condition of things has been materially modified. In regard to coaling facilities, a fresh branch, presumably affiliated to the "Fleet Coaling Service," and under the Junior Lord, has been created. Already the sum of one million sterling has been allotted to the creation of coaling facilities at the various naval bases at home and abroad, this sum being included in the proposed expenditure for "adapting naval ports to present needs of fleet" as allowed for and scheduled in the Naval Works Act, 1901. As to coal supply also, the Junior Lord is now allowed to "earmark" the sum actually needed for the life-breath of a steam Navy. Below are the figures for coal supply for a period of six years, as given in the Navy Estimates:—

1898–99	Coals for Steam Vessels	£605,000
1899–00	„ „	£750,000
1900–01	„ „	£1,000,000
1901–02	Fleet Coaling Service	£1,620,000
1902–03	„ „	£1,621,000
1903–04	„ „	£1,844,000

These figures speak for themselves. In five years the sum allotted for the coal requirements of the fleet has trebled. This is in no measure even approximately equivalent to the increase of ships in commission over the same period. Only one deduction can be drawn, and that is, that heretofore the fleet had been starved in its chief essential. Not only must

[1] To be quite accurate, I may note that, though the supply of stationery and books is under the Controller, there is an exception as regards "religious and associated books and periodicals," which, presumably as being food for the soul, are issued by the Victualling Department!

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the reserve supplies have been lamentably inadequate, but niggardliness in coal expenditure was enforced on admirals commanding stations, and it goes without saying that that meant that their commands were not getting the tactical training vital to efficiency. The art of handling ships in fleet formation cannot be picked up from swinging round a buoy. It will also be noticed that the heading under which these sums are scheduled has been altered. I particularise this, for the Estimates for 1901–2, in which the alteration first appears, are the first in which is given what has now become annual, viz., a "Statement showing the provision for the above service," *i.e.*, the "Fleet Coaling Service." As a proof of how entirely this new departure in regard to coaling facilities and coal supply is the work of the present Board, it is sufficient to point out that the period when the Naval Works Act, 1901, was being drafted, and the Navy Estimates for 1901 2 prepared for submission, just about synchronises with the time at which Rear-Admiral Durnford, the present Junior Lord, took up his duties at the Admiralty. The carrying out, if not in great measure the original inception, of this new departure has therefore been the work of this officer, and it would be difficult to overrate its importance, for the placing on a proper footing of the coaling facilities and coal supply of the fleet is one of the most important steps towards the real efficiency of the Navy that has been taken by the present Board.

Another point worthy of notice is the elimination of non-effectives. From the annual "Dilke Return" just laid before Parliament it is evident that at last a clean sweep of what sailors so appropriately term "ullage" has been made. In that return but one ship armed with muzzle-loading ordnance still appears, the *Hotspur*, officially styled "Port Guardship" at Bermuda. Why this hopelessly obsolete old packet has not followed her fellows it would be hard to say. Presumably her retention is to ease down the Admiralty official to a ruthless severance from mischievous traditions. At any rate, the public will no longer be deceived

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as to the effective fighting strength of the fleet they so ungrudgingly pay for. It is a fact that, as recent as April 1901, the Admiral in command of the home fleet was flying his flag in a ship carrying ordnance practically as obsolete as the old "Brown Bess." Moreover, in addition to actual removal of non-effectives, there is a marked tendency to make all the new construction for the fleet take the direction of building ships with a definite war-value. No "sloops" or "gunboats," ships whose utility is entirely limited to the ordinary peace duties of the Navy, figure in the Estimates for 1902–3, or those for 1903–4. This is as it should be, for surely ships for peace duties should have a fighting value under modern war conditions. The torpedo gunboat *Niger*, with her trial speed of 22·5 knots, has a definite war-value. The 18½-knot sloop *Rosario* has practically none, to say nothing of the fact that she draws nigh 3 ft. more water than the efficient ship. It surely is not beyond the skill of our naval constructors to design craft for peace duties which will have the habitability of the useless type with, at any rate, some of the essentials that give war-value. Again, as to repairs. It is a matter of no small importance that repairs and modernising improvements should be rapidly effected so that ships can pass from the dockyard to Fleet Reserve with as little delay as possible. Owing to the heavy demands on the dockyards this was heretofore impossible, but last year the Board inaugurated a very simple remedial policy, that of entrusting a certain proportion of all such work to the private yards. Not only was this done but the working facilities at the ports have been enormously increased by removing from the working water area the mass of obsolete shipping with which the basins were crowded. Most important of all, a new home base is to come into being, and in the selection of St. Margaret's Hope for the site the Admiralty have chosen one that is as excellent from an industrial point of view as the choice is strategically sound.

In *personnel* the deficiencies of greatest moment were the paucity of reserves and the lack of the high training essential

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to modern requirements. Both are equally important factors in the creation of real war efficiency. Both had been points for too long neglected. To both questions the present Board of Admiralty have given their serious attention. With the problems in each case raised they have conscientiously grappled. It was in January 1902 that the Admiralty invited Sir Edward Grey to act as chairman of the Naval Reserves Committee, whose report was handed in a year later. It is interesting, and amazing, to find from this report that up to the present the provision for a reserve to the Navy was in the main organised on the recommendations made after an inquiry by Royal Commissioners in 1859! A reserve thus formulated was bound to be inadequate in the high scientific training that modern exigencies require, and equally bound to be numerically incommensurate with the demands of a hugely increased fleet. The commission of 1859 recommended a reserve of 88,000 men, the active service vote at the time being 73,104. The active service vote for 1902–3 was 122,500, the total efficient reserve 34,000! While the active service vote had nearly doubled, the actual efficient reserve had decreased by over 10 per cent.! The recommendations of Sir Edward Grey's committee are admirable, for while they place on record their conviction of "the importance of maintaining unimpaired the present continuous-service system," the only system that could give to the Navy the superb *personnel* it now possesses, they recommend such a "reopening of the entry of seamen and stokers on the non-continuous service system" (hitherto practically limited to domestics and bandsmen), as to allow men thus entered to form one-fourth of the ordinary seamen and A.B.s, and one-sixth of the stokers (exclusive of petty officers), of the complement of every ship in commission. Men entered on the non-continuous service system will engage for a maximum of five years' service in the fleet to be followed by a term in the Royal Fleet Reserve (which the committee declare "the best possible form of reserve for the Navy") of a length to make up their total

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service to twelve years. The committee quite recognise that the increase in active service ratings which has been going on during the last few years must continue, until "the necessary minimum of active service ratings for the war fleet has been reached," but their recommendation of the non-continuous service system, which has for its object the increasing of Class B of the Royal Fleet Reserve, and more especially as regards stoker ratings, has been so far adopted that, of the new entries voted for in the Estimates for 1903–4, 625 stokers and 875 seamen will be non-continuous service men. It will be seen that the committee's recommendations are so limited that there is no danger of short service in any way deteriorating the *personnel* of the Navy. Under those recommendations the whole of the gunnery and torpedo ratings and three-fourths of the remainder, as well as stoker-rating petty officers, will be filled by continuous-service men. Another great advantage of the new scheme will be that, modified as is necessary, it probably will draw into the ranks of the Navy colonials, as such could put in their active service time in their own waters. Another recommendation of the committee is the constituting of naval and marine volunteers. Such a reserve, properly constituted, should be of enormous value, for it could be made to consist largely of those trained mechanics who under modern conditions are so essential a portion of the *personnel* of an adequately equipped warship. Lastly, the committee draw attention to the use of the army as a reserve for the Fleet. This they consider "as a possible source of supply over and above the numbers recommended in this report," but they point out that

> In the present day no provision is made for rifle fire in a ship's quarter bill, and troops would require special training before they could be of much use on board ship, except for unskilled work. For this purpose and for sentry duties they would be useful, and their discipline would render them far more suitable for embarkation than the untrained civil population.

Some three or four years back the present writer advocated in the columns of the *Times*, the feasibility of greater effort in

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the direction of making the duties of the soldier and the marine interchangeable. Briefly put, his scheme was as follows: Men would enlist for the then usual term of seven years with the colours and five in the reserve. The first two years of colour service would be passed as a marine, the next two years' service as a soldier. For the remaining three years the man would opt for service with a line battalion or battery of garrison artillery abroad, or would resume as a "red" or "blue" marine according as to whether he had enlisted for infantry or artillery. As he opted so he would pass, when his active service was completed, to the Army, or Royal Marine, Reserve. That the principle has now been endorsed by the recommendation of the Naval Reserves Committee will perhaps lead to its adoption; and it will be to the advantage of both services, for the sea-trained Royal Marines are admittedly as excellent soldiers as they are useful on board a warship. To bring into creation some of the recommendations of this committee the Naval Forces Act, 1903, was put before Parliament. This Act modifies the Royal Naval Reserve (Volunteer) Act, 1859, which governed the creation of naval volunteers, and the Naval Reserve Act, 1900, which brought into being the Royal Fleet Reserve in such a way as to leave the Admiralty a free hand in the re-creation of the one branch of the reserve and the increase of the other. Under it, it will be possible to create a largely increased, readily available, and adequately trained reserve, without, in the one case, having a volunteer reserve as unsuitable for naval requirements as were the old Royal Naval Volunteers, or, in the other case, filling the Royal Fleet Reserve by what would be the fatal mistake of wide abandonment of the continuous-service system. In regard to the creation of the new Naval and Marine Volunteers the Admiralty may be trusted to remember the finding of Admiral Tryon's Committee, which, thirteen years ago, led to the suppression of the old force on the score of its inutility.[1]

[1] This committee, while bearing every testimony to the zeal, loyalty, and ability of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, reported that "they cannot

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The adoption of a generous grant, suitable conditions of service, and just recognition of the patriotism of those joining, will allow of the building up of a volunteer reserve of artisans and mechanics which would be of inestimable value to the Navy in time of war. The right men are to be found in thousands in this great commercial and manufacturing country, so many of whose most important industries are connected with the sea and shipping.

Great, however, as is the importance of an efficient reserve, that the active service *personnel* should receive the best and highest training is of even greater importance. This question of the training of the *personnel* of the Navy is now receiving the attention that it deserves. The completeness of the new Admiralty scheme for the entry, training, and employment of the officers and men of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines is convincing testimony to the grit and thoroughness of the Board who have had the courage to introduce it into the most conservative service in the world, a service whose glorious traditions and brilliant record of success entitle it to be conservative.

To come now to the most important detail of the men's training; gunnery instruction in the Navy promises at last to meet with the attention that it deserves. Last year Lord Selborne in his explanatory statement, said:—

> Gunnery, however, is the most important of all, and in gunnery the emulation between H.M. ships is becoming very keen. But our seamen and marine gunners must be able to shoot straight at long as well as at medium ranges; they must be able to hit their targets with the guns trained in any direction in which they will bear; and, above all, they must never become fair-weather gunners. Emulation, therefore, must not be allowed to lead to a restricted selection of conditions and weather for target practice.

This year he again alludes to the "overwhelming importance of proficiency in gunnery," and is "able to state positively that

> resist the conclusion that the system under which this force was created has failed to provide a force that fulfils the hopes under which it was commenced, and, therefore, there is no sufficient reason to justify expenditure on its maintenance."

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the whole of the Navy are striving, both officers and men, to reach the highest standard." It is indeed satisfactory to find that, *some fifteen years after the introduction of medium-calibre quick-fire ordnance into the fleet*, a First Lord is able to state that "the fact is that excellence in gunnery is a question only of endeavour and of a sound system of training." Coupled with this discovery, we are told that this "overwhelming importance of proficiency in gunnery" is to be recognised by the award of a medal (carrying with it a bonus) to the captains of guns in each ship, seamen or marines, "who are judged by the captain to be the best shot in that ship during the year, with each nature of gun, conditionally on their attaining a minimum standard to be approved by the Admiralty." The value of this award is, however, somewhat minimised by the fact that it is to be worn on the right breast. It is thus relegated to an inferior position at the same time that purely commemorative medals, such as the "Jubilee" and "Coronation," take precedence, by order, of all war medals.[1] It is, however, ill to look a gift-horse in the mouth, and the reward is one that will be highly valued by the fleet, and the more so that in giving it the Admiralty recognise that not "any amount of money prizes would stimulate the fleet to as great exertions in this matter as their patriotism and sense of honour and duty are doing now. With all respect for the patriotic motives of the Navy League, who have more than once made offers of rewards for gunnery to the Admiralty, the writer feels sure that the Navy is thoroughly with the First Lord in his opinion that "to make it a question of money is to lower the standard of duty," and that the tendency of money prizes is "to create an artificial atmo-

[1] The "Jubilee" and "Coronation" medals are worn on the left breast, and before, *i.e.*, further from the shoulder than, war medals. The "Long Service and Good Conduct" and the "Volunteer Long Service" medals are also worn on the left breast, but after, *i.e.*, nearer to the shoulder than, all war medals. Heretofore the only medals worn on the right breast have been those of the Royal Humane Society and kindred associations, which, of course, are worn by permission, but are not the award of the Crown.

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sphere of competition as unlike as possible to the reality of war." Finally, the appointment of Captain Percy Scott to the command of H.M.S. *Excellent*, or, in other words, of the gunnery school at Whale Island, is in itself proof positive that a marked improvement in the shooting of the fleet is the chief desideratum of the Board of Admiralty. Only the Navy know what Captain Scott has done, and is capable of doing, towards improving training in gunnery. As Lord Charles Beresford put it to the London Chamber of Commerce, "shooting in the Navy is not what it should be, because in the Navy not enough trouble is taken." In the *Scylla* in the Mediterranean and in the *Terrible* in China, the new commanding officer at Whale Island has shown how the Navy can shoot when trouble is taken in training gun's crews, and recent prize-firing returns show that other ships have taken the lesson to heart. The Admiralty mean to see to it that the example first given in the *Scylla* and *Terrible* shall be followed throughout the fleet.

Infinitely more attention and systematic training is now being given to the captains of guns. It is now recognised that rapidity of fire is only second in importance to accuracy, and that efficiency in all shooting depends upon rapidity of fire, provided, of course, that the fire be accurate. Rapidity, moreover, conduces to accuracy, as there is less time for the distance to vary between rounds. The introduction of telescopic sights is another step which has vastly improved the shooting of the fleet, and such sights are, or soon will be, universal. There are three gunnery schools for the Navy: Whale Island, by far the most important; H.M.S. *Cambridge* at Devonport; and the Sheerness Gunnery School; and at each of these a first-class cruiser has within the last few years been commissioned as a sea-going gunnery training-ship. These vessels cruise for a week at a time, taking out classes undergoing gunnery instruction, and it is evident that by this method practice at sea is far more efficiently carried out than was the case heretofore. At Whale Island especially great development has taken place. The splendid batteries, which comprise every type of ordnance

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carried afloat, from the 9·2-in. downward, have been extended. Along the front of the batteries a line of rail is now laid which carries targets of model ships, which can be run at varying speeds, and to which is imparted a motion akin to that of ships in a seaway. It can easily be understood how Morris-tube firing at these targets will train men in the essentials of good gunnery, straight shooting and rapid sighting. Two machines of Captain Scott's invention are now in constant use for training at Whale Island. One is the oft-heard-of "dotter," which is an instrument for training the captain of the gun to keep his sights always on the object independently of the rolling of the gun platform in a sea-way, and it is as simple in its mechanism and application as it is perfect for its purpose. The gun is not held stationary and the bull's-eye made as the target sweeps past, nor is the target kept stationary and the gun elevated or trained to make a bull's-eye as the muzzle sweeps past the mark; but a combined vertical and horizontal motion is given to the target, and the gun-layer has to *follow* the target with his gun-sights kept on the bull's-eye of the mark as accurately as he can, and fire as often and as rapidly as he can. After each pressure of the firing trigger the "dotter," which gives the name to the instrument, records the result on a white ruled sheet of paper attached to the target. Rapidity of loading is taught by the loading-machine, which consists of a breech-block fitted to a wooden trough like that which would be formed were a gun split down its centre lengthwise. Into this the men are taught to jerk the projectile with such accuracy and force that it lands home—*i.e.*, that the band at the base of the projectile will catch into the rifling of the gun-barrel. The idea, of course, is to obviate the necessity of using a rammer. With practice on the loading-machine men soon get into the knack of throwing projectiles weighing 100 lb. into a 6-in. gun so that they land home without the use of a rammer. Men so trained are therefore acquiring the power of rapidity in loading, which is the essential supplement to the accuracy of fire that the "dotter" teaches them. In short, any one who has not visited Whale

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Island for a couple of years will be amazed to find how the training—good as it always has been—has been improved in respect of thoroughness.

Exactly as good gunnery training is the main essential to make efficient blue-jackets, so is adequate training for stokers the first necessity in the engine-room department. Moreover, with the introduction of the water-tube boiler the necessity for special attention to the training of this branch of the *personnel* of the Navy became paramount. The necessity for special training in regard to water-tube boilers was early met by Viscount Goschen's Board, who brought into being the instructional flotillas of T.B.D.s, through which classes of stoker ratings are passed for instructional purposes. Later depôt ships were provided at Chatham and Portsmouth to make better provision for the training of stokers, and, in addition, to each home port there has been attached a torpedo gunboat of the *Sharpshooter* type for the instruction of engine-room ratings in water-tube boilers. Last year again another step was taken, namely, replacing by civilian labour a large number of stoker-ratings who had been employed in cleaning and looking after ships at the home ports being brought forward for commission. By this measure not only is a considerable number of stokers set free for sea service to meet the heavy demand caused by the increased number of ships in commission and the increased engine power of modern ships, but also more of the time of the men awaiting drafting can be given to training. In the training of this important branch of the *personnel* thoroughness is again the chief characteristic.

To come finally to the question of the training of senior officers, the first year of the century saw introduced at Greenwich an advanced course for the instruction of senior officers of the fleet in naval history, strategy, tactics, and international law. In regard to it, in introducing the Estimates for 1902–3, Lord Selborne was able to say:

> Excellent work was done in the first session of this course, and I look to the future for its steady and continuous development. If the minds of naval

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officers are as a result turned to a more constant and thorough study of naval problems, it will have fulfilled the main object the Board had in view in its foundation.

This year he was able

again to emphasise in the strongest way the value of the war course at Greenwich for the senior officers of the Navy as conducted by the Captain of the College. The more the work of that course proceeds the more strongly emphasised is the necessity for its existence. It is not all officers who have turned their minds to the consideration of the many problems which will confront them in war, and the more this course stimulates the study of naval problems by officers of every rank the better it will be for the Navy.

This, however, is not all that has been done in this direction, for there is another point in the administration of the present Board of Admiralty which, whether intended for that purpose or not, has in some degree removed an important deficiency in our system of training. This was the paucity of opportunities afforded to senior officers in acquiring tactical training and the art of handling a fleet. It is very evident that a general cannot acquire the art of using masses of troops to the best advantage if his opportunities for practice are limited to the command of small bodies and to restricted manœuvre areas. It does not require much technical knowledge to understand that a man cannot learn to handle a brigade from drilling a company on the asphalte playground of a London Board school; nor can a general be expected to do much with an Army Corps whose previous experience has been limited to handling a brigade on a field-day in the Long Valley at Aldershot. The truth is equally patent that an admiral who has never had an opportunity of handling three ships together can hardly be expected to manœuvre a fleet when he gets the command of it. It would seem that this truism has had an influence on the recent reorganisation of our existing squadrons. By this reorganisation the opportunities for giving the officers on the list of rear-admirals experience in the management and handling of squadrons of ships has been enormously increased. Within the last twelve months three

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active sea commands for rear-admirals have been created. In May of last year a third flag officer was added to the Mediterranean fleet to take command of a division organised from the cruisers on that station. In the same month four battleships, heretofore commissioned as port guard-ships at Portsmouth, Devonport, Sheerness, and Pembroke Dock, were organised into a seagoing squadron and placed under a rear-admiral second in command of the home fleet, of which they form a part. Again, last November, in the old training squadron, now reorganised as a cruiser squadron soon to be the most powerful homogeneous and fastest squadron of its type afloat, the commodore's broad pennant, flown by the senior captain, has now been replaced by the flag of a rear-admiral. A fourth rear-admiral's command is, moreover, shortly to be created, for the West Coast of Africa is now to be separated from the Cape command, and the ships thereon employed are to be joined to those under the commodore commanding the south-east coast of America station, the whole to form a new command, to be known as the South Atlantic squadron, with Gibraltar and Sierra Leone as its bases. A new vice-admiral's command has also been created, for the duties of Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves have been dissociated from the command of the home fleet, to which post a vice-admiral has just been appointed entirely for sea-going duties. The result is that the sea-going commands for flag officers, which heretofore were only eleven, for that of Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves can hardly count as seagoing, have now been increased to sixteen. This reorganisation of the active commands has therefore not only largely improved the fighting efficiency of the fleet, but it has also increased by nigh 50 per cent. the opportunities for tactical training open to officers on the flag list. In this connection another point with regard to improving efficiency that has received the attention of the present Board may be briefly noticed. In introducing last year's Estimates, Lord Selborne, alluding to the absence from the flag list of a due proportion of younger officers,

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characterised it as a matter of "serious moment." He in no way exaggerated its importance, and he is to be congratulated on boldly facing a difficult situation by the declaration that he was "specially responsible for devising a remedy for the future." This responsibility he met by the appointment of a Committee on Promotion under the chairmanship of Lord Goschen. The report of that committee is now to hand, but too late for action to have been taken on it up to the present. It is, however, a matter for distinct satisfaction to know that the question—one of the most complicated in the whole problem of securing efficiency—has been exhaustively studied in all its bearings, and that it is at last recognised that physical capability for executive work is as necessary an essential as administrative ability and experience.

From the foregoing *résumé* of recent acts of naval administration it will be seen that the progress which has been made in the direction of efficiency is very marked. Owing to the improvements that have taken place in its organisation for war, the condition of the British Navy at the present moment is very different to what it was only a very short time ago. Then the public were naturally anxious when considering the want of strength and proper organisation for war that existed in the commissioned portion of the fleet. The recent strengthening of our principal squadrons, the strenuous efforts made towards improved organisation, and adequate training for the *personnel*, prove that the uneasiness felt was fully justified. An ideal condition has not yet been attained, but enough has been done to allay that anxiety which lately was so pronounced throughout the country, and to remove the conviction that then prevailed, namely, that if war were to be suddenly sprung upon us the Royal Navy was not in the condition to act to the best advantage when its services would be most urgently needed. For this the Empire owes a heavy debt of gratitude to the present Board of Admiralty. It is also under deep obligation to the gallant naval officer who in season and out of season has so zealously and disinterestedly preached the

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gospel of efficiency. It is not going too far to say that every blot that exists in our system of naval administration has been over and over again fearlessly pointed out by the Vice-Admiral now commanding the Channel squadron, and that the improvements that have of late been effected have been in the main on the lines of the remedial measures that he has suggested. Both the nation and the Navy owe much to Lord Charles Beresford.

H. Lawrence Swinburne.

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EX ORIENTE

A DISTINGUISHED divine who had been travelling in Syria summed up the result of his experiences in these words: "All my life I have been studying and teaching theology, but I blame myself for having neglected to study it in the East, for I see that my life has been in part wasted." It was a touching and a striking admission which, spoken as it was in an atmosphere permeated with an overmastering interest in the things of the spirit, struck the listener as the natural, if not the only, conclusion to which a wise and learned man could come. For in that little Syrian town all men were primarily occupied with the way of salvation, some were still seeking it, some had found it and had closed the door to further speculation, and some, while they felt that their feet were in the right path, knew that constant search was needed to insure their continuance in it. And the way was not one but many, a separate road to the Mahommedan in the plain, the Druze in the mountain, the Jew, the Persian, the Orthodox, the Catholic, the German Templar, and the English missionary, leading always to the same destination but by devious routes and over countless varieties of level. We who know by hearsay that men look for the explanation of things in many fashions and that they find as many answers, have little personal acquaintance with any answer but one. We are not brought face to face with the profound believer in a different faith. We may, if you like, set him aside, not realising, because

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we do not see with the eyes, his fidelity to his own creed, a fidelity that carries him through such straits as are to us a part of the half-forgotten ills that history records, and the mind refuses to contemplate. Exile, persecution, martyrdom are far from us; the echoes of them, reaching us from time to time, rouse in us a wild and furious indignation, which, if the victims happen to be of our own race and creed, drives us to punitive expeditions and savage retaliation. Possibly the juxtaposition of religions does not make for tolerance nor shake the certainty that each man feels as to the correctness of his own opinion, but at least he knows because he must that others exhibit the same determination in upholding views diverse from, if not adverse to, his own, and that not one teacher only has led his disciples to death and fired them with an unquenchable devotion.

The East has much to say to the theologian. There he may see the life which is described in the Old Testament and the New still going forward, and distinguish between the ordinary aspects of Eastern existence and what was new and vivid to the nomad of the time of Moses and the villager of the time of Christ. And this is not without advantage, for the habits of the East are so unfamiliar to him that they are apt, as recorded, to assume the air of dogma, so that the simplicity of pastoral life or the conditions of a Galilean hamlet seem a part of the message instead of being, as every Oriental knows, the inevitable setting. It is as though a twentieth century Messiah were to arise in Europe and his gospel were to fall into the hands of races ignorant of European science, who might exalt railways and the electric telegraph into essential aids to salvation. There, too, he may learn to realise the original aspect of a religion which has been so curiously coloured by Western thought, and so deeply modified to satisfy Western needs. It is the Christianity of the Gospels, not that of the Church Councils, which appeals to Orientals, and which has inspired such men as the leaders of the modern theistic school of India, the Brahmo Somaj. It may, indeed, be questioned whether this movement should be counted

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among the few which are due to the influence of Western ideas, so entirely do the Brahmo Somaj rely upon the Eastern interpretation of the faith which is, to use the words of one of their founders, "Akin to my Oriental nature, agreeable to my Oriental habits of thought and feeling."[1] To one trained in the schools of Hinduism, the doctrine of the Incarnation ranks among ideas accepted by the earliest thinkers, the rapt communion with the older prophets on Mount Tabor is familiar to him who knows by the effort to attain a similar "merging of spirit in Spirit"; even to the mysterious symbolism of the Last Supper, so incomprehensible to the West as to have been one of the causes of the greatest schism between the churches, he gives an explanation probably nearer to the original significance than we can supply.[2] He recognises Christ "in the hymns of the Rig Veda, the mystic utterances of the Upanishads, the Gathas, the Psalms of David, and the Songs of Solomon, the wild strains of Jeremiah, and the ecstatic visions of Isaiah." It may be that he shows a tendency to fall back into the deep sea of Pantheism which underlies his national faith, and, indeed, it is difficult for him not to give a Pantheistic explanation of such phrases as "I and my Father are one"; but as the apologist of the New Dispensation remarks, "the Brahmo Somaj is not frightened by the name of Christianity. That Pantheism which identifies the Universe with its Maker, and man with God, the Brahmo Somaj repudiates . . . but it was never afraid of recognising the spirit of a presiding Providence in all things."[3] The Christ presented to us by these Hindu thinkers is very different from our conception of Him, but it is open to doubt whether they are not nearer His conception of Himself. Dean Stanley got to the root of the matter when he said that Christ was not a Christian. To them, as to us, his "simple code of religion and morality is admirably calculated to elevate men's idea to

[1] Keshub Chunder San: "Jesus Christ, Europe and Asia."

[2] "The Oriental Christ": Pratab Chander Mozoomdar.

[3] *Ibid.*

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high and liberal notions of one God, and well fitted to regulate the conduct of the human race in the discharge of their various duties to God, to themselves and to society."[1]

Any intimacy with the East reveals the fact that religion is there actually in that all-important position which it is supposed to occupy with us, and from which other, and to us more pressing, matters have ousted it. It is the interest which is second to none, the subject of conversation which is common to all, conversation always of the most serious nature. Faiths are not taken lightly upon the tongue nor used as counters in the social game; they are the principles by which every act of life is guided and every instant ruled. What your creed may be is an essential point in the definition of your personality. It strikes the European oddly when the wandering beggar who trudges half a day's journey of desert by his stirrup, begins with "Your Presence is a Christian? I also, praise be to God!" and continues with some pertinent inquiry into his opinion concerning supernatural manifestations. We are not accustomed to having much value set upon our personal beliefs. They are assumed to be those of our fellows, with unimportant variations, and if they differ, the matter does not touch practical life closely enough to be worth a question.

The Oriental is still living in the Age of Faith, a term which we confine to a period considerably anterior to our day. It is still possible in the East to watch the birth of creeds and, comparing them with our own, to arrive at a truer idea of how that began on which our civilisation rests. The mental atmosphere which surrounds him is favourable to them; no later acquired science has stepped in to divorce him from the miraculous. He has grasped few of the laws which govern natural phenomena; he refers the variety of nature directly to the Divine Will, and accepts with equal alacrity a miracle or an ascertained fact of science, both being covered by his theory of the order of the universe. His ignorance, his love of speculation, his power of sustained thought, the childlike

[1] Rammohun Roy: "The Precepts of Jesus."

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belief which is frequently to be found in him, that by much thinking or much searching for the enlightened person a comprehensive explanation may be reached, his readiness to accept authority wherever he meets with it—all these are the same as they were when Asia put forth religion after religion. It is impossible to journey through the rocky valleys leading to the Dead Sea without feeling how little it would need to send another John the Baptist down to Jordan. Men are living there as he lived, as absorbed in ecstatic meditation, as ill fed, lodged in the same caves, prone to religious hallucination; but the incredulity of the West is too near them. They cannot embark upon prophecy on any important scale without attracting the attention of correspondents, and the morning papers are not fitting organs for the publication of a new gospel. We are too all-pervading in the Wilderness of Judea to allow of the East having a free hand. We silence with our clatter the potential seers. They are like the seedlings of Lebanon, which spring up in thousands under the parent cedars, put forth the first exquisite coronet of fir needles on a tiny stalk, and then die for want of space. But as, to the naturalist, the little foredoomed shoot is as much a cedar as the great bole beside it; so to him that studies the birth and growth of faiths, the anchorite half crazed with hunger and profitless thought is part of the same order that produced the stern figure of the Baptist.

The prophet is not always thus held in check. Among peoples less influenced by our civilisation he does appear and gains disciples. We have known the deserts of the Soudan and the sandy hinterland of the Cyrenaica give ear to him; the southern highlands of Asia Minor have recognised him in our time, subject to the limitations introduced by railway trains and European tourists. Nor will the manifest failure of many Mahdis discourage the credulous Mohammedan world from putting implicit trust in the next warrior or holy man who lays claim to be the fulfilment of prophecy, for unelastic as the bounds of Islam are, they yet admit of the prophet that

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is to come. The conception is a part of the Semitic scheme of things: the Christian borrowed it from the Jew, the Mohammedan from both, and in the hands of the three great monotheisms it has girdled the earth with its double expectation, the touching belief in a millennium, and the savage hope —the hope of the down-trodden and tenacious race from which it sprang—that at the last the children of the revelation shall be justified and their enemies cast into outer darkness. Another set of causes, working under Islam but independent from it, have resulted in a ferment of dissent and innovation among the people on whom the positive and clear-cut doctrine of the Prophet was imposed and to whom it cannot afford a satisfactory explanation of the riddle of life. "There is no God but God" is to the Arab, as it is to the Jew, the beginning and end of knowledge; it is the message of the Semitic races, simple, lofty, incapable of modification, needing no explanation. As such the Arab bore it into the Aryan East and drove it home at the sword's point. The inevitable revolt followed. To Persia is due the widening of the great rift in Mohammedanism, that between Sunni and Shiah; in Persia, where the mystic Pantheism of India was familiar and the air heavy with religious speculation, grew up, under the cloak of Mohammedanism, the secret doctrine of the Sufis, which is fundamentally opposed to the recognised creed, and akin rather to the Upanishads than to the Koran. Nor is that all; the process is still going on. One teacher after another thinks out his own modifications, preaches them to his little band of disciples, by whom they are accepted with a greater or a lesser belief in their Divine origin, and dies handing on the torch. Probably the sect ends by breaking up into infinitesimal divisions and vanishes in the *débris* of many similar movements; but occasionally something remains to differentiate the followers of one sheikh from those of another. In one of its most recent developments this religious activity is worth considering, for it offers an example and a warning to the impartial observer.

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In Acre there dwells a group of noble Persians of whom the little colony which is settled round them speak respectfully as the Holy Family. They are the sons and daughters of the last incarnation of the divinity, Beha Ullah, the Splendour of God. They and their followers are known as Babis, after the title of the founder of the sect, whom they now regard as a sort of John the Baptist, but they themselves use the term Beha'i, which distinguishes them from another and less important branch of the disciples of the Bab. The Bab was put to death in 1850 by order of the Shah, that monarch being alarmed by the rapid spreading of his doctrine and the fighting spirit to which it gave birth among its adherents. Shortly after his death two of his followers made an unsuccessful attempt to stab the Shah, who retaliated by ordering the annihilation of the sect. Then ensued a terrible persecution. Hundreds suffered death and worse than death, and many who had been marked down fled from Persia and implored the protection of the Sultan. They bore with them to Baghdad one whom the Bab had appointed by will to carry on his work, Subh i Ezel, the Dawn of Eternity. He was, however, gradually supplanted by his elder half-brother, Beha Ullah, who was a man of great power and ability, and who ended by announcing that the will known to all was merely a blind, the Bab's intention having been to interpose a life between the fury of the Shah and Beha Ullah's most precious life, while by a secret will he had named Beha as his successor, and had declared him to be he who was to come, whose advent the Bab had been sent to announce, and who should give the law that was to supersede the revelation of Mahommad and the elder prophets. The conflict between the two parties reached such a pitch that the Turkish authorities decided to separate them. Accordingly Subh i Ezel was shipped off to Cyprus and Beha Ullah to Acre, "And the sea by God's mercy was calmed before his Holiness," related a Beha'i, "And when he reached Haifa he found a white ass prepared for him which had been brought from Persia for his service. No man had ridden on it before

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him, and upon it he entered into Acre"—clearly an attempt to bring the incidents of Beha's life into line with the story of the New Testament. This imitation is frequently to be traced in Beha'i anecdote; it corresponds to the desire of the Evangelists to draw together the Old Testament and the New: "That the Scripture might be fulfilled."

Beha bought himself lands outside the town, laid out a garden, a true Persian garden, on the banks of the river, and took up his abode in a large house in the corn-growing plain of Acre, for in those days, and during all his lifetime, money flowed in from Persia to support the exiles, money enough to permit of Beha's organising an army of missionaries both in Persia and in India. These missionaries met, and still meet, with success. "To north Persia," said a Beha'i, "the Europeans have sent out many missions to convert the Jews. How many have they converted? Not one. All the converts among the Jews are ours, and to us many hundreds have turned." A Hindu from Lahore who had become a Babi in India and journeyed out to Acre to receive the doctrine at the fountain head, stated that the faith prospered in his country. "My wife I left and my children in Lahore," he explained. "It is two years since I saw them, but news reaches me by the post. First, I opened a shop in Alexandria, then having made sufficient money I came here to witness to the truth. After some time I shall return, for in my city we are many." The printing press of the sect is in Bombay. The holy books amount to some hundred, exclusively the work of Beha. They are written in Arabic and Persian, the style of them being pure and beautiful, but singularly original. For Beha was an educated Persian gentleman, unlike the Bab who was too illiterate to write Arabic correctly, which defect he explained by saying that he had come to release all creation, animate and inanimate, from the bonds which sin had laid upon it, including letters, which were henceforth to be free from the rules of grammar and orthography. In his many works Beha laid down the New Law which the Bab had predicted would be given to the

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people by his successor, he modified the ordinances of the Bab himself, who was a dreamer rather than a practical reformer, and he launched into prophecy, some of which has been fulfilled and some of which has not, after the manner of prophecy. A man of singular learning and discernment, he searched East and West, and combined the ordinances of both hemispheres in his teaching. He instructed his followers to acquire with all diligence Western science, and insisted that the sun of learning which dawned in the East is now at its zenith in Europe; but he was an Oriental wise in Oriental philosophy, and he handled the East reverently, not forgetting that he was one of the hierarchy of manifestations of the Divinity, from Zoroaster to Mahommad all Orientals, and all equally engaged in bringing revelation up to date, that is of suiting it to the developing needs of man. The manner in which he dealt with the vexed question of the position of women is a good instance of his wide comprehension of the mind of his race and of his boldness in striking at dangerous prejudices. He did not enjoin, nor did he practise, monogamy, though he limited the taking of a second wife to cases where the other had borne no children, judging that the childless wife would as a rule be the first to urge upon her husband the propriety of this course. But he set women free, treated them with a distinguished courtesy, put them on an intellectual equality with men, and educated his daughters as carefully as his sons, and in the same manner.

Again, to compare the Babi movement with the Christian, it must be borne in mind that Beha is not only the Messiah of the sect, but also the Saint Paul.

Beha Ullah died in 1892, and is buried in Acre. Already the story of his life has passed into legend, and tales of miracles (though he himself refused to give any miraculous proof of his divinity) are circulated among his followers. The fitting romantic appanages have been attached to the incidents of his career, and his memory is surrounded with a supernatural halo of righteousness. All this is not surprising; indeed, it is more

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surprising that so few wonder tales are related of him. In the East a very short time is needed for any invention to pass into history. Round Jerusalem a number of holy places are exhibited to pilgrims which twenty years ago no one had thought of, and in another twenty years it will be impossible to distinguish these modern products from the sites that have had the sanction of the Church since the days of the Empress Helena.

There is no inherent reason why the new faith should not have a marked influence in the East, the more so because it approaches every man through the gates of his own religion. To the Mahommedan Beha Ullah says, "I am the Mahdi;" to the Jew, "I am the Messiah;" to the Christian, "I am the Comforter who was promised you;" and to the Hindu he comes with a doctrine deeply tinged with Hindu thought. The Babis are convinced that they will eventually conquer the West also, and their belief in Babi-ism as a universal religion was strengthened a year or two ago by the conversion of a small number of Americans. The only Babi place of worship in the world is to be found in Chicago. It would be useless to point out to them that in a land where Mrs. Eddy and the Third Elijah flourish, the making of converts is not dependent upon the merits of the faith, and that there is a curious sentimentalism combined with a certain want of balance sometimes to be found in the complex American mind which makes it peculiarly susceptible to religious influences. It is true that Beha, while embodying most of the teaching of the New Testament, not infrequently lays down maxims more in accordance with modern practice than those of the Gospels, enjoining, for instance, Charity, without burdening it with an incipient communism such as would cripple the social organism as we know it—presumably for us the inevitable social organism—but he has nothing to add to those accepted modifications, exceptions or additions, by which we have tried to make Christianity a working creed. Moreover, illogically enough he would say, we believe in a miraculous story that has

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had the adherence of twenty, mostly ignorant, centuries, while we would certainly reject a similar story of to-day.

Seeing that the moral code of the Babis differs so little from that which we recognise as the best, why must they seek a fresh sanction? Why is it that Christianity makes no headway in Persia and in India, while in both countries there seems to be an inclination on the part of thinking men towards the teaching of Christ? It is difficult to find any answer but that of the Brahmo Somaj: Christianity, as we offer it, is not suited to the Eastern mind. That which satisfies us does not satisfy the subtler Oriental, that which seems to him a comprehensive doctrine will be to us inconclusive and unpractical. Where, as Hafez says, is the music to which both the drunk and the sober dance?

It is curious to observe the striking difference of outlook which exists between an Eastern and a Western thinker, both actuated by an equally ardent devotion to creeds of which the fundamental principles are very similar. This difference may be illustrated, briefly, by recording a conversation between a Persian and an American, the one a Beha'i, a man of humble extraction but learned, as the humblest Persian may be, in all the sacred lore of the East, especially the older Persian faith contained in the Zend Avesta, a seeker in the truest Oriental sense, an exile for his faith, a dreamer of dreams, "his ear strained to catch the sound of the lute," to describe him in the words of a mystic of Ispahan, and himself a mystic to the tips of his long thin fingers; the other as good a type of the learned Western, a scholar, a searcher into the hearts of men and very patient of what he found in them, wearing his years with a cheerful content that contrasted singularly with the Oriental's resignation, too wise not to admit his own ignorance, and too profoundly convinced of the great truths by which his life had been guided not to look confidently to a future in which they should be made clear to all. On the faces of both men was stamped the distinction of thought, they both belonged to the aristocracy of the mind, whose pedigree is

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older than that of the proudest Maharajah, and each in his separate fashion bore the air of "quegli che vince e non colui che perde." They sat in the circle of the lamplight, the Oriental with his hands folded into his sleeves and his eyes cast down, as he would sit before a superior; the American with his grey head leaning on his hand and his keen and kindly gaze fixed upon his interlocutor, piercing, as it were, the veil of a different speech which separated them.

The Persian had asked to be allowed to put these questions; he got no further than the first, the second was to have been concerning the eternity of matter, the third he did not mention. His first question was: "What proofs have you that Jesus of Nazareth was God?" The American began his answer slowly, pausing between the sentences as one who selects the best argument out of a well-stocked mind, but as the arguments came the interpreter felt how little fitted they were to convince the Oriental. He spoke of the long hope of the Jews, though he did not insist upon, indeed he expressly repudiated, the strict Messianic interpretation of the prophetic books; he told of a world searching for truth, and described how Christ came at the moment of greatest expectation, an answer to all questions, a treasure exactly rewarding the search.

The Persian gathered his long robe about him. "You speak only for the West," he said. "In the East it was not so. Persia was not living in expectation, nor India; China had received the answer to the question."

The American passed on to the nature of the message. "I value it," he said "as the greatest dynamic force the world has ever experienced."

To this the Persian had no answer to give, for the phrase meant nothing to him. He set little store by dynamics; he asked of a faith that it should give him a resting-place for the contemplative mind, not that it should furnish an incentive to action. Moreover, Christianity as he knew it was no more a dynamic than any other religion. It has not proved a moving

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force in the East nor an incentive to progress; its tendency has been to clothe itself in a veil of superstition as clogging to the spirit as the superstition of the Mahommedan or the Hindu. He replied with a question equally alien to the other.

"All that a man's intelligence can grasp," he said, "is inferior to his intelligence. But if you understand the nature of God made manifest in Christ, you are putting God beneath you."

This seemed to the American a quibble; he took no interest in such subtleties, and he could scarcely realise that the Oriental should be genuinely stopped, as it was clear he was, by such a difficulty. He returned to the teaching of Christ, saying:

"I lay no stress on the evidence of miracles, holding that He is to be justified only by what He taught."

"You speak our language," said the Persian. "We also believe that the proof lies in the message."

The American continued: "In His teaching I find the most admirable law that was ever set between man and man. The Golden Rule is the best guide to conduct that has been formulated."

"Do you not speak thus," said the Persian, "because your fathers and mothers have taught you? You love and follow what has been dear to your race for many ages; but for us who have not that inclination of the heart, it does not seem that this law is different from what was given to men by other teachers of the East. See you," he continued with deep emotion, "I do not cling to my faith because I received it with my mother's milk. Ours is a new faith, each one of us has been separately convinced of its truth, each of us has suffered for it and the blood of our martyrs is not yet dry."

"But without a hereditary leaning, to which I admit," said the American, "do you not recognise the beauty of the injunction to love your neighbour as yourself?"

"I recognise it," he said, "and I have not far to seek for the explanation of the law."

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The listener was reminded of a German philosopher's examination into the metaphysics of morality: "treating the other as himself because he sees in the other only himself again." [1] The words are at the root of that far-reaching utilitarianism in which the tendency of much modern thought has been to find the surest sanction for morality. On being questioned as to whether this idea underlay his last answer, the Persian replied gravely:

"Without doubt, so we explain it to them that know, but the ignorant cannot understand the saying."

He accepted as perfectly natural that there should be an esoteric and an exoteric doctrine; no Oriental would attempt to make public the higher mysteries, for the East being free from the theory of the equality of man is not obliged to assume an equal understanding. Turning towards his interlocutor, he continued:

"Your Christ was the mediator between God and man, but Zoroaster was the mediator between God and all living things."

The American replied: "I feel my ignorance. You are as well acquainted with my sacred books as I am, while I have only a cursory knowledge of the greater number of yours."

But he confessed later he thought it improbable that the Zend Avesta had much to teach us, nor is it to be denied that the exaggerated care for all forms of life, which is to be found in an extreme degree in some Oriental sects, seems to the Western to militate against more important laws. To us it points to the absence of a sense of proportion and the want of a power to perceive when it is unwise to press a good rule too far, where, indeed, other equally weighty considerations step in to modify a true axiom. Our wish is, roughly speaking, to arrive at the best possible working code: we are not concerned with the logical conclusion to which each maxim taken by itself might lead us. Further, it can scarcely be questioned that, going forward according to our lights, we have reached in

[1] Deussen: "Elementary Metaphysics."

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practice a better idea of our duty towards our neighbour than any that is to be found in the East. We have given the matter much thought, far more than the Oriental is accustomed to devote to it, and we have considerably modified the teaching of the New Testament which has formed the basis of our system, just as in all probability we should have modified the teaching of Zoroaster. If we do not turn the other cheek, it is not only because we have found the process to be disagreeable to ourselves, but also because we consider that it rarely produces the desired result in the mind of the striker and still more rarely is advantageous to society at large, which it is our first duty to protect. For the same reasons, and not primarily because we fear starvation, we do not give all we have to the poor. But these compromises, resulting from a deep-seated regard for the individual combined with a clear conception of an orderly and practical society, seem to the Oriental illogical, and the results gained by them supremely unimportant.

After his confession of ignorance the American continued:

"You say that I follow the belief of my fathers: it is so, but I add to it a personal conviction. I have found the teaching of Christ to satisfy my highest needs, just as I have found that His life fulfils, and more than fulfils, my highest ideals. He has shown me the way which is for me the true way, and He has helped me to follow it, and I bring to Him the personal devotion of the disciple as well as the gratitude of one whom He has directed."

The Persian turned to the interpreter and shook his head.

"I have been asking him," he said, "the questions of the learned, but he gives me the answer of the lover."

On hearing this the American replied with a grave and simple sweetness: "It is true. What other answer can I give?"

So the two men parted with mutual respect and esteem,

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but with opinions as widely diverse as when they met, and the interpreter was left with the sense of one who has been cast backwards and forwards between two hemispheres, has caught a momentary glimpse of two facets of the many-sided jewel of truth, and realised for a moment that the light of knowledge rises for each of us from that undefined quarter of which Landor speaks:

> Look from your arcade, the sun rises from Busrah;
> Go thither, it rises from Ispahan.
> Alas, it rises neither from Ispahan nor Busrah,
> But from an ocean impenetrable to the diver.

GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL.

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LUKE ADDRESSING JOHN THE APOSTLE

NO part of the New Testament is so much open to misconstruction and doubt as are the first four verses of the Third Gospel, which are commonly known as the Prologue or Preface of St. Luke. Well nigh every word contained in these opening verses admits of more than one interpretation and consequent uncertainty as regards both the meaning of the writer and the individuals alluded to, first among these persons being the puzzling addressee Theophilus.

It is the object of the present paper to show that this Theophilus or rather *Theophilos* (Θεόφιλος) is a translation of the Hebrew *Johannan*, which means *whom God favours* or *loves* (ὃν ὁ θεὸς φιλεῖ or ἀγαπᾷ), and that therefore this Theophilos is none other than "the disciple *whom Jesus loved*," namely "John the Apostle." Now as this new theory may appear bold both to those who believe in Luke's priority over John, and to those who altogether deny the apostolic authorship of the Johannine Gospel and First Epistle, I shall ask my readers, pending my edition of St. John's Gospel now in the press, to allow me to extract or summarise here two arguments which, in my opinion, demonstrate, beyond all reasonable doubt, the genuineness of the said Johannine writings.

No attentive reader of the Fourth Gospel can have failed to perceive the writer's unmistakable disfavour for *the* Jews. On every occasion he carefully dissociates both Jesus and

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himself from "*the* Jews" and their institutions: the feast of *the* Jews, the Passover of *the* Jews, the purification of *the* Jews, "the custom of *the* Jews" (xix. 40).[1] Indeed, the writer's disaffection to Judaism is so pronounced as to extend even to Hebrew and Aramaic terms, his unmistakable desire being to replace semitic words and names by Greek equivalents. Thus he wishes to substitute *Didymos* for Thomas, Sea of *Tiberias* for the Lake of Gennesareth (or Galilee), *Place of the Skull* for Golgotha, *Pool* (*Pond*) for Bethesda, *Pavement* for Gabbatha, *Parcel of Land* for Sechem (Sychar), and so on. Actuated by this spirit, he goes so far as to translate his own name *John* (*Johannan* = "whom God favours") by "the disciple *whom Jesus loved.*" Accordingly the self-designation, "the disciple *whom Jesus loved*" is nothing but a descriptive name or a translation of *John.*

The other argument, though fully expounded in last January's number of the MONTHLY REVIEW, is well worth recapitulating here. That argument, which in my opinion proves conclusively that the Fourth Evangelist is John the Apostle, is afforded by his solemn declaration (i. 14): "*And the Word was made flesh, and tabernacled* (or *tented*, ἐσκήνωσεν) *among us, and we beheld his glory, glory as of an only begotten from the Father*"—a grave statement which acquires sense only when we identify it with the synoptic account of the *Transfiguration,* a popular term misrepresenting the original Greek *metamorphosis* (μεταμόρφωσις), which means *Transformation,* i.e., *Incarnation.* To make our point more clear, let us compare here the Johannine and Synoptic accounts of this grand scene:

John i. 14:	*Synoptists:*
And the Word *was made* flesh (*i.e.*, was *transformed* to flesh),	He *was transformed,* his countenance was *altered,*
and *tabernacled* among us	let us make three *tabernacles*
and we *beheld* his *glory,*	they *saw his glory,*

[1] In the classical passage, iv. 22, Jesus does not say that "salvation is of the Jews"; He speaks of "salvation or deliverance *from* the Jews" (σωτηρία ἐκ τῶν Ἰουδαίων). See *Expository Times* of January 1901, p. 189 ff.

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glory	he *was seen* in *glory*
of an *only begotten* from the *Father* (an *only begotten* being naturally a *beloved* or "chosen" *Son*).	my *beloved* (or *chosen*) Son (the *Father* being implied in "*my* beloved *Son*").

It is this scene of Transfiguration that is also alluded to in 1 John i. 1 ff.: "That which we *heard* [they heard God's voice saying: This is my beloved Son, hear ye him], that which we *saw* with our eyes [they saw Jesus' transfiguration], that which we *beheld* [they beheld His glory] concerning the word,[1] the life; yea, the life was *manifested* [revealed, *transformed*], and we *saw* and bear witness [having been witnesses of the scene] . . . that which we *saw* and *heard*, declare we," &c. So again in John's Gospel, v. 32: "It is another [*i.e.*, God my Father] that beareth witness of me [by His saying: This is my beloved Son hear ye him], and I know that the witness which he witnesseth of me is true." Then further on (v. 37): "And the Father which sent me, he hath borne witness of me." Then further again (viii. 18): "The Father that sent me, beareth witness of me." Then again in 1 John iv. 14: "And we have beheld and bear witness that the Father hath sent the Son to be the saviour." v. 9: "If we receive the witness of men, *the witness of God* [borne at the Transfiguration] is greater: What (ὅ, τι;) is the witness of God? That which (ὅ, τι) he hath witnessed concerning his Son" [*i.e.*, this is my beloved Son; hear ye him]. . .

All these and other hints, which otherwise sound oracular and mystic, receive a clear and plain meaning only when we identify them with the scene of Transfiguration, and the question of identity becomes certainty when we compare the Johannine words (i. 14): *We beheld his glory* with those of Luke (ix. 32) *they saw his glory.*

Now in describing the Transfiguration all three synoptists

[1] There we should read not περὶ τοῦ λόγου τῆς ζωῆς, but περὶ τοῦ λόγου, τῆς ζωῆς—the term τῆς ζωῆς being an explanation of τοῦ λόγου.

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state that this grand scene was seen by *Peter* and *James* and *John*: these three disciples alone *saw his glory*. On the other hand, the writer of the Johannine Gospel says: *We beheld his glory*. This "*We*" then can include only "Peter and James and John." Now, as neither Peter nor James can have written these words ("*We* beheld"), they must have been written by *John*. The author of the Fourth Gospel, therefore, can be none but John the Apostle, the third witness of the Transfiguration.[1]

So far then our preceding investigation shows that the obscure designation *Whom Jesus loved* is a descriptive appellation or rather a translation of the name *Johannan*; whereas the scene of "Transfiguration" *is* embedded and often alluded to in the Johannine writings. These two proofs leave hardly any doubt as to the identity of the Fourth Evangelist with John the Apostle. They are facts which, added to the other well-known data, derived from internal evidence and tradition, fully justify us in holding that John's is the best attested and most authentic of the Gospels.

And now let us return to the vexed Prologue of the Third Gospel. As already observed, this short section of the Gospel has been the ground of numberless disputes and speculations regarding the true meaning of its author. To show how literally true this statement is, I must subjoin here the text, as given in our Authorised and Revised versions, distinguishing by *italics* all such words or expressions as are open to controversy and affixing to them at the same time the consecutive numbers [1, 2, 3, &c.]

(1) *Forasmuch as*[1] *many*[2] have *taken in hand*[3] to *draw up*[4] (A.V. to *set forth in order*[4]) a *narrative*[5] (A.V. a *declaration*[5]) concerning those *matters*[6] (A.V. of those *things*[6]) which have been *fulfilled*[7] (A.V. *are most surely believed*[7]) among *us*[8], (2) even as *they*[9] *delivered*[10] them unto *us*,[11] which from the beginning were *eye-witnesses*[12] and *ministers*[13] of the *word*[14]; (3) it seemed good to me *also*[15], having *traced the course*[16] of

[1] For a fuller exposition of this argument see also last January's MONTHLY REVIEW.

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all things *accurately*[17] (A.V. having *perfect understanding*[17] of the things from the *very first*[17]) to write *unto thee*[18] *in order*[19], *most excellent*[20] *Theophilus*[21], (4) that thou mightest *know*[22] the *certainty*[23] concerning the *things*[24] (A.V. of those *things*[24]) wherein thou wast (A.V. hast been) *instructed*.[25]

The words so italicised and numbered show at a glance the multiplicity, variety and nature of the questions and disputes involved in these four verses. To discuss here all these points would lead us to an unduly long and learned commentary with many digressions and minute discussions, all of which are inappropriate for the present occasion. We must therefore waive here all such complicated questions of interpretation, and limit ourselves to a few plain and general remarks on such points as bear directly on our subject.

In the first place, then, the allusion to *eye-witnesses* strangely reminds us of John's statement (xix. 35) that "he that *hath seen* hath become *witness*," and so does also the expression *from the beginning* (ἀπ' ἀρχῆς). Still more suggestive and distinctly Johannine appear the words *eye-witnesses and ministers of the word* (λόγος), not to speak of the phrase "the certainty of those *words* (λόγων, not "things") wherein thou hast been instructed." But apart from these curious coincidences, we know that John writes in a *catholic and universal spirit;* so does Luke. John is decidedly anti-Jewish; so is Luke (*e.g.*, xii. 31 f., xvi. 15, &c.). John is sparing or rather loth in his appeals to the Old Testament, such references being made mainly in Jesus' discourses: all this holds of Luke also. John places Jesus' public ministry chiefly in Galilee; Luke alone of the synoptists implies such Galilean ministry (iv. 14: "Jesus *returned* into Galilee").[1]

As to the opening word *Forasmuch as*, its Greek representative (ἐπειδήπερ) means *quoniam quidem, since indeed, just because, seeing then that*, and so emphasises a statement in connection with something granted or already settled; hence

[1] For further coincidences between John and Luke compare the Ammonian sections.

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Forasmuch seems to allude to some previous discussion. Again, the expression "they *delivered* unto us" in its Greek form (παρέδοσαν) does not necessarily mean "they *handed down* by tradition" (either oral or written); it can just as well mean "they *lectured* or *preached* unto us," "they *instructed* us by *discourses*," "they *discoursed* unto us." Similarly the phrase: "to *write unto thee in order* (Theophilos)" is a doubtful interpretation of the Greek (καθεξῆς σοι γράψαι), which can just as well mean: "to *write subsequently to thee, following upon thee, next to thee*—an interpretation decidedly favoured by Acts i. 1, where the writer does not say: "The former treatise have I written unto thee, O Theophilos," but simply: "The former treatise have I *made* (i.e., *composed*), O Theophilos."

But the most vexed problem arising in this connection is the person of Theophilos: Who was he? Both here and in Acts (i. 1) the writer addresses this same unknown man, and his tone leads one to imagine Theophilos as a well-known personality "among us" (Christians). Who is, then, this eminent friend Theophilos, for whose sake Luke is alleged to have primarily written? The answer is—We know absolutely nothing. The name Theophilos in Apostolic times was fairly common among Greeks and Jews alike, but we cannot possibly identify this particular Theophilos. The belief generally held is that this Theophilos must have been a Gentile convert desirous of being fully indoctrinated in the tenets of the Christian faith. This belief, however, rests merely on the impression left upon the reader by this particular passage, and by its association with Acts i. 1. Moreover, it is a theory which fails to carry conviction; for if our Theophilos desired fuller instruction, why did Luke not write him a special letter on this particular subject? To meet this difficulty, many critics assume that Theophilos is not a real person, but a symbolic name—Θεόφιλος standing for θεοφιλής: a man "beloved by God"—and thus representing any Christian community or any single votary of the Christian faith. But this

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view, though advocated by such an ancient critic as Origen (in his first Homily in Luke) and adopted by Ambrose, has no intrinsic probability, and is, moreover, incompatible with the title *Most Excellent* (κράτιστε) which accompanies Theophilos, a title given only to a real person, particularly to a friend either of *eminence* (*Your Excellency, Your Honour*), or of *familiarity* (*dearest, best*). The latter usage generally applies to classical Greek, and would also suit better our Prologue here in view of its distinctly classical style.

We must, therefore, hold to the alternative and only rational view that our Theophilos was a real person, and even an eminent friend or associate of the writer. So the question still remains, Who was that eminent friend? The reply must have been already suggested to the reader by our preceding explanations. Indeed, there is every probability that our Theophilos is what the name implies: the *God-beloved* "John" or *Johannan—whom God favours* or *loves*, and this *God-beloved* or *John* is none other than the disciple *whom Jesus loved* (ὃν ἠγάπα or ἐφίλει ὁ Ἰησοῦς), namely, *John the Apostle* and Evangelist. By adopting this explanation, all the numerous obscurities and difficulties involved in the Prologue are cleared up, while no fresh problems arise, provided we emancipate ourselves from the traditional belief that Luke actually wrote before John. Nor should we hesitate to dismiss, as contrary to the dictates of common sense, the hypothesis that Luke wrote and dedicated his Gospel and Acts to a Gentile convert or patron in order to give that Gentile friend "increased confidence in the faith which he is supposed to have adopted."

It is also incongruous and even grievously wrong to represent St. Luke as opening his Gospel by the statement: "Because many others have attempted to give a different version (*i.e.*, a perversion) of our own faith, therefore have I also resolved to write to thee, Theophilos, something similar, though, by the way, more full and more accurate with the object of confirming thee in thy belief." What St. Luke here actually means to say is this: "As many (apostates or heretics)

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have attempted to misrepresent our Gospel (the *Logos*) which has been preached to us Christians by such eye-witnesses and immediate servants of the Logos as are the disciples (including thee), I have also (like thee) resolved, following upon thee (καθεξῆς σοι), to write (a treatise) in order to reassure thee that the tenets wherein thou wast indoctrinated (by Christ) are in our safe-keeping" (ἀσφάλεια). In other terms, when St. Luke speaks of many sectaries as having attempted to pervert the received Gospel, he alludes to those dissenters or *antichrists* against whom the aged Theophilos (John) urgently warns his readers. 1 John ii. 18–29: "Dear (or Little) children, this is a critical hour, indeed such as ye have heard that the antichrist is coming: yea, now have many antichrists appeared; hence know we that it is a critical hour. They are gone away (they have seceded—ἐξῆλθον) from us. Howbeit, they were not of us, for if they had been of us, they would have continued with us. But let them be shown up, that one and all of them are not of us. As for you (my children), ye have an anointing from the Holy One, and (so) ye know all things. I am not writing (ἔγραψα) unto you because ye know not the truth, but because ye do know it, namely that no lie (lying men) is of the truth. Who is a liar, but he (the apostate) who denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is the antichrist, he that denieth the Father and the Son. . . . These things am I writing (ἔγραψα) unto you concerning them that try to lead you astray. Now the anointing which ye have received of him, is abiding with you, and (so) ye need not that any one teach you otherwise (ἄλλως, not ἀλλ' ὡς). His anointing teacheth you concerning all things," &c.—Then again in 1 John iv. 1–6, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but prove the spirits, whether they are of God: because many false prophets (false interpreters of God's word) are gone away into the world (have deserted us). By this know ye the spirit of God: every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God, and every spirit which confesseth not Jesus is not of God: that is then the matter of the antichrist, whereof ye have

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heard that he cometh: even now is he already in the world. Dear children, ye are of God, and (so) ye have overcome them (the antichrists), because greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world. They are of the world, therefore speak they of the world, and the world heareth them."

This urgent appeal of John to those whom he is addressing obviously affords the clue to Luke's Prologue. It seems as if, in response to this exhortation, the Third Evangelist drew up his own Gospel and Acts, and then sent a copy of each to the alarmed Theophilos or John. In doing so, he evidently wrote an accompanying brief letter, penned in as elegant Greek as he could, wherein he addresses John by that disciple's favourite name: *Whom God loves: God-beloved: Theophilos*—which is to be interpreted *John*.

If we read Luke's Prologue in the light of the above explanations, all the difficulties are cleared up. Indeed, viewed as an accompanying short letter, the Preface opens with an allusion to John's exhortation, and then speaks directly to him:

"Since indeed many (antichrists) attempted to rearrange a story of their own concerning the things which have been fulfilled among us according as they have set forth unto us who (like thyself) from the beginning have been eye-witnesses and ministers to the Word, it occurred also to me, who (as an old disciple) have from the beginning followed up all things, to write, following upon thee, dearest John (Theophilos), that thou mightest perceive the safe-keeping of the words (tenets) wherein thou wast instructed" (by Christ).

A. N. Jannaris.

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THE TIDE OF CIVILISATION

NOT with the steady advance of a clock, nor as the slow inconstant growth of a tree, but like the flowing tide civilisation moves. "Now it is coming in," cries the child, when the seventh wave sends a creamy sheet over the dry stones; but that was not the coming, nor was the shriek of the shingle a wail of retreat. The tide flows imperceptibly, and these waves, now steps to and fro, now great strides and backslidings, are but its caprice. In a minute of time you cannot measure its rise, and a decade is scarcely long enough to disclose the onward course of civilisation. To civilise meant at one time to wean a savage people from their rudeness. Dr. Johnson would not admit the word "civilisation" into his dictionary, though Boswell "with great deference" thought it "better in the sense opposed to 'barbarity' than 'civility.'" Two days earlier, after a discussion on Lord Monboddo's opinions on the superiority of the savage life, the word "civilities" is used repeatedly by Boswell in the sense of "courtesies." If civility were indeed all, there has been but little civilising among us since Johnson's time. At one end of the social scale, the respectful salute of the labouring peasant is the exception and not the rule, probably for the logical reason that his respect for "the quality" has diminished. At the other end, what civilities have not vanished? Deportment as a fine art dropped out with the use of the snuff-box and of the subjunctive mood. But the word "civility" was

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defined by Johnson as freedom from barbarity; and he was justified in refusing "civilisation" because it is not to be found in the works which he cited. Johnson's conservatism and Boswell's liberalism justified each in his own opinion. The need for the expression "civilisation" was in the balance on March 23, 1772, and Boswell was probably right in judging that the time had come for adopting it. Differentiation between civility and civilisation was needed when people realised that they could have material progress without an associated intellectual advance; something accomplished, something done, without any corresponding development of mind, morals or manners. The battue, the rubber-cored golf-ball, the halfpenny newspaper and a University degree in Engineering serve as samples of civilisation in this sense.

Civilisation, as we now think of it, has gained more ground in the last century and a half than it had done since the Norman conquest. To-day the rate of advance seems more impetuous than ever, but that may be because no stone is turned but it is recorded, paragraphed, and illustrated, not on its merits, but as material for the recorder, the paragraphist, and the illustrator. Did all those carry out scientific research who are competent and eager for such work; did all inventors actually develop their ideas; authors produce their books and plays; and could all originally minded cooks find an opportunity of realising their ideas; civilisation would overwhelm us. The flood is checked in the special circumstances of each impeded case by a providential lack of leisure, of capital, or of appreciation. The advance is not regulated by the so-called law of supply and demand; the supply is as inexhaustible as the ocean, and humanity demands new gifts of civilisation no more than the beach demands the tide. Neglecting for a moment the wash and retreat of the waves, the tide stands at a point determined by the mysterious rise of the level of the sea and the slope of the beach. The level rises imperceptibly, and a gallon or two of water finds a new channel among the rocks; the rocks did not invite it, but under the new conditions the obstacle no longer

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exists. While active-minded persons are always on the look-out for something new, be it interesting, useful, or amusing, nobody demanded Sunday concerts or free-wheel bicycles. Had the lack of them been definitely realised ten years ago they could have been provided. The level has been changing imperceptibly, and individual enterprise, always on the lookout for fresh extensions, has found that the impediments in those particular directions cease to exist and the supply naturally follows.

The mere craving of the quidnunc for novelty is balanced by the conservative dislike for change. These two forces are, on the whole, in equilibrium; their oscillatory condition we call Fashion. These are the waves. The wave may run unimpeded, and at its bidding we use flat pencils instead of round. Or it may collide with an obstacle and its active force is tremendous, as when a colonial scandalises a military secretary by going to a Government House garden-party in brown boots. The unfortunate officer himself is continually called upon to make trivial but expensive alterations in his uniforms, uniforms utterly unfitted for anything but show, which might become interesting if altered at more suitable intervals, say once in every two centuries. Again, the passive resistance is absolute, as when a Conduit Street tailor refuses to put the same convenient inside pockets to a frock coat that he voluntarily provides in a waterproof. The advance of civilisation without the phenomena of fashion is as rare as the steady rise of the tide without the dancing step of waves. In a dead calm, when the spring tide lies like a mirror among the drowned osier stumps on Chiswick Eyot, there is a slow pulse, perhaps the echo of a long swell at the Nore; if it overflows and oozes up the Mall it trickles fitfully. The free wave makes the fuss and does the damage, but it is not an essential feature. Waking from its long, leeward journey across the ocean, the gathering breaker swells as it nears the beach, with an air of importance and self-consciousness, like an officer approaching the saluting-point in a "march-past," or a debutante at a "drawing-room." Then

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when its moment comes, it makes a swoop, and an instant later becomes a nonentity. Each is a part of the whole effect, but of the effect only, and not of the final result. Many of the important movements of civilisation have been so imperceptible, so free from self-consciousness and splash that the names of the workers rarely appeared, and now are long forgotten. A ledge of rock withstands the tide as it creeps up its flank inch by inch; at last the sea pours over and makes a pool, leaving the ledge visible for a time, as a measure of its progress. So decorative art made its way through the eighteenth century in England, until it was checked at the beginning of the Victorian era. There was no demand for anything better, there was not even an intelligent appreciation of the little good work shown at the Exhibition of 1851. William Morris could not pour over that obstacle without a splash, and that pool was not filled with one wave. The level had risen, the inevitable followed, equilibrium was soon established, and "Patience" remains as a snap-shot of the rippling flow.

Give a dog a bad name and hang him. But a bad dog will deserve the name, and an evil dog the doom. What more uncouth word have we than utilitarianism? And how worthy of its connotation! Utilitarianism, originally a system of philosophy developed by Bentham, was based on the principle that the greatest happiness to the greatest number should be the aim of all social and political institutions and the criterion of morality. Like the word civilisation it is often applied to-day in a different sense, and those who have never heard of Bentham use it as an "ism" or general doctrine that utility is antagonistic to beauty. Perhaps this use is no mere popular error, but implies that sheer utility alone affords true happiness, and that to many there is no utility in beauty. To these there is no merit in a thing other than its adequacy, and beauty can only be added by employing a decorator to affix ornament. Is the rising tide adding to, or is it obliterating the beauty of life? What of the removal of the

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signs from Lombard Street? What of the bridges of the Tower, Kew, and Sonning, and, is it too soon to add, of Richmond? It is not a far cry from Sonning bridges to Latin and Greek at schools. Few of those who write so strongly really object to classical literature, and when they speak of a waste of time, they mean the extravagant proportion which is spent. Expedience is pitted against refinement, usefulness against charm, experiments with galvanometers and test-tubes against scholarship. Certain science teachers argue that this is culture, at least a form of culture; you can cultivate a rose or a carrot. They may be unable to appreciate roses, but know that though carrots will only fetch half a crown a hundredweight, they are a popular and useful commodity. No doubt if the rose-trees could be confined to the borders of the kitchen garden, and four-fifths of the ground be devoted to carrots, most of their objections would cease. But the rose-grower, content to buy an occasional carrot for his own consumption, is really the more unreasonable of the two. A Girton girl gives the Little Go examiners all they ask for after eight or ten months' work at Latin and Greek, in addition to her other studies; the schoolmaster begins to pound away at a lad of eight with *hic, hæc, hoc*, and leaves him at eighteen with a glimmering idea of the use of μή with the optative aorist. He tells you that the Girton girl is merely crammed, but he will not admit that the amount of knowledge contained in an ordinary classical course, stopping at the level of the Cambridge Little Go, is so small that it must be spread thinly if it is to cover three-quarters or perhaps four-fifths of the school work of ten years. He knows and may confess that the class system is one cause of the waste of time, but he can prove to you that he cannot imagine how it could be avoided.

Alas! civilisation brings with it its own barbarities, but it may be that the harm done by the impetuous wave is soon obliterated by the flood. In the early eighties, bicyclists earned for themselves the name of "cads on castors"; there was a sufficient number of them who deserved it. The name

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is almost forgotten; susceptibilities are still wounded, but the level of the tide has risen. What was a useless fad has become a valuable feature in our life, and if we want a peaceful walk we must trudge the heather instead of swinging along the highway. To-day we look for a similar name for the selfish, ill-mannered drivers of evil-smelling motor-cars, to-day the toys of rich men; soon, in the natural course of things, to quiet down and become useful. When our sense of comfort and order has once more been blunted we shall cease to recognise them as a nuisance.

Civilisation and civility are flowing along different channels. Civility is associated with politeness. Politeness once meant polish. You may read in old, scientific books that the lens of a telescope must be polite. Before the separation there may have been less bulk of beautiful things than there is to-day, the shop windows of Regent Street and of the Rue de la Paix did not exist; but what there was, was more spontaneous. The second-rate architect will, at your request, supply you with a middle-later-early-English church, or a Queen Anne or an Elizabethan house; but ask him for a specimen of the modern English school and he will think that you are chaffing, and ask if you mean the modern Builderesque or the Neo-Edwardian style. The artist who believes that supply follows on demand will starve before that economic law brings him commissions for the best work. The steady demand, like that for boots, is for a mediocre and cheap quality. Boots are necessities, any one can do without pictures. Chromo-lithographs sufficed for a large proportion of the population of England in the mid-Victorian days, and smudgy, coloured processes, pretending to be as accurate as photographs, are taking their place. The artist must wait his opportunity, and may beguile a patron into buying a good work. A search through the picture shows for some addition to the beautiful works of our day suggests that many of our artists are self-consciously struggling to imitate some one else's style. Our collections of Old Masters are not the survival of commonplace work and rubbish. Interesting

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copyings of styles were to be seen in last winter's exhibition, but they are experiments, not despairing clutches at something to serve in place of originality. Genius thrust Rembrandt on the world, willy nilly; but we probably owe more to the jetsam of fashion in art than in other directions of civilisation. Fashion gave the opportunity to Watteau; his work was good then, and will be good while his pictures last. The Chelsea shepherdess tossed up by a billow of caprice charms us to-day merely by association. Would that fashion might linger where no change is needed.

And the ebb, when will it come? Every one but the shrimp hatched this morning knows that the tide must change. The tide rose and fell on Babylon and Egypt. For a brief spell of eighty years it stood at high-water mark on Greece, and now a civilisation of a different kind is returning there. The secretary of the Golf Club at Marathon doubtless uses a stylographic pen if he has no typewriter. Those who glory in a greater activity of life and the multiplication of inventions need not fear, their high-water mark is still afar. We waste our time and bore our friends by photographing them, and allow them to waste our time and bore us with the telephone. But when the world becomes full of that sort of thing; when Greek and Latin in the universities of the future take the position of Syriac and Sanscrit to-day; when the classic influence has ceased to affect literature, art and the drama; when music is ground out by machinery; when perfected colour-photographs are considered to be works of art; what forces in that roar of life will make for refinement, what influence for harmony? When material ugliness is accepted as inevitable, and all that is not material is counted phantasy, will not the tide have turned, will not the old rocks of barbarity reappear?

ALEXANDER PELHAM TROTTER.

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AN ULSTER SQUIRE OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III

"WE are grateful to the aged who, before they quit this world, will take the trouble to tell us how it looked when they opened their eyes upon it—it appears to us that this is a service which women are especially fitted for and called on to perform. Society is so much their province that it seems as if they were the natural and proper historians of its changes. Perhaps few of the labours of the historian would be more valuable to the cause of human progress; indeed such researches lead to the heart of the question, What is progress?"

These remarks of Mrs. Austin, in her work on Germany, have long dwelt in my mind, and they appear to me eminently applicable to the changes which one generation can note in Ireland. In my own case, opening my eyes upon it just after the Union, and taking up my pen more than half a century after—that half-century including the introduction of steam on land and sea, of gas, and electric agency, the repeal of penal laws, and of fiscal restrictions, and the reform of popular representation in Parliament, I should be able to record changes of no mean character in the social state in which I have lived, and perhaps also diversify my recollections with amusing accounts of individual oddity. To render this easy to myself to write, easy to whoever may read these pages, should they ultimately escape the flames, I must write as the recollections

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come, without any attempt at order of subject or date beyond stringing them together by the thread of my own life.

Castle Dillon, near Armagh, was the seat of Sir Capel Molyneux, whose wife was the eldest daughter of Sir Neal O'Donnell, my mother being his youngest. Sir Capel was rich and childless, and he requested of my father, from his numerous family and smaller means, to give up a child for his adoption, in the hope that such a presence and prattle might rouse Lady Molyneux from the low spirits she had fallen into on the death of her two eldest and favourite brothers. Thus was I, the second daughter of Dodwell Browne, of Rahins, near Castlebar, transported to Castle Dillon, near Armagh.

It was a low, straggling house, the centre, a sort of pavilion, containing the reception-rooms and of one storey only. The wings were of two; the eastern had formerly contained the stables, in the fashion of the period when for protection the various parts of a country residence were as much concentrated as possible. Odd staircases and steps within obviated the differences of level. From the south side there was a descent by three terraced slopes to the lake, a pretty piece of water of above sixty acres. This was covered by wild-fowl undisturbed by sportsmen, as Sir Capel did not allow a shot to be fired within the demesne wall. So confident were they that I have often seen wild duck and other water birds come up in the evenings close to the house, and they were often caught in the tench nets spread to dry on the grass. The demesne was completed as a park by Sir Capel's father, there were still hedge-row thorns, orchards, and double lines of elm marking the sites of previously existing homesteads. The lake, now so reduced by general drainage, had then little shallow margin and rose high on the quickly descending banks. The eastern side was adorned by a fine oak and ash plantation from which a green-sward stretched irregularly to the water's edge. How well I remember the beauty of the landscape of a tranquil evening, as the cows, returning from their pasture, wound their way through the trees by the lake and stood in its mirror-like

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water, the setting sun warming the grey tints of evening by its crimson light. Strange how plain to my mind's eye is still this scene! to my ear still the sounds of the water-fowl; the noise of the more distant corn-crake, even the very hum of the water-gnat—and yet 'tis fifty years since! . . . .

The establishment at Castle Dillon when I became an inmate there was quite baronial. Let me record it. Butler, valet, two footmen, pantry-boy, man cook, kitchen man (to bring in fuel and water), coachman, two postillions, helper—eleven men; housekeeper, lady's maid, two housemaids, one kitchenmaid, one dairymaid, one laundrymaid, and a universal scrub—eight women—in all nineteen indoor servants regularly fed, besides "followers" of various kinds. Four carriage horses, two curricle ditto, two for outriders and a team of Connemara ponies! Over the stately and ugly stable dwelt the steward and his family—and also twelve orphans with a school-mistress in charge, who were clothed, fed and put out to service by Lady Molyneux. In the garden was the gardener and family. On Sunday evenings Sir Capel read prayers in the hall; and a most imposing assemblage it was, as above thirty-four servants and retainers, added to the members of the family and visitors, made a goodly congregation. There was a small organ in the hall, and generally after prayers the orphan girls remained and concluded the evening's performance with "hymns and spiritual songs"—in truth it was to a great extent a performance. Sir Capel was not what we call now a religious man; he considered religion a wholesome institution, and especially respected the Church of England. His manner, always singular and somewhat theatrical, was particularly so on these Sunday evenings. The intonation of his voice in reading prayers was quite solemn, and I am sure, when he stepped from the drawing-room and knelt on a cushion at a little table before its door, with his heavy silver candlestick at each side of his book, his aspect was reverential and there was nothing but devotional reverence in his heart. Yet he was easily disturbed in his reading of the old-fashioned prayers, when often the then common habit of

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swearing broke out. Thus, suppose a solemn voice—"If we keep the day, we keep it unto the Lord—(Damn it, what makes that door creak?)—and if we keep it not—(I say shut that door)—but sleeping or waking we are the Lord's—(Damnation, will no one stop that noise?)." However, these were only the exceptions to a respectable and solemn service, and at its conclusion his bows to his servitors as he backed into the drawing-room in old Court style were wonderful. Catholic servants in those days attended prayers without hesitation—perhaps because proselytising was not the fashion. I do not remember any attempts or even talk of converting others; there was no inquiry into the religion of servants, no difference made during the week, each servant went where he pleased without remark on Sunday. This referred to upper as well as lower servants: from Coligny, the female cook, and my Connaught nurse, down to the scullion, there was no difference made. Happy, happy system!

Sir Capel used to say to his wife, "My dear Margaret, I supped in Protestantism with my mother's milk, and it is that makes me leave the consciences of others free as my own."

"But, my dear Sir Capel, you never tasted your mother's milk, you had a Roman Catholic nurse who tormented me for money for many a day after I married."

"Perhaps—very true Ma'am, but you are always too matter-of-fact for any one of genius, and who knows but it was because I did not sup Protestant milk that I know how to be just to both parties."

The church which we attended on Sundays was Grange—the ground and aid to the building of which was given by Sir Capel's father. He himself built the spire or steeple, so effective in the landscape at that side of Armagh. He also built the gallery then existing for his own use; three square pews, gentlemen on one side, ladies on the other—the orphans in their purple stuffs, white linen handkerchiefs and straw bonnets, in the centre; they and a class of country girls (taught by my governess) singing the hymns and psalms—but never

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the canticles. The going to church was quite an hereditary parade. Sir Capel's father got over the one mile in the family coach drawn by four black horses, and tradition told that the Lady Molyneux of his day once stole to church with a pair and the second pair was sent after her. It was still a parade in my childhood. The congregation, mainly composed of the tenantry, used to wait for Sir Capel's arrival; and when he passed through them as they stood at each side from the gate to the church, they followed him in. After church they waited in groups to see the family drive off, and were noticed individually as Sir Capel happened to observe them. "Well, Scott, how goes on the farm?" or "Have you hay for sale now Murray?"—and so on. The monthly parade of the Yeomanry Corps was then held in the churchyard after service, a strange custom, the men having appeared in church in uniform, or *regimentals* as was the phrase of the day. I might say, such as were Protestants attended; but in those days there were no Catholics in Yeomanry Corps, and it became understood in time that Yeomen and Orangemen meant the same. Nowadays when the distinction of ranks and classes is less defined and the religious idea more spiritual, this church parade and the mixture of the secular with the sacred must appear to have been only pomp and vanity, and religion itself only a ceremony. But when I think of the benevolence of this baronet, who drove a short mile to church with four horses, of the perfect toleration of his mind on all subjects, of his willingness to allow to others the same independence of opinion which he took himself, I feel convinced that when his tenantry stood aside at the church gate, the feelings of goodwill were reciprocal, and that whilst Sir Capel felt he was by position the friend and protector of these people, they looked to him as such in a spirit of independent dependence, if I may use so strange a term. The proof is that the few who remain to remember him do so with affection and respect; and his goodness, his fairness, his harmless oddities, have become legendary talk upon the estate.

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In all he was well supported by his wife. Naturally a woman's benevolence is more personal charity than a man's. The old women who every Christmas received her bounty in clothes and a dinner and half a crown to carry home, were but a type of her constant occupation. She was verily the landlord's wife in many ways now become obsolete by more complete social organisation. She knew the joys and sorrows of every cottage within reach. In sickness or distress, cellar, store-room, medicine-chest, everything contributed to their relief and comfort. Dispensaries and clothing-clubs as well as Poor Laws were unknown; so that the demands were constant and heavy. Indeed, it would be difficult nowadays to explain how the country world got on without the co-operating plans of modern times, or now to realise the way in which then, charity, justice, road-making, everything depended on individual exertion (jobbing as it may have been). From this statement of the number of servants and followers at Castle Dillon it might be supposed that Sir Capel's fortune was very large, but it was not so. Even with the value of the demesne it did not then exceed £7000 a year Irish[1]; but the habits of life as well as prices were very different. "The world" was less in motion. A few months in Dublin and at long intervals a visit to Bath or London alone interrupted the *vie au château*. Meat in those early days of the century was about 8*d*. per lb. If groceries were high—black tea 8*s*. a pound, and white sugar 18*d*. or 20*d*.—they were luxuries unknown downstairs except on high days and holidays. I know that the allowance Lady M. received for household expenses was but £2000 a year and what she could make of the demesne, which she managed. The only thing excepted was wine. The house was as hospitable upstairs as down; not only were there state dinners to the neighbouring gentry very often, but friends and connections from a distance were welcome and there were always representatives of the class of poor relations in the house.

[1] Sir Capel's fortune is understood to have been considerably greater. Probably the £7000 refers to the Castle Dillon estate only.

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This recalls to my mind that Sir Capel's principles of toleration were severely tested by his cousins the Miss —— (of long pedigree but short purse) becoming Separatists. He never could be reconciled to tenets which kept them from joining in his harmless prayers and parade, and when in course of time Lady Molyneux was infected by their opinions and declined to appear at the Sunday evening services, a main pleasure and pride of his life was gone; and for the first time to me was realised the evil of dogmatic religion, which so often drops the substance of Christianity in the attempt to grasp some illusory good or unauthorised influence.

As to the household habits and expenses of those days, in the first place, wages were very much lower than now: £30 to £35 a year the wages of a butler or valet, footmen £12 to £14, upper housemaid £8, lady's maid £12 to £14, kitchenmaid from £4 to £6. So early as 1813 I was cognisant of household arrangements, my aunt considering such knowledge a necessary part of education. I therefore know what the mode of feeding this large establishment was, and am also aware that the style was better than in any house in the neighbourhood, except the Palace,[1] where the servants and habits were naturally English. At Castle Dillon there were but three meals daily in the servants' hall. Breakfast of stirabout and milk at eight o'clock, meat dinner at two, and at eight in the evening bread and beer. I may remark here that I remember the word meat commonly used in the sense of food: thus, if one said *flesh meat* for dinner it was as distinguished from potatoes or vegetables, which were equally considered meat or food. The upper servants had tea for breakfast and supper by allowance—1 lb. to ¼-st. sugar per head monthly—four allowances for every five people. I have no recollection in my very earliest years of anything but the three meals a day even in the housekeeper's room. A custom prevailed in many houses of giving what was called breakfast money, about 2*s.* a

[1] The residence of the Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of the then Established Church of Ireland.

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week, and supplying only dinner. Every messenger, every servant who called with a carriage, was offered refreshment. It was necessary always to have cold meat for these casual consumers. The market of Armagh was then very uncertain, and the custom was to kill from the demesne all that was required. Thus salted meat was the general consumption, and salt beef and cabbage the daily dinner three days out of four. Indeed, I have always found Irish servants prefer it to what they considered tasteless fresh meat. In those days nothing was known of house-fed cattle. At the end of the grass season at least a couple of bullocks were killed, and cured in various ways; the fattest pieces with saltpetre, and hung in cabin chimneys to dry—a very popular way of preserving it—hence called hung beef. It is scarcely possible to fancy any food more dry or unpalatable. The best quality of the fat was made into mould candles, and I think the family had only just escaped from the horrors of candle-dipping. I do not recollect brewing, and I know that the stronger beers were not given in the house, and even common beer by allowance. Any further indulgence was always whiskey, which was given on Sundays and holidays in the hall, and glasses of raw spirits given as refreshment to messengers or tenants, as strong beer would be now or in England.

As to the living upstairs, the hours were very much earlier than now. I well remember dinner at about five o'clock. Of course there was no luncheon. Tea followed immediately, almost as part of dinner, and then supper at ten, which was brought in on a tray, or, when the party was large enough, on a long, narrow table, easily carried through the doors by two servants. This custom lingered long after the hour of dinner became later, and I think so lingered because suppers were congenial to the Irish character. How pleasant they were with their lively jokes and songs. But as the warnings of the clock were often not attended to, they were destructive of household regularity; and how the work downstairs was got through I do not know. My recollections are of daily confusion

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and weekly cleanings up, and nothing of the order and cleanliness which now prevails in the same class of house. There decidedly was not the same appreciation of cleanliness as now.

Recalling, again, the habitude of those times, I will mention the journeys as amongst the most remarkable contrasts to the present. Yearly we went to Dublin in November and returned in June, directly after the King's birthday (George III.) June 4. The first movement was the transit of plate, linen, and other household goods, with the trunks of the whole family, under the charge of old Johnston, a tenant who on these occasions acted as carrier. When the move was from Castle Dillon, salted beef, butter, and every transportable thing from the farm was added, to the extent sometimes of four cartloads, nor did the caravan end here, for the under servants travelled with it—kitchenmaid, second housemaid, and a sort of general girl seated soldier-fashion on the baggage. Nor did this plan cease until Lady Molyneux discovered that the halts at carmen's inns were not very improving to manners or morals, and that the board and lodging until the fourth evening cost nearly as much as the stage-coach, now that there were rivals on the road. Sir Capel, of course, had his peculiar mode of travelling, he always went by himself, in his own particular chariot; his valet on the box and the interior packed with books, pistols, violin, and all sorts of things. He never went direct, diverged to towns and villages and inns that he liked, where he set up his music-stand and scraped away at Handel as vigorously as at home. He never joined Lady M. and the family until everything was unpacked and placed, and all domestic work again in gear. A capital plan, I think, for in general gentlemen are a most troublesome element in the moving process of a family. Lady Molyneux travelled in the large barouche drawn by her own four horses (a common practice in those days). It was followed by another carriage with the upper servants. The time consumed was two days and a half, involving two nights at inns, generally at Dundalk and Drogheda. The servants' carriage started somewhat later

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on the first day to gather up the forgets, and on the third went in advance to have matters in readiness for Lady M.'s arrival. The line of route had many changes in my time. My earliest recollection is of a place called the Mountain House, by which road we avoided Newry, going round the mountain to Dundalk. The next change was by Newtown Hamilton. To this succeeded Newry, and finally, up to the railway period, Castleblayney. The stage or stopping-place next to Dublin at my earliest period was called the Man of War, a single house, and most comfortable inn. Its strange name, I heard, was adopted from the figure-head of a ship, which had been wrecked on the shore some distance off, having been put over the garden gate.

In those days the stoppage of carriages, and even of stage-coaches, by highwaymen was by no means rare. I cannot forget our terror on that winter journey to Dublin, as we approached Dunleer, whereabouts the exploits of a robber named Collier were well known; and again as we passed the ivied wall of Santry, within which desperadoes were reported to hide themselves. We were instructed what to do and say in case of attack. But alas! for the present interest of my reminiscences, we were never stopped, and "I have no story to tell." The next great change in our journeys was giving up the carriage horses and having posters, which divided the journey, sleeping at Dunleer or Castlebellingham. In the earlier period the "turns-out" from the inn yards were beyond measure ludicrous. Miss Edgeworth's description in, I think, "Ennui" was by no means exaggerated. I have seen the postillions or post-boys often with straw ropes round their legs. But the rate of travelling was not despicable considering the weight of the loaded vehicle and the state of the roads; and provided always that we were not stopped to tie the harness together with twine or to have a shoe replaced at a forge. Yet comparing the five Irish miles an hour, without these incidents, with the whirl now in three hours from Dublin to Portadown, it is easy to believe that half a century of time has passed in the interval. It is worthy

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of note that the beggars at the inn doors, especially at Drogheda, were legion. Two waiters had often to bully and buffet them to make a passage for us to the carriage. They were vociferous beyond belief, praying or cursing in the most extraordinary phrases, and often as witty as impertinent.

The general habitude of intoxication must not be forgotten in the recollections of the beginning of the century, and to this the absence of strong beer and the common bonus of a dram to all comers, and "runners," as the phrase went, of course tended. Sober servants were scarcely looked for, and if they were but quiet in their cups or did not all get drunk at once, the infliction was endured. I remember a certain coachman named Bloomfield, who was condemned and pardoned at least once a quarter for seven long years; yet there was no security for horse, carriage or passenger when he went out; to part with him and get another was more likely to prove a change of hands than of practice, which, as he was a first-rate coachman when sober, would have been a direct loss. It was a common custom for guests to send to inquire if their coachman was sober before they started home. This was quite a chance, as the same hospitality was going on in the hall as in the parlour. I have heard the answer given, "He is steady enough to drive, and you have no ditches on your road," or, "He is not very bad, and the footman is sober!" How could this be otherwise when the custom of drinking was as common amongst the educated?

It was the common practice at dinner-parties for the gentlemen to sit to eleven and twelve o'clock over their wine. When six o'clock was the very latest dinner-hour this was no trifling time for libations as deep as long. Sir Capel could not take wine in this way, and he was laughed at for his early wish to join the ladies. However, he was not stingy of his wine, and when he knew he had thirsty souls to satisfy he used to ask some familiar friend to act for him and call for wine, and very commonly he had gone to bed before the last of his guests appeared in the drawing-room, if they appeared at all. I remember the gentlemen generally avoiding the ladies

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altogether, and going from the table to their carriages, a servant discreetly whispering the fact to the wives. And yet these men would discharge a servant next day without a character if they proved tipsy on the same occasion! At these dinner parties port and madeira, handed round, then sherry, were the table wines; champagne rarely. The lighter Rhine wines were scarcely known; when given, each and every kind was called hock. Punch, as such, was scarcely known at such a table as Sir Capel's. I do not remember ever to have seen it. A liqueur chest was always on the side-table, and occasionally put on the table; and the native then made its appearance with cherry brandy, shrub, and a mixture called pine-apple rum. Claret was the after-dinner wine, except for the "old hands" or hard heads who drank port by the bottle. My uncle Connell O'Donnell and many others, I remember, *never* took less than a bottle. The butler's lists of wine consumed the previous night was formidable. Early accustomed to "do clerk" for my aunt, I well remember the wine tickets; eight and ten bottles of port not an unusual entry after a dinner-party.

But in referring to these potations at even so quiet a table as that of Castle Dillon we must not pass over the wit which accompanied them, and I can remember the flow of anecdote, repartee and quotation which even before the ladies left the room seemed to enliven these parties. I say "seemed" because I am referring to the days of my childhood when I came in at dessert, as well as when I came to sit at the table. Sir Capel was an excellent classical scholar and a great Horatian, quoting him on every possible occasion; and of course these came often at such feasts. I remember, when I was so small a being that Sir Capel would push back his chair and put me standing on his knee, that he once said I should so give a toast to the company (toasts being then a common practice), and holding in my little hand a bumper glass of claret, he prompted me to say, "Love and wine on a pretty boy's knee." What makes me remember this so accurately

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(and I do remember the very frock I wore and the individuals who were opposite to me) was that Lady Lifford, one of the guests (wife of the Dean of Armagh), when the ladies withdrew, told me I had said such a wicked thing and I was never to say it again. I do think I tried to remember it the more for this, and that my good aunt next day lectured her lord in my hearing about it, till he got angry and went out of the room, as usual clapping the door as a sign of displeasure. Ah, there is more wisdom in the saying, "Glissez, mais n'appuyez pas," than half the world thinks. Had not such a fuss been made about this little incident, arising from a little Horatian after-dinner excitement on Sir Capel's part, I should not now recall it at the end of near sixty years.

Society seemed to me much merrier then—not coarse merriment, for Sir Capel was one of the most refined of men; but a sort of hearty enjoyment that (I hope I do not exceed the limits of feminine propriety in saying) may have a connection with "the bottle" which is not willingly acknowledged. Physically and physiologically wine is a stimulant; and wit seems to me a very natural result, and drunkenness *not* a necessary one. I have often thought that now this style of society has so much passed away, it might not be time lost to collect the best specimens of Drinking Songs. I do believe there might be found amongst them sentiments as *noble*, feelings as pathetic, principles as patriotic as ever stirred the human soul. I would not dare to write this but that once, when less prudent, I said this in company, and was supported by a clergyman, who, with a good memory, was able to repeat songs with the names of the authors, and who, having knowledge of the two generations, gave his opinion in favour of the greater purity of those who loved wine for the wit which "sparkled in the glass." I do think much that is interesting might be included in a survey of the conviviality of those days when men lingered "over their bottle." I do not know what has replaced it, and I do not believe that there could be, as a general rule, the same wit without the wine. Whether it—the wit—cost too dear is quite

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another consideration. Is the world one whit more virtuous now? In this and all things the average is pretty much alike.

To return to my recollections. When there were no guests, Sir Capel, being fond of children, I was very often left with, or rather sent to him to the dining-room after dinner. I was a very delicate child and I do believe the half-glass of wine he used to give me (with due injunctions not to tell) was of infinite service to my health. Perhaps to this is due my defence of wine and wit! He was a man of great literary taste and of what was then considered great travels, he used to tell me of authors and painters and patriots and the world of mind, where the sun shone in the Italy where he had passed many days. He certainly awoke in me a spirit of inquiry, and I am now sure he talked to me in the fulness of his heart, having no one to sympathise with him in these subjects. For, as he afterwards said to me, "Your aunt is the best woman in the world, my dear Margery, but she does not care for these things, and was brought up in Connaught." Thus it was that I loved the auntie for all that was loving and kind, but I looked upon Sir Capel as to me, at least, the witness of an unknown world, where all was music and painting and poetry and learning; and I longed to see and to hear and to think with others.

I could not in my earlier years estimate the extreme oddity of Sir Capel. He was eminently an eccentric character. From his birth what some people called *cracked*, but there was nothing insane about him. He distinguished himself at school and college, at the latter he was a frequent prizeman. He was sent afterwards to the then celebrated Academy of Turin, and there his natural taste for the fine arts grew into an appetite. I use the term, not to say "cultivated"; for nothing would have made him a good musician or a painter. His ear was imperfect, and he could not draw a straight line. But he appreciated both arts and got a general knowledge of their best effects. He learned to play the violin, had considerable

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execution, was a good timeist, but never could detect the absence of accordance in sound; yet he was a fanatic, and the prey of all the concert-givers and foreign musicians. He valued the music more than the performance of it. His favourites were old Italian composers for instrumental, and Handel for vocal; and I well remember when our governess, Miss Griffiths, played the piano parts of the latter, he accompanying on the violin or listening, he would get into a rhapsody, call Handel the divine—declare he could not have heard higher musical conceptions in heaven. I have seen him when by himself read page after page of music, beating time and nodding with delight as a veritable pleasure, as a taking-in of what was before him. I have a thousand times since wondered why he was not a true musician; with all his knowledge and enthusiasm to me it is a phrenological puzzle, unless the absence of the organ of tune was positive. When in good spirits it was a great pleasure to him to play the violin from the landing-place of a large staircase, he would put a chair on a table and on that his book, and play away for two hours or more with the greatest delight and with respectable execution, but the violin was so utterly out of tune that the very servants ran away from the sound. His musical passion cost him dear, for his father, who was utterly insensible to the arts, and cared more for an acre of land drained or a sheep fattened than for Handel and all the composers, was provoked at his eldest son being what he called a fiddler, and there was not any doubt his father became estranged from him for his musical and other eccentricities. Some time after Sir Capel's marriage, when at Bath, he offered to play at the public rooms against Zancewitz, a famous Polish violinist, for £100, the decision to be left to the audience. Lady Molyneux was so much afraid of the effect of this on his father that she gave Zancewitz £50 to decline the contest without giving a reason. Sir Capel always thought that the Pole was afraid of the musical encounter. The stories of Sir Capel and his violin were endless. One I remember, that when obliged to leave town during his courtship, he sent his violin

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to be deposited during his absence in that "Palladium of innocence, Miss O'Donnell's own bed-chamber!"

With all his eccentricities he was in many respects of high superiority of character, a man of the highest honour and charity, a most courteous gentleman (having "the graces" as he called that old courtier-like politeness), a clear-sighted politician and a devoted patriot in a period of unblushing corruption. He was a first-rate Latin scholar with great classical taste, but he never attained to a respectable position in mathematics. This was the more remarkable as so many of his ancestors were distinguished by scientific attainments, but to him descended their love of learning, of liberty and of country. Sir Capel very early adopted the principles of civil and religious liberty, and therefore supported the Catholic claims. He had been a strong anti-Unionist, and after his accession in 1797 to his estate he engaged in a contested election to give his vote against the measure. But he was defeated by Colonel Cope, who was supported by Government influence; and Sir Capel had only the tantalising satisfaction of sitting in the House according to Irish custom until the petition which had been presented against the return was disposed of.[1] He was a member of the political body known as the United Irishmen before it became a disaffected body to the Crown and when it included in its members such men as the Hon. George Knox, &c. The object seems to have been to raise Ireland to the same level politically as England. Certes, Sir Capel had no rebellious intentions, and I remember his telling that after several meetings of violent dissension, a well-known member called by the strange name of Napper Tandy rose and declared it was child's-play spending night after night in talk, and that the time was come to throw away the scabbard; "On which," said Sir Capel, "I thought the time was come for me to look for my hat, and having found it I

[1] This election was in 1799, in the height of the Union controversy, to fill the vacancy in County Armagh caused by Lord Caulfeild's succession to the Earldom of Charlemont.

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retired and never again attended a meeting." Many of the members became involved in the rebellion which soon followed, and which undoubtedly precipitated the Union; and an association which certainly began in patriotic efforts for constitutional rights was scattered, and its members, however loyal individually, became objects of suspicion. Sir Capel never fought shy of those whose zeal had carried them too far, as so many did; and whatever the rank of the individual he gave them a generous acknowledgement of former fraternity even at the risk of personal compromise. The horrors of the rebellion were followed by the corruption which secured the Union, and Sir Capel was so disgusted with the English Government in Ireland, though faithful to the English Crown and connection, that he resolved never to attend a levée at Dublin Castle or in any way to take part in Viceregal society. He carried this so far that when the Duke of Richmond, hearing of Sir Capel's eccentric agreeability, became anxious to know him, and, waiving all etiquette, invited him to dinner, he sent a refusal direct to the Duke. This he wrote at the Club to avoid Lady M.'s entreaties that he would go, and thus totally forgot that he should have addressed the A.D.C.s.

Brought up in a house where Irish feeling predominated, where patriotism was the ruling passion, and so soon after the Union that all its bitterness was still fresh, it is not to be wondered that I grew up with a horror of English rule and injustice, and thought "placemen and pensioners" were betrayers of their country. This was long before Celtic sympathies. Sir Capel, when he resolved not to follow the crowd to England, adopted for his motto *Patriæ infelici fidelis*, and dressed his servants in white and green, instead of his family colours and motto. He always supported Catholic claims, attended the earliest aggregate meetings, and considered that the Catholic party was lured into support of the Union by the inferential promise of emancipation. I recall distinctly, when he used to attend aggregate meetings and such like political gatherings, his mentioning the name of O'Connell as a young barrister who gave high promise of eminence.

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Such was the master of the house and fortune who took me from my own people and with whom my destiny was early cast.

The latter years of Sir Capel's life were spent entirely in Dublin. Some idea that Castle Dillon did not agree with my aunt, and some offence taken at General Molyneux, combined to induce him to sell the furniture, remove the books, and settle finally in Dublin, where he rented from Sir R. Shaw the house in Merrion Square which had belonged to the Earls of Antrim.[1] Towards the close of his life he appeared little abroad, and after Lady M'.s death remained always in his two rooms; not from illness, but from dislike to submit to the assistance which age required in various ways. He disliked much furniture, had his bed in the middle of the room, and nothing could look to others more wretchedly uncomfortable. He delighted in Hogarth, whose prints were hung round, the one nearest to him being changed daily. I often thought how Hogarth's pencil would have sketched the oddities of the man and his rooms. Thus he continued his various readings; the books he had been reading the evening before the paralytic seizure which carried him off in a few days were a folio Virgil and Erasmus's "Praise of Folly"; his classical tastes following him to the verge of the grave. Now, near the close of my own life, five and thirty years after the death of Sir Capel,[2] I look back on him as the most extraordinary character I ever met. Honour, courtesy, generosity, justice, deep charity, all existed, with much learning and considerable taste. But all put together in so strange a fashion, with such an impetuous temper in early life, that he was most eccentric, yet always respected and respectable. The fault of his character was, I think, that he was vindictive, and he certainly carried to the last the memory of trifles that had offended him in early life.

MARGARET CAULFEILD.

[1] Now 33 and 34 Merrion Square, North.

[2] Sir Capel died in 1832; Mrs. Caulfeild, the author of this sketch, in 1878.

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EPISTLE

TO A SOCIALIST IN LONDON

[This is the second of two Epistles, the first of which, "Now in Wintry Delights," was recently published by the Daniel Press, Oxford, with facsimile specimen of a new script, invented to express English pronunciation without distortion of the language. These Hexameters are written in "longs and shorts," according to Stone's prosody: that is, the value of every syllable being determined beforehand by rule, there is no more liberty or fancy in the construction of the dactyls and spondees than would be allowed in writing Greek. The common spelling of English does not exhibit this consistency. I have therefore thought to remind the reader of the conditions by occasionally omitting a vowel or consonant, where I hoped that it would not be much missed; and I have respelt some obnoxious-looking words at the foot of the page, with spellings indeed often abominable in themselves, but showing the phonetic correction as conveniently as our inconsistent use of the alphabet permits.

If the reader will have an eye to these things, and disregard the mute *e*'s and the double consonants, and remember the shortness of -ing (distinguishing singer and finger), and that H is ranked as a consonant, he will not, I think, meet with many difficulties, even on a first reading.

It is due to another's diligence that I can offer him in a nutshell a complete summary of Stone's rules, with such additions and corrections as my practice has introduced (the differences not being there shown). The writer discussed all the phonetic details with William Stone when he was revising his essay, and thoroughly understood the system. I do not think that it could be stated with greater brevity or simplicity. There are still, of course, some points of doubt and difficulty—see p. 165.]

NO ethical system, no contemplation or action,
No reason'd attitude of mind nor principle of faith,
Neither Socratical wisdom nor saintly devotion,
Buildeth a fortress against heart-ache & compassionate grief,

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Nor responds to desire, nor with true mastery yieldeth
Easy repose to the mind; And since all our study endeth
Emptily in full doubt,—fathoming the divine intention
In this one thing alone, that, howsoe'er it affect us,
'Twas never intended for mortal fancy to compass,—
I have concluded that from first purposes unknown
None should seek to deduce ideal laws to be liv'd by;
And, loving art, am true to the Muse, & poetry extol:
Therefore 'twas that afore I prais'd & heartily enjoy'd
Your human verses, FRASER, when nobody bought them,
More than again I praise those serious exhortations,
Wherewith you wu'd amend the degraded people about you.
Nay tho' like a prophet with heav'n-sent dignity inspir'd,
With ready convincement and stern example assuring,
Mightily you proclaim your love-messag' in the assembly,
Exhibiting panaceas of ancient ill, propagating
Out of a Scotch cerebrum the reforming zeal of a TOLSTOI,
I listen all unmov'd, as a sceptic among the believers.
Yet what a charm has an earnest soul, whom sympathy uncheckt
For human suffering has strengthen'd and dedicated
Bravely to serve his kind, to renounce his natural instinct,
And liv' apart, indulging in acts of mercy, delighted
In wisdom's rock-hewn citadel her law to illustrate,
Embodying the pattern of self-integrity complete.
Yea, what a charm pervades discourse, that loftily reason'd
Points the narrow pathway throu' this world's ugly disorder;
How very fair wil appear any gate of cleanlines, open
From the city's tumult, its rank impurity, its dread
Vulgarity's triumph: Nay sure & bounteous as Truth,
Beautiful in confusion appeareth Simplicity's way.
—"Simple it is, (you say) God is good,—Natur' is ample,—
"Earth yields plenty for all,—and all might share in abundance,

18, rĕdy. 19, luv-mĕsĕj. 22, lĭsen. 25, nătyural (rule 7).

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" Were profit and labour but fairly divided among them.
" Scarce any laws are needed in our Utopia but these,—
" No fruitless labour to provide mere useless adornment,
" No money encouraging man's sloth & slavery, no rents
" Of titeld landlords, no pamper'd luxury breeding
" Fleshly disease, worst fiend & foe of mind body and soul;
" All should work, and only produce life's only requirements:
" So with days all halfholidays, toil healthfully enjoy'd,
" Each might, throu' leisure 'hours of amusement piety and peace,
" In the domestic joys & holy community partake.—"
—This wer' a downleveling, my friend; you need, to assure me,
Fix a limit to the folk; else, as their number is increas't,
Their happiness may dwindle away, & what was at outset
Goal & prize, the provoker of all your wise revolution,
Will by subdivision disappear in course of atainment.
When goods are increas'd, mouths are increas'd to devour them:
If the famine be reliev'd this season in India, next dearth
Will be a worse. You know how one day Herschel acosted
Such a philanthropical Save-all, who claimed to acomplish
Some greatest happiness for a greatest number; "Attend, man;
(Saíd-he) Resólve me anon one query: Suppose Adam and Eve
First created on Earth but twice ten centuries ere Christ,
That they gat four children in all, who liv'd, getting also
Four to the pair: Had thus mankind ever equaly increast
By moderate families but doubling in each generation,
How many souls would now be-alive to revise the conundrum
Of greatest happiness? No answer? Well, 'tis a long sum.
Say if on earth such a crowd could stand. No? Pray then imágine

40, muny encūrājing. 45, lezhur ours.

Google

All earth's land as a plain, & all this company thereon,
Piled together like peas in a pintpot: How many layers?
No guess? Then how high the column? How far wu'd it extend
Into the sky?—To the moon?—Further—To the sun?—To the sun! Pshaw!
That column of happy men would reach up, as I fathom its height,
Million diameters of Neptune's infinit' orbit." 70
My objection annoys your kindly philanthropy?—"It proves
"Too much."—Yes nature shows in such scrutiny bankrupt;
Mere matter in deposit gives out. You wish to determine
No limit of future polities: your actual object
Is to relieve suffering, to repeal injustiç acruing
From monied inheritance, which makes a nonentity potent
For public mischief, who might, if usefully harness'd
In common employment, hav' assisted social order.
Why should Law give fifty talents where Natur' alloys one?
For money is the talent of supreme empery: Gold, Gold 80
Envieth all, getteth all, absorbeth, mastereth all things:
It pusheth out & thrusteth away pitilessly the weak ones,
Those ill-fated, opprest, unfortun'd needy: Beneath them
Yawns the abyss. Down down they fall, as a stream on a mountain,
With ceaseless cataract. None hearkeneth; only the silent
Grave, that darkly devours their cry of desperat' anguish.
Spáre me the story; believe more feel this grief than avow it:
'Tis put aside from thought with death's incurable evil;
Left for them, that assume mankind as cause, to lament it.
And what if all Nature ratify this merciless outrage? 90
If her wonder of arch-wonders, her fair animal life,
Her generate creatures, her motion'd warmblooded offspring,
Haunters of the forest & royal country, her antler'd

69, eōlūm. 70, Mílyon (rule 18).* 76, mūnyd.
77, yusfuly. 92, warmblūdēd.

Google

Mild-gazers, that keep silvan sabbath idly without end;
Her herded galopers, sleeksided stately careerers
Of trembling nostril; her coy unapproachable estrays,
Stealthy treaders, climbers; her leapers furry, lissom-limb'd;
Her timorous burrowers, and grangers thrifty, the sandy
Playmates of the warren; her clumsy-footed, shaggy roamers;
Her soarers, the feather'd fast-fliers, loftily floating
Sky-sailers, exiles of high solitudinous eyries;
Her perching carolers, twitterers, & sweetly singing birds:
All oceans finny clans, mute-mouthers, watery breathers,
Furtiv' arrow-darters, and fan-tail'd easy balancers,
Silvery-scale, gilt-head, thorn-back, frill'd harlequinading
Globe and slimy ribbon: Shell-builders of many-chamberd
Perly dwellings, soft shapes mosslike or starry, adorning
With rich floral fancy the gay rock-garden of ebb-tide:
All life, from the massive-bulkt, ivory-tusht, elephantine
Centenarian, acknowledging with crouching obeisance
Man's will, ev'n to the least petty whiffling ephemeral insect,
Which in a hot sunbeam engend'ring, when summer is high,
Vaunteth an hour his speck of tinsely gaudiness and dies:
Ah! what if all & each of Nature's favorit' offspring,
'Mong many distinctions have this portentous agreement,
Mouth, Stomach, Intestine? Question that brute apparatus,
So manifoldly devis'd, set alert with furious instinct:
What doth it interpret but this, that Life Liveth on Life!
That the select creatures, who inherit earth's domination,
Whose happy existence is Nature's intelligent smile,
Are bloody survivors of a mortal combat, a-tweenwhiles
Chanting a brief pæan for victory on the battlefield?
Since that of all their kinds most owe their prosperous estate
Unto the art, whereby they more successfully destroy'd
Their weaker brethren, more insatiably devour'd them;

97, trĕders. 99, clumsyfūted shăgy. 100, fĕtherd.
110, acknŏlĕjing. 121, blŭdy. 122, bătel-field (rule 14).

Google

And all fine qualities, their forms pictorial, admired,
Their symmetries, their grace, & beauty, the loveliness of them,
Were by Murder evolv'd, to 'scape from it or to effect it.
" Surely again (you say) too much is proven, it argues
" Mere horror & despair; unless persuasion avail us
" That the moral virtues are man's idea, awaken'd
" By the spirit's motions; & therefore not to be conceiv'd
" In Nature's outward & mainly material aspect,
" As that is understood. You, since you hold that opinion,
" Run your own ship aground invoking Natur' against me."—
Then withdraw the appeal, my friend, to her activ' aliance;
Be pessimist Nature with a pitchfork manfully expelld,
Not to return. Yet *soul in hand*, with brutal alegiance,
Hunters & warriors *do not forget the comandment.*
See how lively the old animal continueth in them:
Of what trifling account they hold life, yet what a practis'd
Art pursue to preserve it: if I should rightly define sport
SLAUGHTER WITH DANGER, what were more serious and brave?
Their love of air, of strength, of wildness, afford us an inkling
Of the delight of beasts, with whom they might innocently
Boast a fellow-feeling, summoning them forth to the combat.
Nay dream not so quickly to see her lady-ship expell'd.
Those prowling Lions of stony Kabylia, whose roar
Frights from sleep the huddled herdsmen, soon as the sudden night
Falls on Mount Atlas, those grave uxorious outlaws
Wandering in the Somali desert or waste Kalahari,
Sound a challenge that amid summer-idling London is answer'd
Haply in Old-Bond-Street, where some fashionably attired youth
Daintily stands poising the weapon foredoom'd to appay them:
Or he mentally sighteth a tiger of India, that low
Crouches among the river jungles, or hunts desolating
Grassy Tarâi, neath lofty Himálya, or far southward
Outacamund, Mysore's residency, the Nilgherry mountains

134, opín-yon. 140, contín-yueth. 149, hudeld. 154, wĕpon.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

By Malabar; yea, and ere-long shall sight him in earnest,
Stalked as a deer, surprised where he lay slumbering at noon
Under a rock full-gorged, or deep in reedy covert hid
By the trackers disturbed: Two fierce eyes shall for a moment
Glare upon either side the muzzle. Woe then to the hunter,
If he blench! That fury beclouded in invisible speed
What marksman could arrest? what mortal abide his arrachement?
Standing above the immense carcase he gratefully praiseth
God for a man-eater so fine, so worthy the slaying.
  See him again; 'tis war: one hill-rock strongly defended
Checks advance, to be stormed at cost of half the assailants.
Gaily away they go, Highlanders, English, or Irish,
Or swart Ghoorkas against the leaden hail, climbing, ascending,
Lost in a smoke, scattering, creeping, here there, ever upwards;
Till some change cometh o'er confusion. Who winneth? ah! see!
Ours have arrived, and he who led their bravery is there.
None that heard will ever forget that far-echoing cheer:
Such heard Nelson, above the crashings & thundering of guns:
At Marathon 'twas heard and all time's story remembers.
  See him again, when at-home visiting his episcopal uncle:
That good priest contrast with this good captain, assay them:
Find a common-measure equating their rival emotions;
Evaporate the rubbish, the degrading pestiferous fuss
Of stuck-up importance, the palatial coterie, weigh out
Then the solids: whose life would claim the award of an umpire
For greatest happiness? High priest or soldier? Adjudge it
By their books: Let a child give sentence. Ev'n as a magnet
Turns & points to the north, so children's obstinate insight
Flies to the tale of war, hairbreadth scapes, daring achievements,

162, träkers. 163, muzel. 167, mann-eater. 171, lēden.
179, capten. 180, comon mēshur. 184, sōljer a-judg 186, obstinet.

Google

Discoveries, conquests, romance of history; these things
Win them away from play to devour with greedy attention
Till they long to be men; while all that clerkly palaver
Tastes like wormwood.—"Avast! (I hear you calling) Avast there!
"I forbid the appeal."—Well, style my humour atrocious;
Granted a child cannot understand; yet see what a huge growth
Stands to be extermin'd, ere you can set dibble in ground.
Nay, more yet; that mighty forest, whose wildness offends you,
Whose silences appal, where earth-life self-suffocating
Seethes, lavish as sun-life in a red star's fi'ry corona;
That waste magnificence, and vain fecundity, breeding
Giants & parasites embrac'd in flowery tangle,
Interwoven alive and dead, where one tyrannous tree
Blight's desolating around it a swamp of rank vegetation;
Where Reason yet dreams unawakt, & throu' the solemn day
Only the monkey chatters, & discordant the parrot screams:
All this is in man's heart with dateless sympathy worshipt,
With filial reverence, & awful pieties involv'd;
While that other picture, your formal fancy, the garden
Of your stingy promise, must that not quench his imágin'd
Ideals of beauty, his angel hope of attainment?
What to him are the level'd borders, the symmetric allotments,
Where nothing exceedeth, nothing encroacheth, nor assaileth;
Where Reason now drudgeth a sad monomaniac, all day
Watering & weeding, digging & diligently manuring
Her label'd families, starch-makers, nitrogen-extract-
Purveyors, classified potherbs & empty pretenders
Of medical virtues; nay ev'n and *their* little impulse
T'ward liberal fruiting disallow'd by stern regulation;
So many beans to a pod, with so many pods to a beanstalk;

191, wormwūd. 215, litel.

Google

Prun'd, pincht, economiz'd miserly til' all is abortion,
Save in such specimens as, but for an extravagant care,
Had miserably perish'd. What madness works to delude you,
Being a man, that you see not mankind's predilection
Is for Magnificence, Force, Freedom, Bounty; his inborn
Love for Beauty, his aim to possess, his pride to devise it:
And from everlasting his heart is fixt with affections
Prëengag'd to a few sovranly determinat' objects,
Toys of an eternal distraction. Beautiful is GOLD,
Clear as a trumpet-call, stirring where'er it appeareth
All high pow'rs to battle; with mágisterial ardour
Glowing among the metals, elemental drops of a fire-god's
Life-blood of old outpour'd in Chaos: Mágical also
EV'RY recondite jewel of Earth, with their seraphim-names,
RUBY, JACYNTH, EMERALD, AMETHYST, SAPPHIRE; amaranthine
Starry essences, elect emblems of purity, heirlooms
Of deathless glories, most like to divine imanences.
Then that heart-gladdening highpriz'd ambrosia, blending
Their dissolute purples & golds with sparkling aroma,
That ruddy juice exprest from favour'd vintages, infus'd
With cosmic laughter, when upon some sécular epact
Blandly the sun's old heart is stirr'd to a septennial smile,
Causing strangefortun'd comfort to melancholy mortals:
Friend to the flésh, if mind be sick; rallying to the sound mind,
When succour is needed 'gainst fainting weariness of flesh;
Shall Wine not be belov'd? Or now let Aristotle answer
What goods are,—Time leaves the scholar's inventory unchang'd;—
All Virtues & Pow'rs, Honour & Pleasure, all that in our life
Makes us self-sufficient, Friends, Riches, Comeliness, and Strength;

228, magisterial, rule 8. 230, Lif-blūd. 238, sec'-yular.
241, flesh (rule 16). 242, sūcūr. 245, ōnŏr and plĕzhūr.

Google

They that have these things in plenty desire to retain them,
And win more; while they that lack are pleas'd to desire them.
Nay and since possession will leave the desire unappeasèd,
Save in mere appetites that vary with our physical state,
Surely delight in goods is an ecstasy rather attendant
On their mental image, than on experienc'd operation.
So the shepherd envies the monarch, the monarch the shepherd's lot,—
"O what a life were this, How sweet, how lovely!" the king cries.
Whence, I say, as a man feels brave who reads of ACHILLES,
One looking on riches may learn some kindred elation,
And whatever notions of fortune, luxury, comfort,
Genius or virtue, are shown to him, only as aspects
Of possible being, 'tis so much gain to desire them;
Learning Magnificence in mean obscurity, tasting
Something of all those goods which Fate outwardly denies him.
But say none shall again be kíng or prosperous or great,—
Arguing 'all eminence is unequal, unequal is unjust',—
Should that once come about, then alas for this merry England,
Sunk in a grey monotone of drudgery, dreamily poring
O'er her illumin'd page of history, faln to regretful
Worship of ancestors, with nought now left to delight her,
Nought to attain, save one nurst hope, one ambition only
Red Revolution, a wild Reawakening, & a Renaissance.
Impatiently enough you hear me, longing to refute me,
While I in privileg'd pulpit my period expand.
Who could allow such a list of strange miscellaneous items,
So-call'd goods, Strength, Ríches, Honour, Gold, Genius, and Wine?
Is not Wisdom above Rubies? more than Coral or Pearl?
Yours is a scheme deep-laid on true distinctiv' asortment,

256, lŭking. 264, wunç. 268, one am . . (rule 16).
272, miseleynius. 273, onor.

Google

Parting use or good from useless or evil asunder;
Dismissing accessories, while half my heathenish invoice
Are Vanity's vanities. Well; truly, as old SOLOMON said,
So they *be*: What is excepted? What scapes his araignment?
Is't Pleasure or Wisdom? Nay ask THEOLOGIA: Good-works,
Saith-she, offend her nostril. If I distinguish, asserting,
Say, that if I enjoyed my neighbour's excessive income
I would hire me a string-quartett not an automaton car,
You blame equally both our tastes for luxury, indeed
His shows more of a use. If man's propensity is vain,
Vulgar, inane, unworthy; 'tis also vain to bewail it:
Think you to change his skin? 'Twere scale by scale to regraft it
With purer traditions; and who shal' amend the amenders?
Nay let bé the bubbles, till man grow more solid in mind,
Condemn not the follies: My neighbour's foolery were worse,
Sat he agape listening to Mozart, intently desiring
All that time to be rattling alóng on a furious engine
In caoutchouc carapace, with a trail of damnable oilstench.
Yea, blame not the pleasures; they are not enough; pleasure only
Makes this life possible: nor scout that doctrine as unsound:
Consider if mankind from puling birth to bitter death
Knew nought but the sorrows, endured unrespited always
Those agonizing assaults which no flesh wholly can escape;
Were his hunger a pang like his starvation, alievement
Thereof a worse torture, like that which full many die with;
Did love burn his soul as fire his skin; did affections
Rend his will, as Turks rend men with horses asunder;
Were his labour a breathless effort; his slumber occasion
For visiting Furies to repair his temple of anguish;

276, yus . yusles. 287, thínk-yŭ. 289, bubels. 291, litening.
292, along (rule 16). 294, pleasure as 245, etc. 303, labor.

Google

Were thoughts all mockeries; slow intelligence a deception;
His mind's far ventures, her voyages into the unseen
But horror & terrified nightmare; None then had ever heard
Praise of a Creator, nor seen any Deity worshipped.
'Twas for heav'nly Pleasure that God did first fashion all-thing,
Nor with other benefit would holy Religion attract us
Picturing of Paradise. Consult our Lady's Evangel,
Where Saint Luke,—colouring (was it unconsciously, suppose you ?)
Fact and fable alike,—contrasts a beggar with a rich man,
And from holding a fool's happiness too greatly in esteem
Makes plesur' eternal the balance of temporal evil,
And the reverse; nor shrinks, ascribing thus to the next world
Vaster inequalities, harsher perversity than this.
You have a soul's paradise, its entry the loop of a needle,
Come hither & prithee tell me what I must do to be savèd,
I, that feeding on Ideals in temperat' estate
Seem so wealthy to poor Lazarus, so needy to Dives:
What from my heav'n-bound schooner's dispensable outfit
Has to be cast o'erboard? What see you here that offends you?
These myriad volumes, these tons of music:—allow them
Or disallow? Fiddle and trichord?—Must all be relinquished?
Such toys have not a place in your society; you say
Nobody shall make them, nor made may justly acquire them.
Yet, should a plea be alleged for life's most gracious adornment,
For contemplativ' art's last transcendental achievement,
Grief's almighty solace, frolicking Mirth's Purification.
For Man's unparagon'd High-poetess, inseparate Muse
Companion, the belov'd most dearly among her sisters,
Revivifier of age, fairest instructor of all grace,
His peacemaker alert with varied sympathy, whose speech
Not to arede and love is wholly to miss the celestial

305, mökerys. 319, prithy. 325, fidel. 327, a-quire.
330, fröliking. 335, celestial (rule 13).

Google

Consolatries, the divine interpreting of physical life,—
You wince? make exception? allow things musical? admit
So many faked viols, penny trumpets, and amateurish
Performers? Nay, nay! stand firm, for concession is vain.
Music is outmeasurably a barefaced luxury, her plea
Will cover art, (—almost to atone art's vile imitations—);
My Japanese paintings, my fair blue Cheney, Hellenic
Statues and Caroline silver, my beautiful Aldines,
Prized more highly because so few, so fondly familiar,
Need no tongue to defend them against rude hands, that assail them
Only because their name is RARITY; hands insensate,
Rending away pitilessly the fair embroideries of life,
That close-clust'ring man, his comfort pared to the outskirts
Of his discomfort, may share in meanness unenvied.
But what if I unveil the figure that closely beside you
Half hides his Hell-charred skeleton with mysteries obscene,
That foul one, that Moloch of all Utopias, ancient
Poisoner & destroyer-elect of innumerous unborn?
Know you the story of our hive-bees, the yellow honey-makers,
Whose images from of old have haunted Poetry, settling
On the blossoms of man's dream-garden, as on the summer-flow'rs,
Pictures of happy toil, sunny glances, gendering always
Such sweet thoughts, as be by slumbrous music awaken'd?
How all their outward happiness,—that fairy demeanour
Of busy contentment, singing at their work,—is an inborn
Empty habit, the relics of a time when considerate joy
Truly possest their tiny bodies; when golden abundance
Was not a State-kept hoard; when feasts were plentiful, indulg'd
With wine well-fermented, or old-stored spicy metheglin:
For they died not then miserably within the second moon
Forgotten, unrespected of all; but slept many winters,

340, mĕzhūrably. 342, Hĕlēnic. 344, famil'yar (rule 13).

Google

Saw many springs, liv'd, lov'd like men, consciously rejoicing
In Nature's promises, with like hopes and recollections.
Intelligence had brought them Science, Genius enter'd;
Seers and sages arose, great Bees, perfecting among them
Copious inventions, with man's art worthily compared.
Then was a time when that, which haps not in ages of ages,
Strangely befel: they stole from Nature's secresy one key,
Found the hidden motive which works to variety of kind;
And thus came wondrously possest of pow'r to determine
Their children's qualities, habitudes, yea their specialised form
Masculin or feminine to produce, or asexual offspring
Redow'rd and differenced with such alternativ' organs
As they chose, to whate'er preferential function adapted,
Wax-pocket or honey-bag, with an instinct rightly acordant.
We know well the result, but not what causes effected
Their decision to prefer so blindly the race to the unit,
As to renounce happiness for a problem, a vain abstraction;
Making home and kingdom a vast egg-factory, wherein
Food and life are stor'd up alike, and strictly proportion'd
In loveless labour with mean anxiety. Wondrous
Their reason'd motive, their altruistic obedience
Unto a self-impos'd life-sentence of prison or toil.
Wonder wisely! then ask if these ingenious insects,
(Who made Natur' against her will their activ' acomplice,
And, methodizing anew her heartless system, averted
From their house the torrent of whelming natural increase,)
Are blood-guiltless among their own-born prógeny: What skill
Keeps their peace, or what price buys it? Alack! 'tis murder,
Murder again. No worst Oriental despot, assuring
Gainst birthright or faction or envy his ill-gotten empire,
So decimates his kin, as do these ron-bodied egg-queens

376, spĕshălĭz'd. 393, prógeny (rule 7).

Google

Surprise competitors, and stab their slumbering infants,
Into the wax-cradles replunging their double-edged stings.
Or what a deed of blood some high-day, when the summer hath
Their clammy cells o'erbrim'd, and already ripening orchards
And late flow'rs proclaim that starving winter approacheth,
Nor will again any queen lead forth her swarm, dispeopling
Their strawbuilt citadel; then watch how these busy workers
Cease for awhile from toil, having all with fresh venom amply
Their sharp tails replenish'd; how crowding upon the devoted
Drones they fall; those easy fellows gave some provocation;
Yet 'tis a foul massacre, cold murder of unsuspecting
Life-long companions; and done bloodthirstily:—is not
Exercise of pow'r a delight? have yóu not a doctrine
That calls duty pleasure? What an if they make merry, saying
"Lazy-livers, runagates, evil beasts, greedy devourers,
"Too happy and too long ye've liv'd, unashamed to have outliv'd
"Your breeders, feeders, warmers and toiling atendants;
"Had-ye ever been worthy a public good to accomplish,
"Each had nobly perish'd long-ago. Unneeded, obese ones,
"Impious encumbrance, whose hope of service is over,
"Who did not, now can not, assist the community, YE DIE!"
My parable may serve. What wisdom man hath attain'd to
Came to him of Nature's goodwill throu' tardy selection:
Should her teaching accuse herself and her method impugn,
I may share with her the reproach of approving as artist
Far other ideals than what seem needful in action.
This difficulty besets our time. If you have an answer,
Write me it, as you keep you salt in savour; or if toil
Grant you an indulgence, here lies fair country, direct then
Your Sabbath excursion westward, and spend a summer-day
Preaching among the lilies what you have preached to the chimnies.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

401, alredy.

Google

SUMMARY OF STONE'S PROSODY

Note.—It is a very common opinion that accent takes the place of quantity in English. Stone's system sets out by absolutely denying this. It is therefore remarkable that of the following sixteen rules, seven are concerned with quantity in some way determined by accent. It looks as if the concession of so many exceptions might explain the grounds of the difference of opinion and reconcile the opponents.

I. OF VOWEL SOUNDS LONG BY NATURE

1. These are A (*father*), EI (*vale . day .*), E (*being . green .*), I (*bite . my .*), O (*moat . hope .*), U and YU[1] (*pool . union .*), AW (*awful . all .*), OW (*how . bough*), OI (*joy .*), and the slight varieties of these produced by a following R, as *hair, hare, fire, bore, pure, lord.*

2. A vowel followed immediately by another vowel in the same word is long when accented, *piety:* when unaccented it can be long only when it precedes the word-accent, *preeminent*, never when following it, *immediate.*

3. The sound ERR (however spelt) is long when it is accented, *demur:* when unaccented it is short before a vowel, *gĕnĕrate, butter and eggs:* long before a consonant, *bĭfūrcate.*

4. All other vowel-sounds, not here enumerated, are short.

5. Note that degraded unaccented vowels are always short by nature: their spellings must not mislead; thus *rumoŭr, passĭge, tortoise.*

II. SHORT VOWELS LENGTHENED BY POSITION

6. A short vowel followed by two or more consonants makes a long syllable, when one at least of the consonants is sounded with it. This condition, in which the vowel is said to be *propped* by the consonant, occurs, First, when the consonants cannot all be spoken with the next syllable, as *improve, contain:* but *ĭl-sleep, rĕ-tract:* secondly, when the short vowel is accented, in which case it will always attract one of the consonants, *dis-tant.*

7. This rule applies to all true compound consonantal sounds [but not to the simple consonantal combinations of H, see below, rule 9], and includes CH = *tsh*, J = *dg*, QU = *kw*, and consonants followed by the impure U = *yu.*

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[1] Though this YU is undoubtedly one of the typical long vowels in English, it may be shortened by degradation after the word-accent—*e.g.*, *mutŭal:* and see enclitic *you* in rule 15.

Google

Short vowels followed by these combinations make long syllables when they carry the word-accent, but short when they do not—*e.g. rĭches*, but *thĭngs which: imāgine*, but *encŏurāging: līquid*, but *ŏbl*ō*quy: rēgular*, but *ăttune* (= *atyún*).

8. When these syllables occur in polysyllables which contain a secondary accent, they may apparently be spoken either long or short, as *rĕgulātion, māgistērial, miserābly.*

9. H counts as a consonant, where it is used at full power, as in *happy, unhappy:* but it sometimes has a lesser force which must be distinguished as in *ăt-home.* It does not count as a consonant in the sounds represented by TH, DH, SH, ZH, PH, WH.

10. NG is a single letter, except when the sound of G is truly present; thus *singer*, but *finger.*

11. Z is a single letter in English.

12. Doubled consonants do not make position unless they are both pronounced (as in *in-nate, whol-ly*). They occur in a haphazard way in English spelling to show that the preceding vowel is short—*e.g., happy, rapid . . . shoddy, body . . . muddy, study . . . Billy, sensibility . . . rabbit, habit . . .*, etc.

III. ELISION AND LIQUID ENDINGS

13. The use of true speech contractions (such as *they've, I'll,*) is a matter of taste. Poetic synalœphe is disallowed between words. Instances of synalœphe within words may be seen in *obedient, egregious*, which count as trisyllables though all the vowels (reckoning ou as one vowel) are heard: but it has ceased to exist in such words as *nation, conscience, ancient*, which are disyllables in which the *i* has no value as a vowel, its only function being to affect the preceding consonant. There are all shades of difference in the speech-condition of such colliding vowels; thus *terrestrial* must be a quadrisyllable, but *celestial* will be doubtful, to be classed either with *obedient* or with *terrestrial.*

Where synalœphe within the word is possible, it cannot be forbidden.[1]

14. The terminations LE, RE, scan exactly as if spelt EL, ER, falling into line with all other liquid endings—*e.g. garden, solemn.* Since the vocalisation of the liquid is certainly closed by a consonantal liquid, they are considered as true syllables, thus *gārdĕn = guārd ĭl.*

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[1] In some words, *onion, million, familiar*, the *i* seems to have become a consonantal *y*. Such words must scan as ŭn-yŏn, mĭl-yŏn, fămĭl-yăr, and will fall under rule 7.

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IV. MONOSYLLABLES

15. Monosyllabic proclitics and enclitics, in parting with their accent, often become short; thus, *tŭ bĕ lĕt, give mĕ*, etc., *you* and *thee* can be in the same condition, as *prithee, may it please you = prithi, pléase yŭ*. Also *for* and *or* are generally short before vowels.

16. In English special rules are needed for such important monosyllables as are short by rule but undoubtedly often spoken so as to occupy more time than can be allowed for a short syllable. It must be recognised that all these syllables are by nature short, and will, under some circumstances, preserve their brevity, but that, owing to their importance in the sentence, they are much more frequently dwelt upon, and made to occupy the longer time. Examples are *Man, Love, Will, Bless, back*, etc.

The general rule for such words seems to be that when they end in a semivowel or in a spirant, that is, with any consonant whose sound can be "produced," they owe their length to the production of this consonant: it is often written double (as *Bless . will .*), but it would perhaps be simpler to accent such words. Words ending in mutes or consonants which cannot be held on, should, if used long before a vowel, be accredited with a double consonant, as *back . odd*.

Oxytone disyllables may be held to follow the same rule as these monosyllables, thus *possés = pŏsĕs*.

[The word *God* may be regarded as an exception; though there is in fact more d in it than in the word *goddess* there will be no reason to double the *d*. That this word, when shorn of its importance, is really a short syllable, may be heard in the following lines:

"Will the flame you're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little gŏd of love turn the spit?"]

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THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

XV

MR. HANCOCK'S words were followed by a slight pause; and the party settled themselves into fresh attitudes of attention, as they waited for their host to begin where his friend had left off, and explain the relation of idealism to their search after a natural religion.

"I must tell you," said Glanville, "that I am going to play a very ungrateful part. I have been eating the crumbs that have fallen from the table of our excellent philosopher; and I have grown so strong on the diet that I am now going to turn and rend him. I'm not going to rend what he's said, but what he would say if we let him go on—he, and all his friends, the transcendental philosophers, also. We've got, as he admits, two things to deal with—our own minds, with their ideas of the Universe on the one hand, and the Universe itself—or matter-mind—the great reality external to ourselves, on the other hand. Very well, then—the question which we want to discuss is this: What is the relation of our own minds to this external reality; not in respect of their knowledge of it, but in respect of their origin? Are we as individuals formed out of the substance of the Universe, as the thing which we call the sea is, as this pillar is, as this scent of the flowers is which is just coming to us on the air, or as those dark rocks are on which the water of the sea is breaking? Or have we been originated in some different and independent way? If

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our knowledge of ourselves and the Universe is to give us any natural religion, this is the question we must answer. Now to this question there are three answers conceivable. We may, in the first place, conceive of our minds as eddies in the divine substance itself, formed in it and again lost in it, the Universe being another such eddy, larger and more enduring; and the two, originating separately, would thus be for a time connected. In the second place we may conceive of our minds as eddies in the substance of the Universe and inevitably arising out of it; in which case our minds and the Universe would be not two processes but one. In both these cases our minds would be parts of the universal mind, just as sunspots are parts of the sun; only they would originate in it directly in the first case, and they would originate in it indirectly in the second. And then again there is a third alternative, which is this. Our minds may conceivably neither arise out of the process of the Universe, nor yet be eddies or sunspots in the divine substance itself; but may be satellites thrown off from it, and given a separate existence by being each endowed with an independence like that of the parent body. In this case we must suppose them connected with the mechanism of the Universe, by being introduced from without, ready-made, into the brains of physical organisms, through whose means they represent it to themselves in the form of the ideas we have been talking about. If this be so, the sum total of existence consists firstly of some supreme mind; secondly of the Universe, which is a single and vast manifestation of this mind; and thirdly of a nation of small minds innumerable, which are separate from the Universe, though added to it, and which stare at it—if I may say so—from the other side of the street. Now I don't think," Glanville continued, "that the first of these three suppositions is really one which anybody would take seriously. Our only practical alternatives are this third supposition, and the second. Either we have the Universe, as a single fact, on the one hand, and our own minds as innumerable little separate facts on the other hand: or else

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we have the Universe as a fact which embraces everything, with our own minds rising out of it, as results of its unbroken process. Well—to this latter supposition there is, of course, the popular objection, which Miss Leighton expressed when we started on our present discussion. I mean the objection that it seems absurd on the face of things to suppose that such a substance as matter, of which she took a paving-stone as an example, can be the same substance as that which culminates in the human mind. But this objection, as I hope that we now all see, is based altogether on a false conception of matter —a conception which belongs to a superficial stratum of thought; and that a very little thinking, if only rightly directed, will get rid of the gulf between minds and paving-stones, not by lowering the one, but by raising our conception of the other. And now, my dear Alistair, it is my exceedingly painful duty to tell you that in elucidating this point so charmingly for us, you have been helping to justify the philosophy which is destined to overthrow your own. Your preliminary chapter on Mind, as you very fittingly called it, is utterly fatal to the force of all your subsequent chapters, the contents of which I know, though you have not favoured us with them now."

"Well," replied Seaton, "I shall listen with all submission; though it seems to me that all you have said thus far confirms my own view, instead of suggesting an attack on it. But," he went on, addressing the party generally, "before Mr. Glanville begins to bombard my opinions, I want to say one thing which I ought to have said before, but which I left out. When explaining that we know the Universe only through the ideas which we form of it—a point with regard to which all thinkers agree, and which is a truism for science just as it is for philosophy—I ought to have added that I, and many others, believe it to be also indubitable that the mind, which perceives the ideas, is not merely the passive recipient of them, but plays itself an active part in forming them. It imposes on them certain qualities of its own nature; and though doubtless there is a

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reality in the Universe which the mind does not create, yet of the Universe, as the mind knows it, the mind is the co-creator. And this is what thinkers like Hegel really mean when they say that whatever is true of ideas is also true of things. Things are, for us, as the mind by its own activity fashions, them for us. Having said this, I am ready for Mr. Glanville's onslaught."

"I thank you," said Glanville, laughing, "for baring your breast still further. And now, Alistair, if you'll forgive me, I'm going to talk *at* you, not *to* you. You'll observe that Mr. Seaton has just spoken of the mind—by which he means the individual mind of any one of us—as being the co-creator of the Universe. Well, I want to point out to you that Mr. Seaton in saying this shows us that, for him, the individual mind or soul is not, in any strict sense, a part of the Universe at all, but is a separate entity, shut up in itself, like a miniature asteroid thrown off by some mental sun, and left to transact for itself its own internal business. You, of course, see how different this supposition is from its alternative, which I described just now—the supposition that the mind or soul is a part of the Universe itself—formed by it, enduring for a time, and then again lost in it. You, of course, will see also that if we are in search of a religion, Mr. Seaton's supposition is the one that will suit us best. But of that we will talk presently. What I want to say now is this. Either of these two suppositions is conceivable, and might conceivably be the true one. If we want to see which is true in reality, we can only do this by a careful examination of facts: and if we had been living a hundred years ago, our verdict, founded on facts, as the world then knew them, would have been in Mr. Seaton's favour. All the great thinkers, as distinguished from men of science, regarded the mind then as Mr. Seaton regards it now. They regarded it as a separate entity, shut up in itself, the source of its own activity. Even those, Miss Leighton, for whom—to use your own expression—it was a living blank, on which the Universe writes—regarded

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it in the same way. This is specially true of the great German thinkers, such as Kant, Fichte, and Hegel. However these gentlemen may have differed from one another, they all of them agreed here. Each individual mind for them was a kind of Universe in itself. It was furnished with ideas independent of the material Universe, such as those of space and time, by means of which it was enabled to form the idea of matter. It was also furnished with an active faculty of understanding, which, as fast as impressions were given it by means of the senses, compared, sorted, and arranged them, and fashioned them into intelligible ideas."

"Well," interposed Lady Snowdon, "and I suppose that must be true, otherwise the impressions which the outside world makes on us when we are awake would be hardly as intelligible as those which it makes on us when we are half asleep."

"There was an officer at Calcutta," said Lord Restormel, "whose wife, I remember, was a singularly beautiful woman; but, except as her husband, he was remarkable for two things only—one, was the soundness with which he slept; the other was the strength and the quantity of the brandy-and-soda-water which he drank. I was told that his brother officers had once played him a trick. They managed that a big gun should be let off close to his bed, and waited to see what effect this would have on his slumbers. He thought that the firing of the gun was the uncorking of a bottle of soda-water; and he merely murmured dreamily as he turned round on his pillow, 'Don't put it all in!' So even he, my dear Glanville, as he would hardly have done this if awake, must have had some activity of understanding to save him from such mistakes."

"Yes," replied Glanville. "Nobody doubts that. But the peculiarity of Mr. Seaton's friends does not consist, Lady Snowdon, in their doctrine that the mind is active; but in their assumption that this activity originates in the mind itself—that, in other words, each mind is a first cause. And the same

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observation applies to what they call its *à priori* ideas. They hold that the mind, when it first confronts the Universe, brings to the interview ideas which the Universe has not given it."

"Well," said Seaton, "and that most certainly is so. If we found a mind hanging up in one of your ivory balls, entirely shut out from connection with the outer world through the senses, and were able to examine it by means of the Rontgen rays, we should discover ideas in the depths of it —latent ones, if not active."

"We should," said Glanville. "I admit it; and I'll tell you in a moment why we should. But first let me say once more what I said just now in passing—that your whole view of the matter, a hundred years ago, was not only the most natural view, but the only view reasonably possible. I was arguing this point with Mr. Seaton on the very day when you all arrived."

"But how," said Mrs. Vernon, "has the passage of a hundred years put us in a new position with regard to questions like these? Of course we can understand that this is the case with science. In science one discovery seems to lead to another. Science is like a continent only half explored; and every new traveller may open up a new region: but our own minds are like the floor of one's bedroom. Socrates—to say nothing of these modern German philosophers—could see the whole of it just as clearly as we can."

"I never," said Glanville, "like to contradict a lady; but I'm afraid I must contradict you here. A hundred years ago —even sixty years ago—though thinkers could see as clearly as they do now that individuals' minds were united to the Universe in their knowledge of it, they could not see how they were united to it in any other way. They knew of course that somehow the mind was associated with the brain; but they looked on the mind—if I may borrow a phrase of Mr. Hancock's—as a lodger, which the brain provided with plate and linen and furniture; and they were vague even as to the

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terms of this supposed tenancy. Here we come to the point at which science and philosophy meet, and with regard to which the former has completely revolutionised the latter. You are all familiar with one act at all events in the revolutionary drama of which I am speaking."

"I suppose you mean," said Lady Snowdon, speaking less correctly than was her wont, "I suppose you mean Darwin, and the origin of species, and all that."

"Yes," said Glanville, "and what Darwin did was this. He showed that men, in so far as their lives are physical, form merely a single variety in the great vital series, which on the one side includes all animals, and on the other side all plants also. Philosophers, no doubt, have said the same thing before, but they had merely mouthed it as a vague metaphysical guess, to which they attached no shred of definite meaning. Darwin showed how by a definite physical process the brain of man had been evolved from the simplest of living substances. He showed this in a manner of which Hegel had never dreamed. But that's not all. Science, since Hegel's death, has shown us two other facts, which to Hegel would have been stranger still. It has utterly blown to the winds the old cloudy ideas of a mind which is a lodger in the brain, which enters it full grown, and in some unexplained way makes use of it as an instrument. Science has shown us that, so far as experience goes, the mind and the brain are absolutely inseparable—that each part of the brain is the equivalent of some special faculty of the mind—that the two develop together, flourish together, languish together, and die together. It has also shown—and here I am going back to the point about which Mr. Seaton a moment ago was speaking—that each mind brings into this world feelings and faculties which are innate—which are prior to any experience of its own. But it has shown us, my dear Alistair, that they are innate in a very different sense from that in which Kant or Fichte or Hegel thought they were. It has shown that though they are not derived from the individual's own experience they are

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derived from the experiences of all his innumerable ancestors —that they sum up the experiences of all antecedent life. These two discoveries," Glanville continued, "the discovery of the evolution of mind as an integral part of the evolution of the complex brain, and finally the discovery of the transmission of the mental qualities of heredity, are as epoch-making as that of Darwin, and fulfil its stupendous significance. I told you, Alistair, not to be too polysyllabic. I'm afraid I've just been sinning against my own injunctions; but this is a subject about which it's difficult to speak calmly. Whenever I think of these discoveries, I feel as if I'd descended from a new Sinai, with my mind full of some incredible vision. And I've not done yet. Tell me—is everybody bored? Nobody's been drinking any coffee. Let us have an interval for refreshment."

In Glanville's manner there was a certain trace of excitement, which stimulated the curiosity of his hearers; and they urged him to go on. He promised to do so presently; and meanwhile, in the interval of coffee-drinking, Mr. Hancock took the opportunity of interjecting a criticism of his own.

"Personally, Mr. Glanville," he said, "I agree with you entirely. I don't entertain a doubt, any more than Huxley did, that the Universe is a single fact; but, as Huxley himself very candidly confessed, there does exist a rift between organic matter and inorganic, which experience and observation have not as yet filled up."

"True," replied Glanville; "but there was a similar rift between species till sixty years ago. Rifts of this kind—the rifts of ignorance in our knowledge—are the delights of our modern theologians, and their sole refuge. They hide themselves there like rabbits in rocks; and as soon as one is filled up, they scuttle in terror across the daylight, and slink into the darkness of another. This rift between the organic and the inorganic is their favourite retreat at this moment; of all the rifts, in reality, it offers them the most useless shelter. For let us suppose in the first place that the rift is permanent

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—that organic matter really contains some element which inorganic matter does not, and that the former differs from the latter as much as wine differs from water—the one having spirit in it, and the other not. They gain by this supposition nothing that they want to prove. The individual life or mind is equally a bubble in either case, which is formed for a moment on the surface of a general element, and is then lost in it. The individual champagne-bubble disappears as surely as the bubble of soda-water. There is no greater comfort to us in thinking that we rot like the roses, than in thinking that, like broken iron, we fall back into the melting-pot. As a matter of fact, however," Glanville went on, "the rift, such as it is, between organic matter and inorganic is merely a rift, not in the Universe, but in our knowledge of it, just as there may be a rift in our knowledge with regard to the axis of Uranus; and this rift which we are now speaking of is being filled up rapidly."

"Indeed!" said Lady Snowdon. "Is that really the case? I remember not long ago having seen in some paper or other that crystals are found to propagate themselves as if they were living things. Is it some discovery of that kind that you refer to?"

"No," replied Glanville. "The discoveries to which I was referring affect our view of the question in a yet more penetrating way. One of them is not so much a new discovery, as the gradual fusion of two in our intellectual consciousness. I mean the scientific discovery of the material unity of the Universe, and the philosophical discovery of the mental character of matter. This latter discovery, which is what we have just been discussing, long preceded the former; and the former had been well established before it connected itself with the latter. The two remained for a time, like separate stars—the one a barren materialism, the other a barren mentalism; but each seemed to menace, each to approach the other. Then the catastrophe came, and the two stars collided. But instead of destroying each other, they were fused, and were

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suddenly transfigured into a new star; and, like the new star in Perseus, they have yielded us a new spectrum. The old assumed division between matter and mind has disappeared; and the strange thing for us is no longer what it was for Tyndall—that matter and mind should be identified in our own brains, but that we cannot with equal clearness realise their identity anywhere."

Lord Restormel rose from his chair, and put a hand upon Glanville's shoulder. "My dear Rupert," he exclaimed with the affectionate enthusiasm which was characteristic of him, "you are inspired. You speak like a poet. Science and poetry make a new star in yourself."

"Let us wait," said Glanville laughing, "and see how it affects our destinies. We may find that, as Tennyson said, it's 'a sad astrology' after all. Anyhow, now I'm going to drop down into prose. The fusion of science and philosophy forms only one of those discoveries to which I referred as obliterating the division between the living and the lifeless. This is a general discovery. There are two others, which are particular ones, and which illustrate the generality in detail. One of them is the complexity of the atomic, molecular, and etheric processes of the Universe, even things which seem most inert being really in unceasing movement. Even, Miss Leighton, about your stolid friends, the paving-stones, we may say in Wordsworth's language—

> Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man
> Than the mute agents stirring there.

But the third discovery which I was referring to comes nearer to us still than this. It has to do with the nature of our own minds; and it is a discovery which belongs practically to the past twenty-five years. It is closely connected with heredity, but extends beyond it, and embraces it. It is the great psychological discovery that consciousness is not co-extensive with mind, but that all the phenomena of memory, feeling and reason occur in ourselves without our being conscious

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that they do so, just as completely as they do when our consciousness is aware of their occurrence. Indeed, of the larger part of the mental life of each of us, we are, each of us, no more conscious than we were of the crystallising process which resulted in the bits of barley-sugar now dissolving at the bottom of our coffee-cups."

"But," said Mrs. Vernon, "I don't think I quite see. How can we know that we remember, for instance, if we are not conscious that we remember? If I'm not conscious that I remember that I've got to dine out next Friday, surely that is the same thing as forgetting it."

"Yes," said Glanville, "but suppose you've forgotten it till Friday night arrives, and that then your engagement suddenly comes back to you. That sort of thing is such a common occurrence that we none of us till lately have thought of what it really means. It means that your memory has been all the while guarding unconsciously a fact which at last it gives back to your consciousness. But we're now able to realise much stranger things than this. If somebody asks you to dinner, your memory when it takes charge of the invitation knows what it is doing. But consider the well-known case of girls, brought up in innocence, who utter, in the ravings of fever, the foulest language that is ever heard in the streets. What is the explanation of this? There is one explanation only—that they have heard such language unconsciously, that their memory has unconsciously received it, and unconsciously long afterwards gives it up to their lips. But the full significance even of this singular fact would possibly never have dawned on us if it had not been that the psychology of hypnotism had shown us a whole world, a whole system, of similar facts. Half of any new discovery is generally made up not of a perception of facts which we had not known before, but of a new perception of the meaning of facts which had been always familiar; and the facts of hypnotism have been a rallying-point for a mass of previous knowledge, the details of which had meant nothing to us, because they

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were scattered and unconnected. Now, when connected, they coalesce into a new revelation. We now are able to assure ourselves by reiterated experimental proof of a truth which our parents would have looked upon as a contradiction in terms. We see feeling, memory, habits, hopes, fears, imagination, and the most elaborate reasoning, going on as cerebral processes, of which consciousness forms no part; and we see conscious mind, which we once thought the only mind, gradually rising out of the unconscious, like a little hyacinth sprouting from an enormous bulb. Here then between matter which is known to us as associated with consciousness, and other matter which is not so known, we have the interspace filled up already by matter which is not conscious, but nevertheless feels and thinks; and from this non-conscious mind-matter which lies so near ourselves, and out of which our own consciousness grows, there is only one more step to the mind-matter of the Universe generally."

"Perfectly true;" said Mr. Hancock. "I regard the discovery of the existence of unconscious mind or reason as by far the most memorable addition that has been made to human knowledge—I was going to say, since the days of Newton—certainly since the days of Darwin."

"Yes," said Glanville; "but I haven't even alluded yet to the effects of this discovery on our own conception of ourselves as beings who are in search of a religion. This is the point which we are really discussing now; and what I have said about unconscious mind is merely a parenthesis in our argument. If you've all finished your coffee, and are willing to listen to me a little longer, I'll take up our question at the point where I laid it down, and show you how the conception of ourselves as beings for whom a religion is possible is affected by our recognition of ourselves as parts and as products of the Universe."

"I, for one," said Mr. Brompton, "do not fear what you may have to tell us. On what nobler foundation can religion possibly rest than on an assured and reasonable knowledge—

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not an ecclesiastical faith—that we are children of the Supreme and the Universal, and brothers to every one of its manifestations, from the hyssop on the wall to the stars in their mighty courses?"

XVI

"Mr. Brompton will, I hope, forgive me," said Glanville, with a slight smile, "if my exposition does not quite equal the poetical anticipations which he has formed of it. I will, however, begin it with a celebrated line of poetry—

The river wanders at its own sweet will.

This is what Wordsworth wrote about the Thames, as it flowed at sunrise. Mr. Brompton knows the quotation; and like all of us, at one time or another, he has, I am sure, admired it."

"I admire it still," said Mr. Brompton, in a tone of sympathetic authority.

"Yes," said Glanville; "but do you think that what it says is true? Does the river really wander at its own will, whether sweet or otherwise?"

"Of course," said Mr. Brompton, "in a scientific sense it does not. Its direction, its speed, its currents, and even its smallest ripple, are determined by natural conditions under which it is absolutely passive. To speak strictly, it has no more will than a bullet. I know that perfectly well. But poetry is not science. It speaks not to the reason but the imagination; and it is beautiful because it speaks a language which the imagination can understand."

"No doubt," said Glanville. "And now let us turn from poetry to mechanics. We are all of us here familiar enough with a steam-engine to know that its steam-power makes a wheel turn round by means of a piston-rod which pushes and pulls a crank."

"I suppose," said Miss Leighton, "that the action is much like that of a turning-lathe. The piston-rod is like

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the hooked piece of iron which connects the crank with the treadle."

"Precisely," said Glanville. "Well, if you watch a locomotive starting, you will see the piston-rod come shining out of the cylinder and push, by means of a crank, the huge driving-wheel into motion; and in this way it moves the whole engine and a line of interminable carriages. Think what a force the piston-rod exerts when pushing; and how strong it must be to do this—how flawless and how hard its steel. Were it made of wood or lead, it would split or double up or bend. I presume, Mr. Brompton, that what I say is clear."

In a slightly ironical voice, Mr. Brompton replied, "Perfectly."

"And yet," resumed Glanville, "we should none of us here say that the piston-rod, because it was strong, was the source in itself of the force by which it moved the crank. We should none of us say that it struggled to make the wheel go round. I shouldn't say so at all events, though perhaps Mr. Brompton would."

"I don't know," said Mr. Brompton, "what reason I may have given Mr. Glanville for assuming that my knowledge of mechanics is less than an ordinary schoolboy's. Let me earn his good opinion by declaring myself quite aware that the piston-rod is moved by the piston, the piston moved by the steam, the steam generated by the coal, the coal produced by a series of previous cosmic processes. In short, Mr. Glanville, I may assure you that I am master of the fact that your piston-rod, however hard, and however finely tempered, is a mere transmitter of energy, and is no more the origin of it than a single link in a bicycle chain, which pulls because it is pulled, is the origin of the energy which carries me on my morning's ride."

"I am glad," said Glanville, "to find that you so completely agree with me. The piston-rod does not struggle to push the crank, the link in your bicycle chain does not struggle

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to pull the link behind it, any more than the Thames as it flows under Westminster Bridge wills to wander in the manner that excited the admiration of Wordsworth."

"Surely," said Lady Snowdon, "we all of us understand that. If rivers and locomotives and bicycles, and, I suppose, we may add planets, all depended for their movements on their own private strivings, there would be no order in the Universe and no science of anything."

"Precisely," said Glanville. "And now I will ask all of you to do a very simple thing. Since science, as we have seen, shows us that we are ourselves part of the Universe, I will ask you to apply to ourselves—to our own minds—that obvious train of reasoning which you apply to all other phenomena. If our own minds are really results of the cosmic process—if they are merely so many points at which the mind-matter or substance of the Universe is nucleated into thought, feeling, imagination and memory—at first unconscious and then flowering into consciousness—our minds are the very reverse of what the world has been accustomed to think them. They are not the origins, but the transmitters and expressions of energy. They are pulled by motives as iron is pulled by a magnet, or as the link in a bicycle chain is pulled by the link in front of it. They are pushed by forces that flow through them from the universe, just as the piston-rod is pushed by the steam behind it; and to say that the process is controlled by our own sweet wills is as untrue of ourselves as it is of the water of the Thames. In a word, the individual mind has no trace or hint of that quality which thinkers like Kant or Hegel unhesitatingly assumed to be its essence. Yes, my dear Alistair, our minds are not first causes, which is the very thing which you and your friends persistently maintain that they are. They are causes no doubt; but they are causes only because before being causes they are effects. This is what all the pre-scientific philosophers denied—what they could not see—what they had no means of seeing—what science alone could show."

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"You forget," replied Seaton, "that many of the pre-scientific philosophers denied the mind's freedom just as completely as science can. From one point of view it was denied by Kant himself."

"I'm not for the moment," said Glanville, "talking about freedom of the will, except by implication; but I shall perhaps make myself clearer if I deal with the point you raise. Imagine a number of clocks, each with its own mainspring, and each submitted to a separate variation of temperature. The rate of each clock will be different; and it will, of course, be determined partly by the temperature without, partly by the mechanism within; but in each the motive-power will be independent of that of the others. All great philosophers, Alistair—even Kant in his most deterministic moments—regarded our individual minds as a number of clocks like these. The movement of each might be as determined and as necessary as you please; but each had in its mainspring the source of its own activity. This is the central conception which science completely annihilates. It shows us that these clocks, which to Kant seemed separate mechanisms, are really parts of one universal train of wheel-work—that there is no such thing as a private mainspring in any of them—that the power which actuates each is equally external to all, and that it is for all the same. This, I say, is what modern science shows us; and in the light of what it shows us the old conception of the mind as a fountain of self-generated energy not only is seen to be false, but actually becomes unintelligible. And now," continued Glanville, "will you let me go on and explain to you how this new conception of the nature of the life of each of us—a conception which never till our own days has been more than a vague dream, but for us has assumed at last the form of an inevitable fact—affects our entire views of the moral and religious life—of the very meaning of the word religion?"

"To be sure," said Lady Snowdon. "It is this that we are all waiting for."

"Before dinner," said Glanville, "with a view to our present

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discussion, I copied out two or three passages from recent religious writers. I will read, or rather repeat, them to you. 'If human life,' says one of them, 'be merely, as science presents it to us, the sum of that physical process which begins with the organism and ends with it, every battle which man has fought for the sake of things spiritual is a battle that has been fought in vain. A man has routed the foe, but yet he has gained no victory.' Here is another pasage. 'What is the moral life, the life of spirit and of religion, but a ceaseless striving of what is best in us to subdue that which is worst? Who shall maintain that this striving, which is the deepest fact in our experience, is a striving which ends in nothingness?' And another writer says, 'I could much more easily believe that the Universe itself is a delusion than I could believe that the struggle for righteousness—the struggle towards an ethical God—is a struggle towards something which has no real existence.' Language of this kind is, of course, familiar to all of us. It is the very A B C of contemporary religious thought when protesting against the negations of science. Well," continued Glanville, "what I want to point out to you is, that the supposed negations of science, against which these familiar protests are directed, form no part of the teachings of modern science at all, but are a teaching which science repudiates as absolutely and as passionately as religion does."

"How do you make out that?" asked Lady Snowdon in some surprise. "If science, as it seems to do, denies us any future life, it surely denies the goal towards which the spiritual struggle directs itself."

"No," said Glanville, "it does not. It does something far more thorough. It denies that any such thing as a spiritual struggle exists. When religious thinkers talk about struggling and striving, the essential meaning at the heart of all their language is that the mind or the soul itself generates the force that struggles—that the struggle is more than a movement produced by antecedent causes—that it is not, like a

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turmoil of broken water in a river, a product of the river itself and some rock which obstructs its flowing, but an uprush of other water which is somehow its own source. It is this—let me say once more—it is this that science denies. When we think that we are struggling—when we think that we ourselves are pushing—we are merely being pushed like piston rods by the cosmic force behind us, or drawn, like iron to the magnet, by the cosmic force in front of us; and our so-called struggles are the clashings, momentarily conscious, of different conflicting currents that stream from the same well-head. In a word, science does not tell us that, if what it says be true, the moral and spiritual life is hopeless—is a struggle for a delusion. It tells us that our fundamental delusion is our belief in the struggle itself. It does not deny reality to anything that the soul sees. It simply puts the eye of the soul out, so that it sees nothing."

There was a short silence, which was broken by Mr. Brompton. "I confess," he said, somewhat brusquely, "that I don't see that myself."

"Perhaps not," replied Glanville. "It often takes some time to realise the details of a new landscape. But if science has any meaning at all, and if there is nothing but our current philosophies to stand between us and its conclusions, you and I and all of us, my dear Mr. Brompton, shall see it, if not now—we shall behold it, if not nigh; and when once we see this clearly we shall see religion no longer."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Hancock, "I am by no means so sure of that. It seems to me that the soul according to science is very much like the soul according to Buddhism. If we die with the dissolution of our brains, and are lost again in the Universe, this is merely a short cut to Nirvana; and if religion exists for the Buddhists, why may it not exist for us?"

"Between Buddhism and Science," said Glanville, "the practical difference is this. For the Buddhist, the individual soul, until it is lost in the world-soul, is a separate entity, just

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as it is for the Christian; its will is a self-generated force, and in order to attain Nirvana it must freely direct this force in a certain specified way. For science, the soul, as we have seen, has no power of self-direction at all; and whatever it does, or whatever it forbears to do, Nirvana is thrust on it in the one case just as surely as in the other. Buddhism, like Christianity, is a religion of struggle and striving. It assumes a species of action as the first of religious certainties which science rejects as the first of psychological impossibilities. I am sure, Lady Snowdon, you see the point of what I am saying."

"Perfectly," said Lady Snowdon. "I see the point of it all. If each of us is a momentary vortex in the general substance of the Universe, between each vortex and the Universe there can no more be any connection which any human being in his senses could call either moral or religious, than there could be between one of the ripples which Wordsworth admired at Westminster, and the waters of the Thames generally. Yes—what you say is no doubt perfectly logical; but our convictions are generally less logical than our arguments; and your arguments, my dear Mr. Glanville, would take away from us so much that they irritate me into questioning their right to take away anything. To a poor commonplace prejudiced woman like myself they would be more convincing if only they were less complete. It seems to me that they not only take our wills away from us, and our souls away from us, our heaven away from us, but our very identity as well. Now perhaps," said Lady Snowdon, "I've not a will of my own; though my poor dear father used always to maintain the contrary; and perhaps I am not so favoured as to be destined to sing psalms in heaven. Mr. Glanville may rob me of my will; he may rob me of the hundredth psalm; but I refuse to let him or anybody rob me of my own identity."

Glanville laughed. "And yet," he said, "that's exactly what science does—at least, if we use identity in the common sense of the word. When we speak of our own identity, we

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commonly mean two things. We mean first a consciousness of a self which we assume to be indivisible; and we mean secondly, a self-generating power of action. Well, we've just seen that if we look at things in the light of science this power of self-generating action, which we all habitually impute to ourselves, is of all delusions the completest—the most unthinkable. Our power of action is the power of life generally. It is not a power of the individual life, any more than the power of Niagara is a power which originates in the waterfall. I doubt, Lady Snowdon, if you're quite convinced as to that; and about this question of our identity you are more sceptical still. You ought to have heard Mr. Hancock, the other night at dinner, when he criticised the arguments of our Bishop, which were much the same as your own."

"What was it I did say?" asked Mr. Hancock with graceful modesty. "I suppose you mean what I said after the Bishop had left the dining-room—the dear excellent Bishop—having told us that the indissoluble and therefore the indestructible *ego* was the rock of ages on which natural theology builds itself. I said—and what I said is by this time a scientific truism—that the unity of the *ego* which the Bishop found so comforting is no more indestructible than the unity of a flower or a steam-engine. It is merely—I think these were my words—the unity of a co-ordinated organism."

"Come now," said Lady Snowdon, "this is just what I want to get at. But, my dear Mr. Hancock, you must put things into shorter words for us. What does the unity of the co-ordinated organism mean?"

"It means," said Mr. Hancock, "something which I think is very fairly simple. It means the co-operation of a number of causes in producing some result which we think of as a single fact. For instance, the movement, or the power to move, of a locomotive, is a single fact in a certain very practical sense: but the locomotive is made up of a variety of parts and processes; and by taking it gradually to pieces we could at first cripple its power, and at last destroy it altogether. In

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other words, the engine regarded as a moving mechanism is the sum or result of a multitude of co-ordinated parts. With the human mind the case is just the same. All the vital parts of the organism are co-ordinated parts of an engine whose functions achieve that unity which we call the mind or the self, because they minister to, and practically culminate in, a special tract of the brain which is the organ of thought and consciousness. If we take any one of these ministering parts away, the content of conscience and the faculties of the self are diminished. Could we inhibit the action of all, the content of consciousness would be a void."

"But still," said Lady Snowdon, "the single consciousness would remain, ready to be itself again when the ministering faculties were restored to it."

"Would it?" said Mr. Hancock. "Would it? The consciousness would remain, you think, no matter what happened; and always remain a unit, so long as the man lived. Now as to the first of these points, next time you're going to sleep, watch, so long as you can, what is really going on within you. You will find that your consciousness, by slow or by quick steps, is actually melting away, is being disintegrated before its own eyes. As modern psychologists have all agreed in observing, sleep is so common a fact that till lately we have been blind to its meaning: but its meaning now is plain to us, and can never be obscured again. It means that when the brain undergoes a certain change, the conscious self is for the time annihilated. With some other change in the brain it practically reappears in dreams, minus many of its waking faculties: whilst another brain-change again restores it to its old integrity. If the brain-movements of the sleeper were only arrested by death, when first he became unconscious, and before he began to dream, his individual mind, his conscious personal self, would—so far as science can tell us—have disappeared for ever. Well, Lady Snowdon, so much for the permanence of the self. Now we'll tackle its unity. You think that so long as it lasts the self is a simple thing—not composite—not put together

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out of other pre-existing elements. Now let me illustrate what I'm going to say by an example that will come home to you. All the world knows that you're one of the first of our amateur photographers. May I then ask you, if you were to take a stereoscopic picture, how many lenses you would make use of?"

"I never," said Lady Snowdon, "take stereoscopic pictures; but if I did, I suppose I should use two lenses. Does any one use half a dozen?"

"And for a single picture," continued Mr. Hancock, "you will tell me you use only one."

"As I cannot imagine myself," said Lady Snowdon, "having any motive for deceiving you, I should certainly tell you so, if you really were in need of the information."

"Good," said Mr. Hancock, rubbing his hands, "good. You would use what you would call one lens; but if you took it out of its brass mountings, you would find that your one lens was a union of two separate lenses, or perhaps even of three; each one of which, in a camera of sufficient focal length, might be used separately. Well, precisely the same thing is true of the individual mind or consciousness. Instead of being an indivisible mind, it is capable of being shaken to pieces, so that several individual minds shall reveal themselves within the same skull. I should dearly have liked to introduce you to some very good friends of mine—doctors in French hospitals, or workers in psychological laboratories."

"Psychological laboratories!" exclaimed Lady Snowdon. "And what sort of places may they be?"

"No doubt," said Mr. Hancock, "it surprises you to hear me speak of them. Educated people, even yet, are for the most part hardly aware that such institutions are already existing in their midst—institutions where the action of the mind is made the subject of scientific experiment. The very name psychological laboratory marks a new epoch in knowledge. It is like the flag of the British Empire planted in a new continent, and signalising the irresistible spread of what I may call

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scientific imperialism. Well, could I only have introduced you to some of our experimental psychologists, or our doctors who practise hypnotism as a regular treatment in hospitals, these men could have shown you specimens of the human being that would have startled you. They could have shown you women whose personality was so divided that the single organism lived two, three, or even four separate lives, in alternation, each life having its own isolated memory, and each being distinguished by a special and different character. Such specimens are exceptions, just as a camera lens would be if the makers sent it to you with its several lenses loose; but they show us, just as a lens so sent would show you, that a thing which we call a unity is really an aggregation of parts; and hypnotism as practised on more or less normal subjects exhibits the same fact in a no less astonishing way. It shows us how consciousness—how all that we once looked upon as the personality—can be temporarily got rid of, like a veil that is drawn aside; and then we see before us unconscious mind in its nakedness, ready to do the bidding of a personality outside itself. We see its hoards of habits and memories and feelings, lying like goods stored in a multitude of unroofed cellars. We see its mechanism, as we might see the mechanism of a theatre if the boarding of the stage were taken up and the scenes taken away. We see in fact every experimental sign of the truth of that conclusion which Mr. Glanville was just now describing to you—the conclusion, namely, that nothing exists in the individual which did not primarily exist somewhere outside him. But I've been taking the word out of Mr. Glanville's mouth. I wouldn't have done so if he hadn't, as I think, invited me to give an independent testimony to the bald accuracy of what he was telling us; and now that I've done this, perhaps he'll go on again."

"It is getting late," said Glanville; "and I don't know that, for the moment, there is much left for me to say. I will, however, pull the threads of our argument together; for the threads, in conversation, are apt to become scattered. Our

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object, to-night, was to ask ourselves whether, being by modern knowledge, and the subtle change in all our sentiments which has accompanied it, driven out from the shelter afforded us by an assumed supernatural revelation, we could find, through science, by our own rational faculties, anything like a religion in our own minds and the Universe. And if we are religious in any known sense of the word, we have found—let me put the matter plainly—that the answer to this question is No. And we have found that this is so for a very much deeper reason than any that was generally adduced even twenty years ago. Unbelievers formerly contented themselves with denying that our own minds or activities survived the dissolution of the body. Science now has carried into our hearts the yet more destructive conviction that not one of our activities—except for the fact that we are conscious of it—is our own at all; and that our consciousness itself, itself a mere momentary product, identifies itself with them for a moment only, and then is lost once more in the universal and unconscious mind. Our own activity, in short, is a part of the universal activity with which our consciousness thrills, but under which it is really passive. Our wills, our desires, our aversions, are forces; but they are forces of cosmic nature, like the chemical repulsions and attractions which keep molecules apart, or which unite them. Just as the conscious individual mind grows out of a larger unconscious individual mind which is behind it, so does the unconscious individual mind gradually grow out of the Universe. And now, my dear Alistair, let me return to your own philosophy. Except in one particular ours is the same as yours. The Universe, said your friend Hegel, is a thought of the Supreme Being. We say the same thing, altering only a particle. We say not that it is *a* thought of the Supreme Being, but that it is *the* thought: and we add that, so far as we know, this universal thought is unconscious; but that at separate points it attains a momentary consciousness in ourselves."

"Precisely," said Mr. Hancock. "So far as we know—

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precisely. The reality of the matter, Lady Snowdon, is the subject not of knowledge, but of agnosticism."

"Yes," said Glanville sharply, "but here I must insist on one thing. If we never can know that the Supreme Being is conscious—if His consciousness remains from us for ever hidden behind the veil—He is not conscious for us in any practical sense; and we practically don't doubt about His consciousness, but we deny it."

"Except," said Mr. Hancock, "except as a working hypothesis, supposing we should—though I don't say we are—in need of it."

"But," continued Glanville, taking no notice of this interruption, "while we look on the general mind as being conscious mind or no, religion, in the light of science, is utterly unaffected. In either case we are ourselves parts of this mind. We are so many processes or phenomena which it controls, not we. It is working inside us. It, not we, is ourselves, and all that is worst in us is a part of it, just as much as what is best. In no personal sense can it help us and come to our rescue, any more than the boiler of a locomotive can come to the rescue of the driving-wheel. However conscious it might be, it would regard us, its parts, not less impotently than its parts would regard it. Our prayer to it would be like spray blown back from the rocks. It would not ask about our poor separate destinies, as Matthew Arnold has said,

> More than it asks what waves,
> In the moonlit solitudes mild
> Of the midmost ocean have swelled,
> Foamed for a moment, and gone."

"I am not sure, Rupert," said Lord Restormel slowly, "that even thus some religion would not be possible, though it would be a religion transfigured beyond the recognition of the Churches."

"I am sure," said Seaton, "that a religion would still be

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possible, though I won't tax your patience to-night by trying even to hint how."

"I too," said Mr. Brompton, "am sure of the same thing, though perhaps my religious programme would differ from Mr. Seaton's."

"I," said Mr. Hancock, "am on the side of the angels also. I still stick to my doctrine of the Agnostic's working hypothesis."

"If I'd anything to drink," said Glanville, "I'd drink to the health of the hypothetical Church. Well, it seems we shall have plenty to talk about to-morrow; and the day after, I announce that I have a surprise in store for you. And so, Hancock, as you took the word out of my mouth just now, will you, as our chairman, let me take your word out of yours, and declare, to save time, that our second conference is concluded? I'll only do one thing more. Church services generally end with a hymn. I'm going to suggest that we end with a hymn to-night. It's a hymn that was written by my inspired friend, Lord Restormel: and what he has just said reminded me of it."

"A hymn by me!" exclaimed Lord Restormel. "My dear Rupert, you're dreaming."

"No," said Glanville, "though you may have been when you composed it. You were lying, wrapped up in a magnificent fur coat, when you and I, by moonlight, were sailing in a boat on the Hellespont; and the words were supposed to be spoken not by a congregation to the Deity, but by the Universe to the souls of men. Let us have it. Don't be modest. I'll start you with the first line:

Souls of myself, which are I, as the stars in their shining places—"

Lord Restormel raised himself in his chair, not wholly displeased by this appeal. He took a large cigar from his mouth, and, encouraged by the solicitations of the party, recited the following lines, in a slow melodious voice:

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"Souls of myself, which are I, as the stars in their shining places
Gaze with their thousand eyes all night long on the sea;
As the mirrored bride, as the bride from the depths of the mirror gazes,
Saying with silent lips, Beloved of his heart, thou art she!
As the eyes of the bridegroom look down on the eyes of the bride he embraces,
When his blood is as one with hers, and her soul is he;
So, oh souls of myself, which are mine, from your myriad faces,
I, the soul of you all—I gaze on me."

(To be continued.)

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AUGUST 1903

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TOMLINE'S ESTIMATE OF PITT

THE question of who should be Mr. Pitt's biographer engaged the anxious attention of his friends almost from the moment of his death. We know of several competitors. Henry Mackenzie, the author of "The Man of Feeling," who enjoyed a literary reputation which it is not easy to understand, was approached by some friends of his own. Lord Lowther, a devoted friend of the Minister, named a Mr. Stonard, a private tutor residing at Chertsey, and his nomination was approved by Lady Hester Stanhope. But Mr. Stonard's ultimate output seems to have consisted entirely of theological works, such as a commentary on the vision of Zechariah and a dissertation on the seventy weeks of Daniel, which seem to indicate but little the successful biographer of a statesman. Charles Long, Lord Farnborough, had some thoughts of doing the work himself. But all watched Tomline with vigilant and gloomy forebodings. They feared that he would undertake the task and that the result would be tedious and insufficient. Their anxieties were soon set at rest. Within six weeks of Pitt's death the Bishop had announced his intention of writing his life. Mulgrave, who entertained for Pitt the feelings of a brother, expressed his "doubt of the Bishop giving to the work the necessary brilliancy and animation of style which should distinguish the biography of so illustrious a character, a

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striking feature of which was that splendour of language which should at least not be neglected in describing him. It is highly important," he proceeds, "that there should be something in the manner of telling the facts which may keep alive to a late period the desire and pleasure of perusing them." Lord Camden also did "not seem to entertain any hope of a very spirited history from that quarter." Long trusted that any idea of the Bishop's undertaking it was quite out of the question. Even after the Bishop's announcement of his intention it was hoped that he would hand over his materials to some more competent hand. There had been some talk of Rose's undertaking the work in conjunction with Tomline, and Rose thought that the Bishop would have little hesitation in transferring it to Stonard. But nothing more was heard of such a project, or of Rose's partnership, or of Stonard's candidature. Tomline had determined to write the book, and to write it alone.

There is nothing to censure in this resolution. There was evident among Pitt's friends a tender jealousy, both of his friendship and his posthumous fame, which was a singular feature of their feeling for a statesman who was supposed to be cold and aloof. Of these friends Tomline was incomparably the earliest, and perhaps the closest. He had the first claim to undertake the task. Nor is our quarrel with him the same as that of his contemporaries. We do not demand "brilliancy and animation." We could readily have dispensed with "splendour of language," if only he would have told us something about Pitt which the whole world did not know already.

Paradoxical, too, as it may seem, a biographer who knew nothing of Pitt would have written a better book. For, satisfied with his own knowledge, the Bishop seems to have disdained any other materials. Many sources have thus dried up, in all probability, for ever. The widow of Pitt's early tutor, Wilson, is said to have had "papers of a very interesting nature indeed, and of great extent." Melville allowed

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that he had, as, indeed, was obvious, great masses of material, but all in his head and unwritten. So far as is known he was not asked to write anything, and wrote nothing. Much the same may be said of Long. Rose wrote a pamphlet on public finance, which is in effect a defence of Mr. Pitt's policy, and contains incidentally curious details of Mr. Pitt's private finance. From all these men and from countless others, such as Canning and Mulgrave, and the Liverpools, a man of literary instinct, even if personally unacquainted with Pitt, might have produced a book of living interest. Confident in his own resources the Bishop was too proud to look elsewhere.

The result we know. There is perhaps no greater proof of Mr. Pitt's hold on the interest and affection of his countrymen than the fact that they absorbed four editions of his "Life" by Tomline. There is no drearier book in all biography. The Annual Register, on which it appears to be modelled, is by comparison sparkling and vivid. And yet it might have been one of the most interesting of records. The life of a great statesman, which, outside Parliament, was passed in great seclusion, and of which we obtain tantalising glimpses which make us eager for more, when revealed by his earliest, latest, and most intimate friend, would have been a work of world-wide and permanent value. This is the narrative that Tomline might have written. What he did actually write we know. Never was the familiar figure of the desert apple, affording all hope to the guileless at a distance and all dust within, exemplified with more startling exactness.

Tomline must have felt that he had failed, in spite of the four editions. He only published three volumes (at first two in quarto) out of four, and though he survived their publication by six years, and had practically completed his task in manuscript, he published no more. He declared, that he could not without offence publish the whole truth as to Pitt's later years until after the death of Addington, who survived Tomline seventeen years, and of Grenville, who survived him seven, as

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well as we may presume of Lady Grenville also. Had he waited for the disappearance of the last, the last volume would have had to wait for forty-three years from the publication of the first; for she survived Tomline no less than thirty-seven. It must indeed be admitted that he was restrained by the extinct delicacy of reticence. It is only bare justice to him to say that he seems to have held private life as sacred, and that it was an agony to him to publish what might be considered as infringing on that sanctity.

Anything approaching a personal touch seems to have affected him with a qualm which was a pain. A good instance of this is the almost maidenly reserve with which he confides to his readers that Mr. Pitt was well acquainted with the Bible. The Bishop narrates this in a footnote, as if it were a damaging and distressing fact. "I may, I trust, be allowed to mention the following anecdote." Such prudery is refreshing in these days; valuable in a writer, insufficiently appreciated by readers. But then he ought not to have been a biographer. Reticence, unguided by discrimination, reticence which seems the effect of an absolute vow of silence, is a biographical vice. Tomline's idea of a biography was a digest of all that had been published on the subject.

So the Bishop, after the first thirty pages, rarely touches on anything with regard to his pupil and friend which might not have been learned from the public press. And in his preface he states that he had felt it incumbent upon him in writing the history of so recent a period to suppress many circumstances and anecdotes of a more private nature, supplied by papers in his possession and other authentic sources, relating to his friends as well as to his enemies, although they would have thrown additional lustre on the character of Mr. Pitt. This is mere barbarity. It is of a piece with those too familiar diaries which abound in entries of this kind: "Dined with Burke and Sheridan. Conversation most brilliant. Home at midnight."

A fourth volume was, we are told, prepared which was to

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deal mainly with Pitt's private life. Alas! though the fourth volume was prepared it is of the same type as the others; though there is indeed a portion which may be said to deal with Pitt's private life and character. It is this portion which, by the kindness of Mr. Pretyman, I am now enabled to publish.

Even in this chapter there is scarcely anything that we did not know before. But it is valuable in the way of confirmation. Considering his anxious reticence and his intimacy with Pitt, it may be taken for certain that when Tomline states any fact about Pitt it is a fact beyond dispute. Thus he establishes beyond question that there was an idea of marriage between Pitt and Mademoiselle Necker (for it cannot be doubted that she was the "rich heiress"), though this has often been questioned. He also mentions that there was an overture of the same kind for the daughter of "a person of the highest rank in this kingdom," probably the Duchess of Gordon. What he says too of Pitt's health is not without interest. As events gravely affecting Pitt's physical condition he mentions the defection of Lord Grenville in 1804, though, according to received tradition, Pitt professed to disdain it. In the same category he places the impeachment of Lord Melville. He considers that these occurrences, "added to the anxiety arising from the alarming situation of the country," produced a material and disastrous effect on Pitt's enfeebled health, and that the news of the battle of Austerlitz dealt the final blow. More novel is the statement that the physicians declared that they saw no danger till January 22, the day before the end. This is in contradiction with Sir Walter Farquhar's statement that after the interview with Lords Hawkesbury and Castlereagh, on January 18, the symptoms became truly and immediately alarming. The statements might perhaps be reconciled by the hypothesis that the physicians feared that the interview on religion and on testamentary matters, which the Bishop wished to have with Mr. Pitt, would have an injurious effect on the patient. Yet the opinion of the physicians is confirmed to some extent in

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a contemporary letter from Tomline himself. Lord Essex writing to Lord Lowther on January 17 (for the date though omitted is self-evident) states that "a letter Lord Henry read us from the Bishop of Lincoln this morning, written at seven o'clock last night, mentions the extreme debility of Mr. Pitt, and that it would be necessary to lift him from his bed for a moment to his couch that the former might be made. Thus you see his weakness is terrible. . . . The physicians, and Baillie in particular, still say that no symptoms of real alarm show themselves. . . ." The account of the deathbed is sufficiently familiar, for it is much the same as that which the Bishop furnished for Gifford's "Life of Pitt." But there is one remarkable omission. The biographers of Pitt have been accustomed to lay stress on his dying allusion to the innocency of his life. This the Bishop omits, but it rests on his own authority. Three weeks after Pitt's death Tomline told Rose, then his guest, the intimate detail of what had passed in the last interview, "from which," says Rose, "I learned that, although he was too weak to say much, he (when he spoke of his neglect of prayer) alluded to the innocency of his life, and expressed a confident hope of the mercy of God through the intercession of his Redeemer; and that with great fervour." When the accuracy and devotion of Rose are remembered, it may be felt that the testimony of his journal is authority enough. The last articulate words are recorded as "Oh, my country!"

Of intimate detail there is little or none, with one signal exception. Mr. Pitt's power of sound and ready sleep, so necessary to a Minister, was already well known, though it is generally illustrated by an anecdote relating to the Mutiny of the Nore and not to the Westminster Scrutiny. There is a notable record, which may be cited hereafter as a constitutional precedent, of Mr. Pitt's laying down the rule that a Minister must be ready to give the assistance of his judgment whenever it might be useful to the public, and that he could not shelter himself from this responsibility by pleading that the subject

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between Pitt and Fox, which is admirably stated and eminently true. The vindication of Pitt is of the usual contemporary indiscriminating kind. But this in itself is no disparagement of its subject. The followers and devotees of Pitt loved and trusted their hero without reserve; they neither carped nor qualified. Political enemies and lampoons there were, of course, in abundance. Fox wrote and spoke bitterly of him in private. One contemporary, who lived to a great age, sold for a song in his later years a noble portrait of Pitt because he could not bear to see it on his walls. Whig tradition still insinuates that the Minister died not of stricken patriotism but of port wine. All this may be easily explained and condoned by long exclusion from office. Angels would be soured by protracted opposition, if indeed it could be imagined that angels could ever be mixed up with politics. The enmity of the generous Windham is more difficult to explain. But the lesson to be learned from the long career of Pitt, with all its failures and all its animosities, is easily taught. The venom of mere rancour passes like the poison of a gnat: whatever be the verdict as to policy and success, it is character that survives.

One last word as to Tomline. He must not be condemned because he was a poor biographer and wrote a bad book. Many good men have written bad books. Biography requires sympathy and Tomline was cold. Men of genius have written bad books, and Tomline was not a man of genius. But he was beyond question a man of ability. He was a considerable theologian. The friendship of Pitt was given to him, no doubt, not on account of capacity but of early and faithful attachment. Yet it must be remembered that all Pitt's friends were men of real talent: none others were admitted. Tomline, no doubt, was unpopular; partly from manner; partly because he was fortunate; partly, perhaps, because he was held to be grasping; mainly, no doubt, because he was the confidant of the all-powerful Minister. Men who did not care to quarrel with Pitt, were eager to lay the odium of their

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mortifications or disappointments on the shoulders of the favoured ecclesiastic. These deductions should be made from the cold criticism that was measured out to Tomline. The judgment of posterity differs from that of contemporaries in not grudging to a man his success; it also remembers and appreciates the fidelity of devoted friendship.

ROSEBERY.

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CHAPTER XXVII

Illness and Death of Mr. Pitt—Measures of his Second Administration—His Character, Public and Private—Honours paid to his Memory

THE indisposition of Mr. Pitt has been incidentally mentioned on several occasions, and it is now necessary to enter into that subject with some detail. Though the severe illness with which he was attacked, upon his first going to Cambridge in 1773, was followed by an apparently complete recovery, and he was usually considered, at the age of eighteen and for several years afterwards, as a healthy man, the medical gentlemen who had attended him observed from his infancy a delicacy of constitution and a strong tendency to gout, which he inherited from his father. Mr. Pitt's first attack of that disorder was in 1789, when he was about thirty years old. Several of his intimate friends perceived an unfavourable alteration in his health as early as the year 1793, but he had no complaint of so serious a nature as to call for the advice of a physician till 1795. In that year he for the first time consulted Sir Walter Farquhar, who found him in a state of general debility, and thought that the functions of the stomach and bowels were materially impaired. In the course of his attendance he remarked that the unpleasant symptoms were constantly aggravated by any extraordinary pressure of business, or by public events which excited unusual interest or anxiety. He earnestly recommended relaxation from the duties of his political station, but that was impossible, and medicines, however judicious, had not the effect, while the mind was agitated, of checking the progress of bodily disease. Mr. Pitt's health gradually declined, and his powers of exertion were visibly diminished. He was frequently unable to attend the House of Commons, and his ordinary official occupations became irksome and fatiguing.

This uncomfortable state of Mr. Pitt's health did not escape the notice of the King; and his Majesty, in his letters to him, frequently alluded to it with great kindness and solicitude. Upon returning the draft of the intended speech at the close of the session in 1798, the King expressed himself in this manner: "I am sorry Mr. Pitt makes no mention of his health, but I must insist on his now not longer deferring taking such remedies as his physician may think most likely to reinstate it. I understand Cheltenham first, succeeded by Bath, is what he means to propose. If my information be just, I desire this may without delay be submitted to, for allowing bile or unformed gout to undermine a constitution may lead to the most fatal consequences. I write this openly from the very great consequence of the subject, and the real affection I bear to Mr. Pitt." Mr. Pitt, however, could not find leisure to follow the advice of his physician or to obey the commands of his Sovereign

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and he continued to struggle against his complaints till he retired from the Treasury in 1801.

By that time his constitution was seriously injured, and the release from official employment and anxiety by no means restored his health. He continued in a fluctuating state till September 1802, when he was seized at Walmer Castle[1] with a most violent illness of a bilious nature, and his life was for some hours in imminent danger. By the skill and attention of Sir Walter Farquhar, who was sent for from London, he so far recovered as to be able to go to Bath at the end of October, and the waters of that place were of considerable service to him, without however accomplishing a radical cure. After this he had occasional attacks of gout and other disorders; but he resumed his attendance in Parliament in May 1803, and continuing it with some interruptions, he was in the following May reappointed to the high office of First Minister. The defection of Lord Grenville on that occasion was the source of great uneasiness to him, both on public and private grounds, and the impeachment of his friend and colleague, Lord Melville, in the following session was a still more painful occurrence. These were events which made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind in its present debilitated state, and when added to the anxiety arising from the alarming situation of the country, materially increased the disorders to which he had been for some time subject. Recourse was had to medicines, and a strict regard to diet was recommended and observed, but these operated only as temporary palliatives, and every fresh attack of illness left him weaker than the preceding. In the summer and autumn of 1805 Sir Walter Farquhar repeatedly urged the necessity of his retiring altogether from public life; but Mr. Pitt's answer always was, that he would rather die at his post than desert it. In October and November of that year he suffered more than at any former period, and being conscious that unless some considerable improvement in his health took place he should not be equal to the business of the approaching session of Parliament, he was easily prevailed upon to try again the effect of Bath waters, from which he had derived benefit three years before. He went to Bath early in December, and in a few days the waters produced a regular fit of the gout in the foot, which was considered as a favourable circumstance. The gout soon disappeared, and he resumed the use of the waters, which immediately brought on a second fit of the gout, attended with most threatening symptoms. His person became suddenly emaciated; his strength was greatly reduced; his appetite entirely failed; his countenance was totally changed; his eyes were lifeless; and his voice was hollow—in short, his whole appearance was that of a man sinking into his grave. In this state he received intelligence of the disastrous battle of Austerlitz, which instantly caused an accession of fever with other formidable sensations. Sir Walter Farquhar was summoned from London, and he held a

[1] A house on the coast near Deal, which belonged to Mr. Pitt as Warden of the Cinque Ports.

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consultation with the Bath physicians, at which it was agreed that Mr. Pitt must not drink the waters any more, and that it was advisable for him to be removed to London or its neighbourhood.

He left Bath on the 9th of January, accompanied by Sir Walter Farquhar, and reached his house on Putney Heath on the 11th, without any material fatigue or inconvenience from the journey. I went to him on the 12th, and was shocked to observe the great change which had taken place in him since the beginning of December. On that day there was a consultation at Putney of Sir Walter Farquhar, Dr. Reynolds, and Dr. Baillie, all of whom declared that they saw no positive disease or organic defect, but great weakness from the gout, which they trusted might be removed in a few weeks by care and quiet. At their desire it was settled that I should remain in the house and open all Mr. Pitt's letters, with full liberty to communicate to him such only as I should think not likely to cause any agitation or excitement. In obedience to the directions of his physicians, who were extremely anxious that his mind should be kept in a tranquil state, he made no inquiry of me concerning public matters, and in general I abstained from all conversation upon such points; but one day having received intelligence from one of the Ministers of an event which I knew to be agreeable to his wishes, though not fully expected, I mentioned it to him, and he immediately replied, "I am glad to hear it; I was afraid to ask."

On the morning of the 18th he took an airing in his coach, and in the latter part of the day he felt himself so much better that he was induced to see and converse with Lord Hawkesbury and Lord Castlereagh, who were then Secretaries of State. This, though short, was an unfortunate interview, for he acknowledged to Sir Walter Farquhar the next day that, while he was talking earnestly with them upon an important and interesting subject, he suddenly felt as if he was cut in two. On the 14th he again went out in his carriage for the last time, and after his return he saw, for the last time also, his brother, Lord Chatham. On the 15th the physicians had another consultation, and their report was unfavourable, and still more so on the 17th, when they acknowledged that Mr. Pitt would not be able to attend to any business for two months, and they expressed a doubt whether he would be in a state to take an active part in the House of Commons during the session. My own idea of Mr. Pitt's situation had, from his first arrival at Putney from Bath, been such that I had continually pressed the physicians to permit me to call his attention to religious duties, and to desire him to give instructions respecting his affairs and papers; but to my surprise, they constantly affirmed that they saw no danger, and refused their sanction to any proceeding which, by creating agitation of mind in their patient, might be productive of mischief. I now urged my request still more strongly, adding that surely Mr. Pitt ought at least to be made acquainted with their opinion of the probable duration of his illness, that he might judge of the propriety of his resigning or retaining

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office; but I received the same peremptory refusal, and was compelled to acquiesce against my own judgment.

He became daily weaker, and in every respect worse, and very early in the morning of the 22nd Sir Walter Farquhar informed me that he could no longer object to my making any communication I might wish to Mr. Pitt. I immediately went to his bedside and told him that I found it incumbent upon me to acquaint him that his situation was considered very precarious, and therefore I requested leave to read prayers and administer the Sacrament to him. He looked earnestly at me for a few moments, and then turning to Sir Walter Farquhar, who was standing on the other side of the bed, asked with perfect composure, "How long do you think I have to live?" Sir Walter answered that he could not tell, and expressed a faint hope that he might recover. A half smile upon Mr. Pitt's countenance showed that he himself entertained no such hope, and addressing himself to me, he said, "I fear I have, like many other men, neglected prayer too much to have any ground to hope that it can be efficacious on a death-bed; but," rising in his bed as he spoke and clasping his hands together with the utmost fervour and devotion, "I throw myself *entirely*," the last word being pronounced with a strong emphasis, "upon the mercy of God through the merits of Christ." I ventured to assure him that the frame of his mind at the present moment was exactly such as might reasonably be expected to render prayer acceptable and efficacious. He then, after a little preparatory conversation, joined me in prayer with calm and humble piety. After the prayers were finished, but while I was still kneeling and unable to restrain my feelings, which he observed, he took hold of my hand, and in a manner and in a tone of voice which are indelibly impressed upon my mind, said to me, "I cannot sufficiently thank you for all your kindness to me throughout life." I was too much overpowered to make any reply. *Luctus leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.* After a short pause, I entreated him to reflect seriously upon the change which, it was feared, he was about to undergo, and he repeatedly expressed in the strongest terms a sense of his own unworthiness to appear in the presence of God, disclaiming all ideas of merit, but with a conscience evidently clear and undisturbed. He appealed to my knowledge of the steadiness of his religious faith and principles, and said that it had ever been his wish and endeavour to act rightly, and to fulfil his duty to God and to the world; but that he was sensible of many errors and failures. He declared himself perfectly resigned to the Divine Will, that he felt no enmity towards any one, but died in peace with all mankind, and expressed his hope, at once humble and confident, of eternal happiness through the intercession of his Redeemer.

Upon my asking whom he wished to settle his affairs and to take charge of his papers, he replied, "My brother, but not my brother only—I wish you to be joined with him." And when I asked what directions he had to give upon that subject, he called for pen, ink, and paper, but being too weak to

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write legibly, he dictated to me what he wished to be written, and after reading it signed the paper,[1] but not without difficulty, in the presence of Sir Walter Farquhar and several of his servants, who were in the room while he was engaged in his religious duties, and heard him profess the faith, and hope, and charity of an humble and pious Christian. He afterwards said, "I wish a thousand or fifteen hundred pounds a year to be given to my nieces (meaning the three Lady Stanhopes[2]), if the public should think my long services deserving of it, but I do not presume to think that I have earned it." He also spoke of the Mr. Stanhopes, who were his cousins[3], and whom particular family circumstances had led him to have much with him, and he lamented that they would be left destitute; but correcting himself, he added, "I ought not to say destitute, as their father is living."

Mr. Pitt was much exhausted by these exertions, and when I again proposed to administer the Sacrament, he desired to rest a little. I did not think it right to press this point at that moment, as Sir Walter Farquhar's opinion was that he might continue in his present state for some short time, and I hoped for another opportunity, with his full consent, and when he should be free from all previous agitation. That opportunity, however, did not occur. He soon became much worse; and falling into a sort of stupor, which continued with short intervals of returning intellect, his soul departed in a gentle sigh at a quarter past four on Thursday morning, the 23rd of January 1806, the anniversary of that day on which, twenty-five years before, he had taken his seat as a Member of the House of Commons. He was in the forty-seventh year of his age.[4]

Soon after Mr. Pitt arrived at Putney, the King sent Sir Herbert Taylor, his Private Secretary, from Windsor to me to inquire into the state of Mr. Pitt's health, and by his Majesty's command I wrote an account of Mr. Pitt every day to Sir Herbert Taylor. The King evinced the greatest anxiety and regard for Mr. Pitt throughout his illness.

Mr. Pitt's second administration lasted only about twenty months, and the following were his principal measures in that short period. He introduced Bills for the more commodious classification of the Stamp Duties, and

[1] This paper was proved as his will, and it appointed Lord Chatham and myself executors.

[2] His only other niece, Miss Eliot, now Lady Pringle, the daughter of the Honourable Edward James Eliot and Lady Harriet Pitt, did not stand in need of any provision from the public.

[3] Lord Stanhope had three daughters by his first wife, who was Mr. Pitt's elder sister, and three sons by his second wife, who was daughter of Mr. Henry Grenville and first cousin to Mr. Pitt.

[4] This account of the last illness and death of Mr. Pitt is in substance the same as is contained in Mr. Gifford's "Life of Mr. Pitt," with which at his request I furnished him, thinking that a correct statement—many erroneous ones being in circulation—would be not only interesting in itself and honourable to Mr. Pitt, but serviceable to the cause of religion. With that hope I now repeat it, with some additional circumstances.

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for regulating and arranging the payments of the Civil List, the amount of which was insufficient to answer its increased expenditure, caused by the advance of price in all the necessaries of life. He brought forward a plan for augmenting the military force of the country, which comprised the two objects of providing regular soldiers for general service, and occasional ones for internal defence, in case the threatened invasion should be carried into execution. He procured a supply of gunboats and other smaller vessels to annoy the enemy in crossing the Channel, and by an active attention to every branch of the naval department, the whole of which had been grossly neglected while Lord St. Vincent was at the head of the Admiralty, he laid the foundation for the decisive and glorious victory off Trafalgar over the combined fleets of France and Spain. He ordered expeditions, which proved successful, against the Dutch Colony of Surinam and the Cape of Good Hope; and by his promptitude and spirited conduct he got possession of the Spanish treasure ships from South America, just as they were entering the Port of Cadiz. By his exertions a powerful confederacy was formed, admirably calculated to rescue Europe from its state of thraldom and dependence; but it was unfortunately rendered abortive by events over which he had no control.

After the detailed account which has been given of Mr. Pitt's public conduct for a series of five-and-twenty years, in office and out of office, in time of peace and in time of war, it seems scarcely necessary to say anything concerning his general political character. An attentive consideration of the plain and simple statement of facts contained in these memoirs cannot fail to enable my readers to appreciate his merits, and to form a correct judgment of the estimation in which he deserves to be held. Conduct is the best test of character, and actions are the only proof of principles which can be safely relied upon. I shall therefore only briefly recapitulate what has been already advanced, with a few additional remarks.

It was the lot of Mr. Pitt to live at a period the most eventful in the annals of the world, and being entrusted with the government of these kingdoms at an age[1] of which there is no other instance, and without passing through the subordinate gradations of office, he filled that high station for an unusual length of time. He found the country in a most impoverished and exhausted state, in consequence of a long and unsuccessful war, and by a variety of financial measures and regulations he increased its revenue, extended its commerce, restored public credit, and established plans for the reduction of the existing and all future public debts. Never, perhaps, was there a more favourable change in the condition of any nation than in that of England in the first nine years of Mr. Pitt's administration. Gloom and dejection were gradually dispelled; difficulties and embarrassments of every description were removed; and a degree of general improvement took place, far beyond the

[1] Mr. Pitt was in his twenty-fifth year when he was appointed First Lord of the Treasury, having refused that situation nine months before.

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hopes of the most sanguine. This growing prosperity was unfortunately interrupted by the restless ambition and unprovoked aggression of the revolutionary government of France, and Mr. Pitt, after the successful cultivation of the arts of peace, was called upon to conduct a war attended with circumstances of a most unparalleled nature.

He had to contend not merely against the power of France, as it had been exerted in former wars with this country. In room of the ancient Monarchy of that kingdom was substituted a nominal Republic, which compelled its whole population to become soldiers; and not content with having recourse to the ordinary modes of raising money, it seized upon all private property for the pretended service of the State. The number of the soldiers and the amount of the expenditure were equally unknown at any former period of the history of France. The success of their arms on the Continent corresponded with these violent efforts, which far exceeded the means of any regular legitimate government. Though rent with intestine divisions, and suffering under the most galling oppression, France acquired a vast addition of territory, and exercised an unlimited control over Italy, Spain, and the United Provinces. Nor was this all. The French Republic avowed a determination to pay no regard to the laws which had long regulated the intercourse of civilised nations with each other, or to the hitherto acknowledged rights of independent States. The men who, by acts of rebellion, treason, and regicide, had usurped sovereign authority in France, endeavoured also to propagate in other countries the principles which, under the prostituted name of liberty, had led to those dreadful enormities; and they openly offered their assistance in revolutionising every nation of Europe. Representing all established governments as tyrannical, they invited the people everywhere to assert the imprescriptible rights of man, and shake off the yoke under which they were groaning. Their malicious attempts were peculiarly directed against Great Britain; and it unfortunately happened, that these novel and pernicious doctrines were not only adopted by the disaffected and turbulent in the lower classes of our community, but they found advocates among persons of high rank and distinguished abilities, but, certainly in this instance, deficient either in sagacity or patriotism, whose weight and influence materially aggravated the complicated danger to which this country was exposed from foreign foes, aided by domestic traitors. Other wars had threatened our Colonial possessions and commercial prosperity; but the present was a new species of warfare, waged against every tie that connects society together, destructive of all property, and subversive of all order and all moral and religious obligation. England was denominated a second Carthage, soon to be overwhelmed by the superior military strength of France; and it was unreservedly declared, that the existence of the British Government was incompatible with that of the French Republic.

The contest became truly arduous and interesting; and, happily for Great Britain, and, indeed, for the whole world, Mr. Pitt succeeded in his principal

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objects. He saved the Constitution, he preserved internal tranquillity, and he provided so fully for the internal security of the kingdom, that our enemies were deterred from executing their boasted threat of invasion. Besides which, his wisdom and his vigour raised the military and naval glory of Great Britain to a height which it had never before attained. By his judicious distribution and employment of our forces under active and able commanders, we retained all our own distant possessions, and captured nearly the whole of those which belonged to France, Spain, and Holland. We lost not a single foot of land in any quarter of the globe, while our conquests were of immense extent and value; and our victories at sea were so splendid and decisive, that the few remaining ships of France and her allies never again ventured to leave their own ports. The British fleets rode everywhere triumphant and unopposed.

The decrees of Providence did not permit him to witness the issue of this tremendous struggle; but nearly ten years after his death it was brought to a safe and honourable termination by a steady perseverance in his system; and indeed all succeeding Ministers have studied to obtain the confidence of the public by declaring their determination to adhere to the principles of Mr. Pitt. His name and authority are still decisive upon every question, whether of domestic or of foreign policy. Though removed from this earthly scene, his spirit has continued to guide the counsels of his country, and though dead, he has been as if he still lived.

We have seen that the circumstances in which Mr. Pitt was placed were of a kind so singular and extraordinary, that it was in vain to seek for assistance and instruction from similar events in the history of any former period. They required a new mode of relieving the embarrassments in trade and of supporting public credit; a new system of finance; a new mode of internal defence; a new mode of recruiting the army and manning the navy; a new mode of checking the dissemination of dangerous principles; a new mode of defeating the plots and machinations of domestic traitors; a new mode of guarding against the apprehension of famine caused by a succession of unproductive harvests—all these indispensable measures were supplied by the fertile genius of Mr. Pitt. He found a remedy for every evil, a support under every difficulty, an expedient against every danger. Who would have thought that the country could have borne, without some great convulsion, the mutiny of its sailors, the failure of the funding system in the midst of an expensive war, or the stoppage of cash payments at the bank; and still more, that it could have so completely annihilated both the navy and the trade of the other three great maritime powers of the western part of Europe, that not a single ship or vessel of theirs was to be met at sea? The spirit of the nation rose with an elastic force in proportion to the increase of pressure; and that can be ascribed only to the confidence felt by the people that every effort would be used and every plan adopted for their safety which human wisdom could

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suggest. If the most sanguine man in the kingdom had been desired in 1793 to deliver an opinion of the exertions which this country was capable of making, and of the resources which it possessed for carrying on the war, his estimate would have fallen infinitely short of those numerous fleets and armies which we sent forth to victory, and of those pecuniary supplies which have been furnished, not only for our own use, but to assist our allies in their support of the common cause; or if any one had ventured to predict that the contest might be maintained for twenty years, and that the revenue, the commerce, and the power of Great Britain would be far greater at the end than at the beginning of the war, and that the destruction of the most dangerous dominion ever known in Europe, and the settlement of the balance between the continental states upon a permanent and peaceful footing would be chiefly owing to the influence of the British Government, who would have believed assertions so improbable?

Let it not, however, be supposed that Mr. Pitt was friendly to war—on the contrary, he entered into it with the utmost reluctance, and not till he was convinced that the only alternative was between war and the sacrifice of the honour and independence of his country. Look at Sardinia, look at Genoa, look at Switzerland, look at Venice, and then say what would have been the fate of Great Britain if she had carried her neutrality and aversion from war to the length of tamely submitting to insult and injury. In the early part of his administration, Mr. Pitt directed his principal attention to the improvement of the revenue and to the liquidation of the national debt; and he had already proceeded so far as to repeal taxes to a considerable amount, and to hold out the prospect of a further alleviation of the public burdens in every succeeding year. In war he could not but foresee the disappointment and ruin of these hopes, and absolute necessity alone could have induced him to abandon his favourite plans. But when driven to commence hostilities, he prosecuted them with equal energy and success; and if Austria, Prussia, Spain, and Holland had been as true to themselves as Great Britain was to herself, if, laying aside all selfish jealousy and regard to separate interests, they had acted with spirit, cordiality, and mutual fidelity to each other against the common enemy, the Republic of France would soon have been annihilated, or at least a speedy end would have been put to her conquests and aggrandisement. She would not have extended her boundary to the Alps and to the Rhine, and have made a large portion of the rest of Europe subservient to her will. Mr. Pitt could not replace the Bourbons on the throne of France, which was confessedly his wish, though disclaimed as the object of the war, because the people of France, or her armies at least, were not desirous of the restoration of Monarchy; he could not conquer the French levies *en masse*, because the population of the British Isles did not furnish a sufficient number of troops, and because the Emperor of Austria, and the kings of Prussia and Spain had not Ministers like himself, and because the sovereigns themselves were unlike

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the sovereigns of Great Britain. But he could call forth the resources of his own country in men and money; he could raise sailors for the navy and soldiers for the army sufficient to gain victories at sea which astonished the world, to deprive the French of their own colonies, and to expel them from a conquered province of a distant empire, their possession of which would have endangered our valuable dominions in the East; he could rouse all ranks of the community to a spirit of patriotism, loyalty, and courage, which determined them to undergo every extremity rather than yield their country a prey to an enemy whose invariable practice it was to inflict upon the vanquished every injury and calamity, and who had avowed the most revengeful hatred against the English.

At every period of this zealous and glorious prosecution of the war, Mr. Pitt anxiously watched for an opportunity to bring it to a conclusion. The first moment a government was instituted in France with any prospect of stability, without regarding its form he proposed a negotiation for peace; and when one negotiation had failed, he availed himself of a change of circumstances and proposed a second, which was attended with no better success. On both these occasions, and particularly on the latter, he gave the most unequivocal proof of moderation, disinterestedness, and an earnest desire to put an end to the evils and calamities which had so long afflicted the world. He offered to surrender nearly the whole of our acquisitions by the war, as the means of obtaining for our allies such a restoration of the countries and places they had lost as should preserve that balance of power in Europe which was essential to the safety and independence of the several states; and his demand to retain a small part of our conquests proceeded solely from a wish to guard against future projects of ambition. But these liberal and reasonable terms were rejected by the republican rulers of France, either from the idea of war being indispensable for the maintenance of their own power, or from a desire to aggrandise France by the extension of her dominions at the expense of her neighbours, or perhaps from a combination of both those motives; and thus the continuance of the war became as much a matter of compulsion on the part of Great Britain, as its original commencement had been. When no longer in office, he assisted his successor in the negotiations which terminated in the Peace of Amiens, evincing the sincerity of his declarations in favour of peace, whenever it could be obtained upon fair conditions, and with even a slender probability of its permanence. He unwillingly consented to the renewal of the contest as a measure again of indispensable necessity, and the misconduct of the war under a feeble and incapable administration led to his return to office. The country was once more placed by him in a state of safety, and under his auspices fresh laurels were acquired by our navy.

War, then, is not to be considered as at any time the voluntary choice of Mr. Pitt; and instead of blaming him for those inevitable evils which it brought, we ought to feel thankful that we escaped the far greater ones which

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an opposite policy must have caused. Let any one reflect upon the conduct of the French Government towards other countries, from the meeting of the Legislative Assembly till absolute power was usurped and exercised by a military despot of boundless and unscrupulous ambition, and he will be convinced that Great Britain could not at a previous period have purchased peace at any price short of the surrender of her independence, the subversion of her Constitution, the loss of all her blessings, public and private, and an ignominious subjection to the iron yoke of revolutionary France. For an exemption from such a state of national disgrace and ruin, and of individual distress and misery, this kingdom is, under Providence, indebted to Mr. Pitt. Great Britain, during his life, was the only country which manfully and effectually withstood the aggrandising and pernicious schemes of the common enemy of all civilised states and of every established government; and at last Europe, by following her example, has been restored to peace and a just equipoise of political power. Mr. Pitt had reason to complain of the undue performance or total abandonment of treaties and engagements by foreign states; but on every occasion while he was in office the public faith of this nation was rigidly observed, and the most generous regard was shown to the interests of our Allies.

Mr. Pitt's administration forms a consistent whole, and all its various parts are founded on the same principle, and give a force and support to each other; but, if we may be allowed to consider them separately, we may observe that his measures respecting commerce and finance, beneficial and important as they were, sink into nothing when compared with the checks which he opposed to the progress of Jacobinism, and the barrier he erected against the gigantic power of revolutionary France. Through his exertions this kingdom escaped the miseries which must ever attend the theatre of war; and while other nations were overrun by a cruel and desolating enemy, and deprived of their ancient forms of government, Great Britain continued to enjoy in internal tranquillity all its civil and political blessings, undiminished and unimpaired. It ought, however, to be remembered that Mr. Pitt's system of finance was the main cause which enabled this country to carry on the war and conclude it with success. If the Sinking Funds of 1786 and 1792 had not been established, if public credit had not been supported and pecuniary distress relieved, if our commerce and revenue had not been increased by wise and spirited laws and regulations, and if extraordinary means had not been resorted to for raising the necessary supplies, our Constitution would not have survived the struggle in its full purity and vigour; England, and with her the rest of Europe, must have submitted to the mighty conqueror, the battle of Waterloo would never have been gained, and Bonaparte would not have ended his days, ingloriously for himself but happily for the world, in the distant island of St. Helena.

The steps which Mr. Pitt was induced to take for the maintenance of public tranquillity were sometimes complained of as infringing the liberties of the people; but in his justification it may be asserted that the existing laws

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were not applicable to the practices and designs of modern innovators, that not a single act of oppression or needless severity occurred during his administration, and that, while the schemes of the ill-disposed were frustrated, the Constitution itself was strengthened and improved. Novel modes of attack called for these additional precautions and securities, which were so well adapted to the temper and character of the times, that they averted the danger without subjecting the peaceable part of the community to any serious inconvenience, especially when compared with the evils against which they were directed, and which other nations, from the want of the same vigour and ability in their governments, actually suffered. Jacobin arms and Jacobin principles, more or less successful in every other country of Europe, lost their force when resisted by the energy and wisdom of British counsels.

Such were the public services of Mr. Pitt; but incalculably valuable as they were, he had to encounter, in every part of his official career, a systematic and most determined opposition in Parliament, and particularly from one person of consummate ability. Eminent, however, as were the talents of Mr. Fox, it does not appear that they have any claim to be considered as materially advantageous to his country. Although he was thirty-eight years a Member of the House of Commons, and three times Secretary of State [1]—and no one will deny that his whole parliamentary life was a period affording ample opportunity for the display of practical and useful abilities—he was not the author of a single public measure of any description, relative either to foreign or domestic policy, by which his name will be transmitted with honour to posterity, or which will entitle him to the gratitude of future generations. His contemporaries highly and justly admired his nervous and impressive eloquence, the precision and force of his reasoning, his dexterity in debate, his penetration in detecting, and his singular shrewdness in exposing the defect of an adversary's argument, or the weak part of a question he was combating, and his general powers as an opponent of the measures of administration were perhaps unexampled. But those who undertake to record the unparalleled and astonishing occurrences of the times in which he lived, will in vain seek for any advice he gave to his Sovereign as a Minister, any Bill he introduced into Parliament, any warlike operation, any treaty or alliance abroad or any regulation at home, originating from him, which tended to rescue the country from any of the various and imminent dangers with which she was surrounded, to remove any of the distressing and alarming embarrassments under which she laboured, to raise her to that height of financial and commercial prosperity which she at one time enjoyed, or to elevate her to that rank among nations, and to the

[1] First, in 1782, for three months in time of war; secondly, in 1783, for nine months in time of peace; and lastly, in 1806, for eight months in time of war—all periods certainly short, but sufficiently long to have enabled him to give proof of the qualities of a practical statesman, if he had really possessed them. I am here speaking of great measures which immortalise their author, and not the ordinary routine business of office, in the performance of which Mr. Fox greatly excelled.

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glory of being the acknowledged saviour of Europe, which by her firmness, by the wisdom of her counsels, and by her naval and military achievements, she afterwards attained.

The measures which produced these salutary and brilliant effects were not only not derived from Mr. Fox, but were strenuously resisted by him, and reprobated in the severest terms. He was the constant and unqualified eulogist of the French Revolution, and did not perceive the dangerous tendency of the doctrines from which it originated, or the probability of their spreading into other countries. Refusing to listen to the warning voice of his more sagacious friend, whom he acknowledged to have been his political mentor,[1] he apologised for the excesses and atrocities committed in France, and declared his opinion that the new Republic would be a less hostile neighbour than the old Monarchy had been, condemned the measures of our Government for the preservation of internal tranquillity, and defended the mischievous societies established in England similar to those which had overturned the Monarchy of France. His conduct, indeed, on this occasion, disgusted the most respectable of his old political friends, and produced a schism among those who had long acted as a compact and powerful body. What would have been the situation of these kingdoms if his principles and his counsels, so contrary to those the benefits of which we happily experienced, had prevailed, I forbear to inquire; but I must be permitted to observe that Mr. Fox seems to have possessed, not so much an inventive genius, a faculty of devising and planning measures adapted to existing circumstances, a mind fertile in resources under difficulties, or a correct judgment, the best preservative against erroneous or improper conduct—all qualities in a transcendant degree belonging to Mr. Pitt—as an uncommon quickness and acuteness of intellect, a discriminating and logical mind, an ingenuity in placing any subject in a point of view which best suited his own purpose, and a bold persevering spirit, which pre-eminently qualified him to discover objections in the proposals of others, and to thwart and impede the proceedings of Government. It may perhaps be said with truth, that Mr. Pitt would not have appeared so great if he had not had Mr. Fox for an antagonist, and that nothing but the high reputation and towering abilities of Mr. Pitt could have excluded Mr. Fox from office for so large a portion of his life. Their collision with each other brought to light their peculiar excellencies, and those who heard their different styles of oratory assigned to each its appropriate praise. Their talents seem to have been more immediately suited to their respective situations. Had their destinations been changed, I am strongly inclined to think that Mr. Pitt would not have been so formidable an opponent as Mr. Fox, and that Mr. Fox would not have been so successful a Minister as Mr. Pitt. There were also other points of difference which I shall not at present notice, and I shall only further remark, that whatever opinion might be entertained of the characteristic and relative merits of these

[1] Mr. Burke.

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two illustrious men by those who witnessed their vehement parliamentary warfare, extended through a greater number of years, and at its outset, and in its progress, attended with more interesting circumstances than any other struggle for power recorded in our history, all who were not blinded by party prejudice allowed that they were competitors worthy of each other, and that there was a long interval between them and any of their contemporaries, distinguished as some of them were for abilities and eloquence. "Aderant multi alii: tamen, *utrum* de his potius, dubitasset aliquis: quin alterum, nemo."[1] Several, indeed, of those who have since shone most conspicuous in the political hemisphere, scarcely attracted notice till these two great luminaries had sunk beneath the horizon, and left the world, conscious of its loss, to be ruled by lights of inferior magnitude.

Numerous extracts from Mr. Pitt's parliamentary speeches have been given in these volumes, and frequent mention has been made of the admiration which they excited, and of the impression which they caused; but it is impossible to convey an adequate conception of his unrivalled eloquence to those who never heard him, and an attempt to describe it must appear to any one who had the good fortune to hear him upon any great occasion, weak and imperfect. Its grand characteristics were clear enunciation, uninterrupted fluency, correctness of language, perspicuity of arrangement, cogency of reasoning, and dignified action. There was no hesitation, no repetition, no tedious prolixity, no irrelevant digression. The animation with which he spoke, the beauty of his expressions, the justness of his sentiments, and the harmonious and luminous structure of his periods, commanded and rewarded attention; and even where he did not produce conviction, he never failed to obtain applause. Fully master, from his unwearied diligence and extensive knowledge, of every question which came before the House, his self-possession and command of words always enabled him to deliver his ideas accurately and forcibly. When he perceived that any argument seemed to have weight with the House, he dwelt upon it, and placed it in different lights with all those powers of variety and amplification in which he greatly excelled. It was, however, in reply that he shone most conspicuously. He frequently spoke late in a debate when it arose out of some motion from his adversaries, and even upon the measures brought forward by himself he was allowed by the rules of Parliament to speak a second time, after others had declared their opinions. On these occasions, collecting all the arguments of his opponents, he stated them with fairness and candour, and answered them in regular succession; and in exposing frivolous or groundless objections which had been urged, or in refuting false and dangerous doctrines which had been advanced, he sometimes indulged in pointed ridicule, severe invective, and bitter sarcasm. This was not his general style of speaking, but when he did adopt it, it was done in so masterly a manner as to produce most visible effects upon the

[1] Cicero—Brutus.

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persons against whom it was directed.[1] Those who witnessed his fluent, copious, and correct diction, and the clear, comprehensive nature of his speeches, in which every word seemed to be the best which the most diligent study could have selected, in which no topic connected with the question was omitted or misplaced, and which, if read, would have been pronounced highly finished and carefully revised compositions, with every ornament and embellishment which language could supply—his delighted and astonished hearers, I say, would perhaps scarcely have believed that this unexampled display of oratory was totally unpremeditated, was the extemporaneous effusion of his wonderful genius. This, however, was really the fact. He not only did not previously write what he intended to speak—not even the heads of his speech[2]—but he never retired to his own room to consider the manner or order in which he was to treat the question, however important or complicated it might be, on which he was to speak.[3] He was intuitively quick in understanding any subject, and the best mode of explaining it to others followed spontaneously without effort or thought; nor did this talent of prompt and unprepared readiness of speaking ever lead him to be guilty of using any incautious or injudicious expression. His general reading and very retentive memory enabled him to illustrate his subject, or confirm his positions, by happy allusions, or by reference to acknowledged authorities, and he was remarkable for his apposite quotations from classical writers. He was always attentive to the debate as it proceeded, and listened with care to every speaker, remembering the observa-

[1] Some of Mr. Tierney's party thought there was no reason for his challenging Mr. Pitt, observing that Mr. Pitt had said things equally severe to every one of them at different times.

[2] In the year 1791 or 1792, at the time a division was taking place among the Members of Opposition, I was sitting with Mr. Pitt while he dined before he went to the House of Commons, a long debate being expected, and a servant came into the room, and informed Mr. Pitt that Mr. Burke wished to speak to him. I rose to take my leave, but Mr. Pitt desired me to remain. Mr. Burke was introduced, and said to Mr. Pitt that he thought it probable that the debate of that evening would afford him an opportunity of delivering his sentiments upon the French Revolution, in reference to what had been said upon that subject by Mr. Fox and his friends on a former night when he was not present, and that he had put down the heads on which he meant to enlarge; and then taking a small piece of paper out of his pocket, he read over these heads, and descanted a short time upon each as he proceeded, in a manner which highly entertained me, and made me very desirous of hearing his speech. I therefore went to the House of Commons with Mr. Pitt, which I had not intended to do. The debate took a different turn from what had been expected, and Mr. Burke had no opportunity of speaking till several of the advocates of the French Revolution had spoken. At last he rose, and made a most admirable speech, but wholly in reply to what had been said that night, without even touching upon any one of the heads which he had prepared as the subject of his speech.

[3] So early as the year 1784, when Mr. Pitt was not twenty-five years old, the day before he was to open his India Bill in the House of Commons, Mr. Dundas said to him: "But when do you expect to get two or three hours to yourself, to consider what you are to say to-morrow?" Mr. Dundas, himself an experienced and very superior debater, had no idea of a person being able to make a long comprehensive speech without much previous consideration. Mr. Pitt, however, upon this as upon all other occasions, used no preparation of that sort.

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tion of his illustrious father, that something was to be learnt from the speech of the dullest country gentleman that ever spoke in the House of Commons.

During Mr. Pitt's administration there was no Court cabal or secret intrigue, of which we read so much in former periods. Envy and jealousy were silenced. Mr. Pitt's claim to the chief influence in the direction of public affairs, and to the first place in his Sovereign's favour, was so fully admitted that no indirect means were used to deprive him of or lessen that power which all cheerfully yielded to him as his incontrovertible right. With the open force of avowed enemies he had to contend, but there was no insidious attempt to undermine his authority. His superintendence and control extended also through all the various branches of Government. His colleagues looked up to him with a marked deference for instruction and advice. Nothing of importance was done in any office without his special authority and previous sanction. His pervading spirit gave life and animation to the whole system. A Government by departments, of which we have lately heard, was unknown in his time.

In 1804, upon the dissolution of Mr. Addington's administration, a more general and most unequivocal testimony was given to the superiority of Mr. Pitt's talents and character. The perilous situation of the country at that moment called aloud for the union of all the abilities which it possessed, and every political party, and every individual however connected, forgetting all former differences of opinion, and feeling that there was no longer any ground of comparison, concurred without hesitation in expressing an earnest wish to see Mr. Pitt at the head of that union. Even those who had been his most determined opponents now declared their readiness to act under his standard. We are told that upon a certain occasion the Athenian generals gave their first vote each for himself, and that they all gave their second vote for Themistocles, which Plutarch represents as a proof of the acknowledged superiority of that eminent man over his contemporaries; but here among British statesmen all idea of personal rivalry or competition was universally disclaimed, and Mr. Pitt was with one voice pronounced to be the fittest person to take the lead in a new and comprehensive arrangement. The plan failed, but the attempt remains a lasting monument to the honour of Mr. Pitt.

The firmness and energy of Mr. Pitt's mind were striking parts of his character. While he was in full health and strength he was never depressed by any danger, however threatening, or by any embarrassment, however distressing; and by uniformly acting with a vigour and resolution best calculated to avert or to diminish the evil, he rose out of every difficulty with fresh honour and increased reputation. Through the most gloomy prospect he always saw a ray of hope; in the most calamitous occurrence he always discovered some cause for comfort; and under the most unprovoked injury he was always placid and unresentful. He had the very enviable faculty of divesting his mind of all unpleasant and anxious thoughts, and especially when he lay

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down in bed. I never knew his rest disturbed except upon one occasion, which I have already noticed, in the early part of his public life. The reader will, I hope, pardon the trifling nature of the following anecdote. The scrutiny after the Westminster election was among the most vexatious and harassing occurrences in the whole course of his administration; and in the morning, after one of the perplexing debates and unfavourable divisions on the subject, in 1785, the outline and result of which I had learnt, I went to Mr. Pitt's house, anxious to hear the particulars from himself. I accidentally met his valet in the hall, and asked him whether Mr. Pitt was up, and he said, "No." I then asked at what time he had ordered himself to be called, and the answer was that he had not ordered himself to be called at all; upon hearing which, I said, perhaps with a little impatience, "But why did not you ask Mr. Pitt at what time he wished to be called?" The answer was, "I did, sir, but the moment my master's head was upon the pillow he was fast asleep."

Mr. Pitt was easy of access to all persons who had any claim to attention, and he was ever ready to listen to suggestions or communications upon any question in which the public interest was involved. Whatever was the subject of discussion or consideration in the wide range of domestic and foreign policy, the civil, military, naval, and commercial concerns of this great and powerful kingdom, he never failed by the extent and variety of his information, and by the acuteness and justness of his observations, to excite the surprise of those with whom he conversed. All persons, whatever were their occupations, pursuits, or professions, departed from him with a conviction of their own inferiority, even upon points to which they had devoted their whole time and thoughts; "Huic versatile ingenium sic pariter ad omnia fuit, ut natum ad id unum diceres, quodcunque ageret." [1]

Mr. Pitt, as has been noticed,[2] declined the pressing importunity of his Majesty to accept the Garter. This was a fact well known, and was thus alluded to by Mr. Sheridan in 1801, after Mr. Pitt had resigned the Treasury: "Of the ex-Minister I would just say that no man admires his splendid talents more than I do. If there ever was a man formed and fitted by nature to benefit his country and to give it lustre, he is such a man. He has too much good sense, taste, and talent to set his mind upon ribands, stars, titles, and other appendages and idols of rank. He is of a nature not at all suited to be the creature or tool of any Court."

Mr. Pitt has been sometimes accused of inordinate ambition, but that he was not under any undue influence of this ruling passion of superior minds, inseparable perhaps from a consciousness of great abilities, is fully evinced by his refusal of the first political office in this kingdom in 1783 before he had completed his twenty-fourth year; by his voluntary resignation of that office in 1801 when he was in full possession of the favour of the King, of the Parliament, and of the people; and by his again declining it in 1803, because the

[1] Liv., lib. 39, cap. 40. [2] Vol. iii. p. 256.

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terms upon which it was offered appeared to him incompatible with his honour, and when he was recalled to power in 1804, he was desirous of sharing it with those who had been his rivals and opponents. If he was anxious for glory, it was for the glory of having served his country with zeal, fidelity, and disinterestedness; if he aspired to power, it was because power would open a wider field for his diligence and exertions. Ambition is a virtue or a vice, a blessing or a curse, according to the motives from which it proceeds, the objects to which it is directed, and the means which are employed to gratify it. We have had a most striking instance of the difference between a well-regulated and an ill-directed ambition, in two prominent characters in the age in which we have lived, Mr. Pitt and Bonaparte. In the former we see an unvaried career of genuine and ardent patriotism seeking its object by the most effectual means consistent with the eternal principles of truth and justice, productive of the most essential benefits to his own country and to the whole civilised world, and disdaining all mercenary and interested views. In the latter we see the most fixed determination to gratify his love of power and his own personal object of universal dominion, without any regard to the means, provided they were successful, in utter contempt of all laws, human and divine, and thus bringing upon France, and all the countries over which he could gain an ascendency, or whose peace and government he could disturb, a train of evils equally unprecedented in their nature and in their extent. The benefits conferred by the one, according to that mixture of good and evil which by a wise ordinance generally belongs to earthly dispensations, were attended with some degree of suffering, though comparatively light, while the misery caused by the other had for many years no palliation, and its severity was at last mercifully permitted to produce a remedy. "The ambition of a Jacobin," it was eloquently and justly said,[1] "was to procure and preserve power by proscription, by plunder, by confiscation, by death, or by the utter destruction of all establishments, civil or religious, and by the erection of that hideous anarchy, in which order is buried, and confusion triumphs in the ruins." Mr. Pitt's ambition was founded in the love of his country, and from that principle originated every part of his public conduct—it showed itself in a watchful protection of the Constitution, the source of all our blessings, in maintaining the honour and securing the welfare of the nation, in promoting the respective interests of all ranks and decriptions of the community, in repressing and defeating the plans of the disaffected, and in resisting the aggressions and mischievous designs of foreign enemies. To these objects he devoted his time with incessant labour, and sacrificed his health, and in the end his life. His last articulate words, "Oh, my country!" proved what occupied his thoughts at that awful moment.

Of Mr. Pitt's talents as a statesman, and of his supereminent services to his country, there must ever remain indisputable evidence, and the impartial

[1] By Mr. Canning.

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page of history will not fail to do ample justice to the merits of his public conduct; but of the amiableness of his private character no one can form a just idea who had not the happiness of enjoying his acquaintance and society. He had a peculiar sweetness and benevolence of disposition, a kindness of heart, an unaffected ease, frankness, and simplicity, and a natural flow of spirits, which made his extraordinary intellectual powers as pleasant and fascinating in the common intercourse of life as they were commanding in the performance of official duties. His superiority was no less manifest when he conversed upon ordinary subjects, or joined in the mirth of a convivial party than when he presided in the Cabinet, or guided the deliberations of the House of Commons. Those who had only been accustomed to his dignified eloquence and grave parliamentary deportment, who had heard the decided and authoritative tone in which he delivered his own sentiments, and the sarcastic and indignant language in which he occasionally replied to his political antagonists, if they accidentally met him in private, could scarcely believe that the same person could possess that unassuming style of conversation, that playfulness, urbanity, and good-humour, which they then witnessed.[1] Though always, as I observed of him when resident at Cambridge, the most lively person in company, the brilliancy of his imagination, and his talent for wit and repartee,[2] were accompanied with a delicacy of sentiment and an attention to the feelings of others which prevented his saying anything, even in his most unguarded moments and unrestrained sallies, to give pain or offence to the most sensitive mind. These qualities rendered him as much the object of private affection as we have seen that he was of public confidence. That warm attachment of his friends and acquaintances to him, which I noticed upon his first entrance into society as a young man, continued throughout his life. Such was the mildness of his nature that he never expressed himself with harshness in speaking to his intimate friends of his political opponents, or even of those who had deserted his cause upon frivolous grounds, or for dishonourable reasons. He was always desirous of finding an excuse or palliation for the most unwarrantable conduct; and he was ever ready, perhaps too ready, to receive again into his confidence those who had treated him with

[1] A person of high rank, but of opposite politics, met Mr. Pitt at a Christmas party for a few days at the country house of a common friend, and afterwards declared that he had never been so much mistaken in his idea of a private character. He pronounced him the pleasantest person in society he had ever known; and this testimony was the stronger, as Mr. Pitt had been particularly hostile to the father of the person to whom I allude.

[2] The lively talents for conversation and agreeable manners of the late Duchess of Gordon are remembered by all who had the pleasure of being acquainted with her. Mr. Pitt was for several years constantly of her parties, but increased official occupations compelled him to give them up, pleasant as they were. One day he met the Duchess at the Drawing-room at St. James's after they had not seen each other for some time, and after the first salutation she said to him, "Well, Mr. Pitt, do you talk as much nonsense now as you used to do when you lived with me?" to which he immediately replied, "I do not know, madam, whether I talk so much nonsense, I certainly do not *hear* so much."

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insincerity or ingratitude. In my long and familiar intercourse with him, in youth and in manhood, in health and in sickness, in prosperity and in adversity, in all the vicissitudes and provocations to which political men are subject, and in all those crosses and disappointments which befall every human being, I never knew him upon any occasion utter a hasty or peevish expression; and if suffering from the loss of any relation or friend, his grief was without repining or unmanly dejection. There was in him an equanimity, a freedom from irritation, a self-command, which I never noticed in the same degree in any other person. On this head I must repeat, what I formerly observed, that I consider Mr. Pitt's temper and disposition as by far the most wonderful part of his character.[1]

After the commencement of the revolutionary war he mixed but little in general society. His time and thoughts were so wholly engrossed by the state of public affairs that he had no leisure, and he lost all relish, except for the company of his intimate friends. That was in London his only relaxation; and after being engaged the whole morning on matters of the most important and anxious nature, in which the dearest interest of his country was concerned, he would sit down to the dinner-table (he rarely dined alone) with a few persons whom he loved and respected, and laying aside all care, enjoy their conversation till the evening hour of business arrived. He then retired to his room refreshed and invigorated, and frequently continued his labours to a late hour, being in general attended by the secretaries or others who took an active part in the business of the different public offices. Subsequently to the period I have mentioned he never partook of the common amusements of a London life, and indeed very little after he became first Lord of the Treasury.

He had no ear for music,[2] nor had he much taste for drawings or paintings. He was more attentive to architecture, and used sometimes, in the early part of his life, to amuse himself with drawing a plan of the best possible house. When he was seventeen I went the Norfolk tour with him, which was at that time a favourite excursion, and several days after our return he drew from memory a plan of one of the largest houses we had seen with a view of improving it. While young he occasionally partook in field sports, but his mind was not of a cast to be occupied by such pursuits. He was fond of the country, and enjoyed its scenery. At first, for the sake of health, he rented a furnished house with a small quantity of ground on Putney Heath; but in a place belonging to another he could feel but little interest, and the distance from London was so short, that he could not be free from frequent interruption, and therefore in 1785 he bought a small house with 200 acres of land, called Hollwood Hill, about fifteen miles from London. He afterwards

[1] Preface to this work.

[2] Mr. Windham observed that the four greatest men he had known had no ear for music, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, and Dr. Johnson.

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purchased about the same quantity of contiguous land, and enlarged the house so as to accommodate four or five friends. A considerable portion of the land was wild and picturesque. He turned the road which passed close to he house, and by planting and laying out the ground, by forming a piece of water, and by a variety of alterations,[1] which he himself in a great measure planned, and whenever he had leisure superintended the execution, he made the place both comfortable and beautiful. To Hollwood he retired upon every opportunity, but rarely without a friend or two, and in general some person in office joined him there, that business and recreation might be mixed. It was delightful to see him at this his Sabine farm. After toiling in his room over revenue details or foreign despatches on which the fate of nations depended, he would walk out, and taking his spud in his hand grub up a thistle or a weed, or give directions about the removal of a shrub, or the turning of a walk, with as much earnestness and interest as if he had nothing else to occupy his thoughts. Instead of the First Minister of a great nation, he seemed to be a country gentleman with no other employment but to attend to the trifling disposition of a few acres of pleasure ground—he apparently felt as much anxiety to omit no means of improving his villa, as to promote the welfare of his country.

Mr. Pitt's deep and accurate knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages has been noticed in speaking of the early part of his life; and after he became Minister a Homer or a Horace was always to be found upon his table in the midst of finance and political papers, and some classical book was his constant companion, if the weather compelled him to go in his carriage from London to Hollwood, or whenever he travelled. He was fortunate in having many friends with the same taste, particularly Lord Grenville, Lord Wellesley, and Mr. Canning, with whom he seemed to have as much pleasure in talking over a beautiful passage in some favourite author as in discussing the balance of power in Europe. He had a well-chosen library,[2] and his fondness for reading, though he had not many opportunities of indulging it, continued to the last.

Mr. Pitt was never married. At an early age it was signified to him that the father of a rich heiress would gladly accept him as a son-in-law, and a similar intimation was made to him from a person of the highest rank in this kingdom. To neither of these overtures, if they may be so called, did he indicate the slightest disposition to listen. At a later period of life he showed a very marked attention to the daughter of a political friend, at whose house he frequently visited, and he for some time hesitated whether he should make

[1] I cannot forbear mentioning the following trait of Mr. Pitt's character. He for some time employed a great many people at Hollwood in removing earth, digging, &c., but he never would suffer anything to be done by task-work, saying that it was tempting men to work beyond their strength, and was therefore injurious to them and their families.

[2] At his death I purchased his books for £1900, and they now form a part of the library at Riby Grove, in Lincolnshire.

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a proposal of marriage. At last he determined in the negative; but he was aware, that though no declaration had been made, he had so far raised expectations that an explanation was due to the family. He therefore, with that frankness and openness which he practised upon every occasion, wrote a etter to the father upon the subject, and the answer to it plainly showed that Mr. Pitt's decision caused great disappointment, while it was acknowledged that there was no ground for serious complaint. Both letters did great credit to the respective parties; and this eclaircissement was not followed by any breach between Mr. Pitt and the father. The young lady was afterwards married to a noble earl, and is still living. I have always greatly lamented that Mr. Pitt did not marry early in life. No man could be more suited to the connubial state than he was; and I am confident that if he had shown his usual judgment in the selection of a wife, she would have added most essentially to his comfort and happiness. England might then have had to boast of a third William Pitt.

Mr. Pitt, from his first residence in college, showed a great indifference to his own pecuniary concerns; and when he came into office, his time was so completely devoted to his public duties that he found no leisure to attend to his private affairs. The fortune which he inherited from his father was £10,000, and the Duke of Rutland, who died in 1787, left him a legacy of £3000. The interest of those sums, and his official income, might with care have sufficed for the expenses of a person who was addicted to no vice, and guilty of no extravagance—for I cannot consider in that light the money which he laid out in the improvement of Hollwood; but, though not extravagant, he was generous and liberal in the extreme, and while anxious to equalise the income and expenditure of the nation, he forgot that the same thing was desirable in his own individual instance. His situation as Minister made him liable to great expenses; but far greater were the impositions, both from tradesmen and servants,[1] to which he subjected himself by inattention. The consequence was that his expenditure far exceeded his income; and when he quitted office, in the beginning of 1801, his debts were very large, and his creditors soon became clamorous.

This situation of Mr. Pitt's private affairs was very generally known; and his Majesty, in June of that year, in the most gracious and pressing manner, offered, through Mr. Rose, to pay the whole of Mr. Pitt's debts, which would have left for his maintenance the clear income of the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, about £3000 a year; surely not more than his long and important

[1] I occasionally examined the books kept by Mr. Pitt's house-steward, which were rarely looked at by his master, and I inquired into what passed in his family. I did not fail to apprise Mr. Pitt of the state of his affairs, and to give advice, and I received fair promises of economy and retrenchment, but they were soon forgotten. I once told him that I thought some good might be effected by his giving his principal servant more power over the other servants, to which he answered, "That I never will do, for I should make him a tyrant, and the rest of the family slaves."

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services to his country richly deserved. This offer, so much to the honour of both parties, Mr. Pitt, with all due acknowledgment and just feeling of gratitude, resolutely and repeatedly declined. There was about the same time another proposal which also did him great honour. The merchants and bankers in the city of London offered to present him with £100,000, accompanied by a promise that the names of the contributors should never be known. Sir Robert Preston was authorised to make this offer, which likewise passed through Mr. Rose; but Mr. Pitt would not listen to it for a moment. "No consideration on earth," he said, "shall ever induce me to accept it." The secrecy with which it was intended that this transaction should be conducted, and the impossibility that any claim should ever be founded upon it, were urged as reasons for his compliance. These arguments had no weight. Distressed as he was, his high spirit could not bear to receive a favour of that sort from utter strangers; and he observed, that if it should be his lot to be in office again, he should fancy that every person he saw upon business from the city was one to whom he was under pecuniary obligation. He was determined to submit to any inconvenience or sacrifice rather than accept this offer.

Something, however, was necessary to be done, and without loss of time Many of his creditors were importunate beyond measure, and threatened the utmost extremity of the law; nay, some actually instituted legal proceedings against him, and he was in danger of being left without furniture, books, clothes, carriage, or horses. It occurred to him that he had some pictures set with diamonds, and other things of the same sort, which he had received as customary presents from foreign Courts, and also boxes of some little value, in which the freedom of cities and towns had been sent to him; all these were sold, and produced about £4000. He also sold his reversionary interest in the pension of £3000 a year, and in the parliamentary grant of £4000 a year. He next resolved, with that manly cheerfulness which never deserted him, to sell his favourite Hollwood, and that produced . Here his means ended, but the proceeds of these sales fell short of what was absolutely requisite to place him in a state of ease and comfort. At length, after much persuasion, and as his only other resource, he consented to accept from his private friends a loan of £12,000, chiefly in sums of £1000 each, two contributing only £500; and thus, before the end of 1801, he was relieved from his most pressing difficulties; but considerable debts still remained, principally to his bankers, Messrs. Coutts and Co., whose liberal assistance he had frequently experienced. When he borrowed the money of his friends, he insisted upon paying interest; but this, with his usual inattention to such matters, he forgot, and no interest

[1] The persons who were concerned in making these arrangements were Lord Camden, Mr. Rose, Mr. Long, Mr. Joseph Smith, and myself. When I showed Mr. Pitt the list of the contributors to the £12,000, he said that they were all persons from whom he should be ready to receive such an accommodation.

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was paid, and certainly none was expected or desired. In truth, if he had paid interest for all the money he owed, he would not have had enough left to support him as a gentleman; and if his life had been insured to the amount of his debts, which was once in contemplation as the only mode of securing their payment, he would have had no income whatever to live upon—all this is an undeniable proof of that disinterestedness which was never questioned, and of that integrity which was never impeached. Private worth is the best pledge for public virtue; and Mr. Pitt's known freedom from all vicious habits gave him, as it ought, infinite advantage in his political struggles—but into any comparison of this sort I forbear to enter. While he was out of office he lived at Walmer Castle, which belonged to him as Warden of the Cinque Ports, with a trifling establishment of servants, and he had a very small ready-furnished house in town, first in Park Place, St. James's, and afterwards in York Place, near Portman Square; but, during this period of three years, he could not afford to entertain company at dinner in London, and in the country he received only a few intimate friends. When he returned to office in 1804, he hired a ready-furnished house on Putney Heath, in which he died; and it was necessary, as we have seen, to call upon Parliament to pay his debts.

Mr. Pitt early imbibed a firm conviction of the truth of Christianity, and throughout life religion was in him an habitual principle, influencing and governing every feeling of his mind, and every part of his conduct, public and private. In him, the belief of a superintending Providence, and of a future responsibility, produced its genuine fruits—an active discharge of duty, and a cheerful resignation to the Divine Will. To this source must be traced that invincible rectitude which he manifested upon every occasion, trifling or important, and to which every other consideration was invariably made to yield. No temptation, no inducement, no hope of advantage, no apprehension of inconvenience, no fear of offence, not even the desire of gratifying those to whom he was most warmly attached, or with whom he was most closely connected, could prevail upon him to do what he believed to be wrong, or divert him from doing what he believed to be right. Where duty or the service of his country was concerned, his easiness of temper was changed into inflexible firmness. He was informed during the war that one of the comptrollers of army accounts had laid himself under a pecuniary obligation to a contractor, while his accounts, to a very large amount, were under the examination of the comptroller, and by whom they must be passed before they could be discharged. Mr. Pitt sent for the comptroller, and stating the information he had received, asked him whether he could contradict it. The comptroller confessed that he could not, and Mr. Pitt immediately signified to him that he could not remain in his office, and he was dismissed. Mr. Pitt thought that, under such circumstances, the accounts were not likely to be closely examined, which he knew to be necessary for the public service, and that such a man ought not to fill such an

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office. As he himself omitted no opportunity of promoting the public welfare, so he expected the same from his colleagues. There was a Cabinet Minister who was known to be very intelligent upon a certain difficult and important subject, but it had no immediate connection with the business of the office which he held. Mr. Pitt, however, sent him some papers upon this subject, and requested that he would read them, and favour him with his opinion. The Cabinet Minister returned the papers with a letter to Mr. Pitt, stating that, as they related to a subject not belonging to his office, he must decline looking at them. Mr. Pitt immediately sent the papers back to him, and informed him by letter that he could not allow any Member of the Government to refuse his assistance upon any point in which he could be useful to the public, and that he must repeat the request he had before made. The papers were read without farther difficulty, and the opinion received; and I am persuaded, that if the person alluded to had persevered in his refusal, he would not have been suffered to remain in office. I mention these instances to show that Mr. Pitt's extreme facility and gentleness of disposition, which were so much admired in private society, had no injurious effect on the discharge of his public duties. Nor did he deal in studied civilities or unmeaning professions. He never promised without intending to perform; he never raised an expectation which he did not mean to satisfy. He did not make a trade of courtesy. He was equally above those little arts and contrivances by which the applause of the people is too often courted. He had, with all his mildness, a certain μεγαλοψυχία, a lofty spirit, an honourable disdain of every low and interested condescension, which, with those who were unacquainted with his real character, or who chose to misunderstand it, sometimes subjected him to the imputation of pride. But while acting upon higher motives, and with a far more noble object in view than private or public favour, he gained the unsolicited support and disinterested attachment of numerous individuals, with a degree and a continuance of popularity and confidence which no Minister ever before enjoyed.

To this truth, the consternation and grief which spread through every part of the kingdom on the news of his death bear incontrovertible witness. It was not merely acknowledged that the nation had lost an able and upright Minister, at a moment the most critical and awful, but every one felt that he was deprived of a benefactor and a friend, the person on whom, under heaven, he relied for the preservation of his life, liberty, and religion, for the continuance of every private comfort, and of every public blessing. No one saw any ground for consolation or hope but from a perseverance in his measures, and an adherence to his principles. Nor was lamentation for his loss confined to these dominions; it extended into every country upon the Continent. Revered as the protecting genius ordained to check the progress of the scourge of nations, Europe feared that his departure was a sign of her approaching fate.

There was in Mr. Pitt an union of genius and industry, of natural endow-

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ments and acquired knowledge, of rapidity of comprehension and patience of investigation, of liveliness of imagination and soundness of judgment, of love for learning and relish for social pleasures, of talents for the science of government and taste for the elegant amusements of rural retirement, of mildness and firmness, of ease and dignity, of sensibility and self-command, of refinement of feeling and vigour of mind, of true patriotism, uniform disinterestedness, and inflexible integrity, of eloquence to persuade in the Senate, wisdom to rule in the Cabinet, and wit to charm in conversation; and, if to these various qualities which met and harmonised in Mr. Pitt, and rendered him the object of wonder and delight equally in public and in private life, we add the extent and value of his services to his country, both in peace and war, the numerous and important improvements he effected in her internal concerns, his successful exertions for her safety and protection against both foreign and domestic foes amidst the wreck of surrounding nations, the numerous and unparalleled difficulties which he surmounted, and the conquests and victories by which he raised Great Britain to an unprecedented height of power and glory, we may surely be justified in assigning to him a most distinguished place among those who have benefited mankind, and adorned and dignified our common nature.

It will be right to notice the honours paid to the memory of Mr. Pitt. Parliament having met on the 21st of January, Mr. Lascelles, Member for Yorkshire, brought forward a motion on the 27th in the House of Commons, for an Address to his Majesty, requesting that his Majesty would be graciously pleased to give directions that the remains of Mr. Pitt should be interred at the public charge, and a monument erected to the memory of that excellent statesman in Westminster Abbey, with an inscription expressive of the public sense of so great and irreparable a loss. This motion was seconded by Lord Tichfield, and it gave rise to a debate which was conducted with great temper and moderation on both sides. The supporters of the motion described Mr. Pitt as a man of the purest morals, most transcendent talents, most disinterested patriotism, whose energy and firmness had in times of the most alarming difficulty and danger been eminently serviceable to his country, and who was not less great than his illustrious father, on whom the same honour had been unanimously conferred in 1778.[1] The opponents of the motion, while they fully admitted Mr. Pitt's abilities, disinterestedness, and private virtues, and acknowledged that his loss was greatly to be lamented, contended that he had no claim to be denominated "an excellent statesman" as he was called in the motion, and that the success of his measures was not sufficient to entitle him to the proposed honour. The language of Mr. Fox on this occasion, though adverse to the motion, did him great credit. He said that he never addressed the House in the performance of his public duty with more pain than at that moment. He professed much respect for many of Mr. Pitt's personal qualities,

[1] The words of Mr. Lascelles' motion were precisely the same as in the case of Lord Chatham.

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allowing that he possessed estimable qualities in no ordinary degree in private life, and great qualities also in points connected with his administration, as well as a commanding eloquence. "In the establishment of a real Sinking Fund he always had," continued Mr. Fox, "my warmest support, and I freely declare my opinion that this measure has been very beneficial to the nation, and therefore the country is highly obliged to him for it": and he added with his usual frankness and liberality, "I may say that I have been considered, and perhaps it may be called an honour, his rival." He then pronounced a strong eulogium on Mr. Pitt's integrity and moderation with regard to private emolument, and at the same time he admitted his freedom from all extravagance and waste, except what proceeded from carelessness and inattention. Having, however, been engaged in active opposition to Mr. Pitt's general system of government, it would, he said, be a condemnation of the principles on which he had acted for a considerable part of his parliamentary life, and a violation of his sense of public duty, if he acceded to the present motion; and therefore he felt himself compelled to vote against it, a vote, he owned, extorted from him by a most painful and imperious duty. That those who had uniformly and systematically opposed Mr. Pitt's administration should not be inclined to confer any honour upon his memory, was certainly to be expected; but, to the surprise of every one, the motion was opposed by Mr. Windham also, who was for many years a Member of the same Cabinet with Mr. Pitt, and had separated himself from his old political friends for the avowed purpose of joining him and supporting his principles and measures as the only means of saving the country from its impending perils, and who now declared that Mr. Pitt's talents were as great as ever appeared in any age of the world. This inconsistency was confined to Mr. Windham, and all the other supporters of Mr. Pitt's administration who were present voting for the motion, it was carried by a majority of 258 to 89.

There was another motion in the House of Commons relative to Mr. Pitt. On the 3rd of February Mr. Cartwright, Member for Northamptonshire, stated that Mr. Pitt, whose time and thoughts were for twenty years wholly occupied in the discharge of public duties, had found no leisure to attend to his own private affairs, and that in consequence of this neglect he had died considerably in debt; that Mr. Pitt was the chief instrument in saving the country from that anarchy with which it was threatened and surrounded, and that notwithstanding the difficulties he had to encounter, and the calamities which had befallen Europe, he had raised Great Britain to an unexampled height of prosperity; that he had done more for the promotion of public credit and the improvement of the national finances than any of his predecessors; and that he was confident that the public would from gratitude for Mr. Pitt's long and great services cheerfully sanction any step which Parliament might take for the liquidation of his debts. Under these circumstances, following a precedent in the case of the late Earl of Chatham, he desired to move that an Address be presented to his Majesty, beseeching his Majesty to advance 40,000 towards

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the payment of Mr. Pitt's debts. This motion contained no expression to which any objection could be made, and was considered as very distinct and different from that of Mr. Lascelles. It was treated as not involving any question of party politics, or implying any approbation of Mr. Pitt's general system of government. Those Members, therefore, who had resisted the application for a public funeral to Mr. Pitt, declared their willingness to consent to the present motion; and it was observed that Mr. Pitt's debts were in fact the debts of the public, being incurred by his unremitted attention to the business of the nation: they were not contracted by profusion or excess, by dissipation or useless ostentation. Panegyrics were again pronounced upon Mr. Pitt's disinterestedness, which was universally acknowledged. "No one could ascribe to him any low attachment to pecuniary gain—his mind was above such considerations, it was too sterling to descend to them—his conceptions had too much grandeur to admit anything of that kind." These were Mr. Windham's words in announcing his intention to support the motion; and Mr. Fox declared that he never gave his vote with greater satisfaction than he should that night. "I consider it," said he, "as a tribute due to departed worth—the reward of a great and munificent nation to a meritorious servant of the public. To say of Mr. Pitt that he did not descend to any improper measures with regard to money would be to dishonour his memory, but we are to consider other matters in which his conduct was equally unblamable; the motion has my cordial support." Rising to explain what he thought had not been fully understood, he said he had before distinctly stated the grounds of his vote to be "Mr. Pitt's merits." This was speaking, as Mr. Gibbon observed of Mr. Fox when he conversed about Mr. Pitt, as one great man ought to speak of another. The motion passed unanimously. The result of these motions was very gratifying to the friends and admirers of Mr. Pitt. It is remarkable that Mr. Pitt and his illustrious father were the only statesmen ever honoured in this country with public funerals, or with parliamentary grants of money for their public services. These two distinguished men stand upon a higher ground than any other English Minister. They are sometimes compared with each other, but no third person seems thought worthy to be brought into competition with either of them for talents, integrity, and the magnitude and importance of their services to the nation.

Mr. Pitt's funeral took place in Westminster Abbey on the 22nd of February, and was attended by the royal Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Cambridge, by numerous Members of both Houses of Parliament and other persons of distinction, and by a vast concourse of people.

The Corporation of London erected a monument to the memory of Mr. Pitt in Guildhall, and a statue of Mr. Pitt was placed in the Senate House at Cambridge, for which there was a subscription by the present and late members of the University. The sum subscribed was , which being more than was necessary for the statue, the surplus was applied to the founda-

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tion of a classical scholarship, for which any undergraduate in the University may be a candidate.

Soon after his death clubs were instituted to his memory in many counties, called Pitt Clubs, which still continue; and every third year there is a most highly respectable and numerous meeting in Merchant Taylors' Hall, London, to celebrate his birthday, in grateful remembrance of those principles, talents, and conduct, to which the nation is so greatly indebted.

[NOTE.—The correspondence relating to "The Love Episode of William Pitt," referred to on pp. 31–2, will be found, with an Introduction by Lord Rosebery, in the *Monthly Review* for December 1900. Editor.]

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FRIENDS IN COUNCIL

WE have much pleasure in laying the following letters before our readers. An unsuitable passage has been omitted at the beginning of the first, and the signatures of both have been suppressed for obvious reasons, but the form of expression, however unpolished, has been left untouched throughout.

MY DEAR B.,

Many thanks; I quite understand. As for the gentry you speak of . . . . by all means: but be just, and include the other sects too, and the system which made them, above all. I wish you and I could have it out together in a wayside inn of our own, but I can't move for the present and apparently you won't. I must confess to you that I am not quite where I was when we last talked of these things. I'm as conservative as ever, and as convinced a Free-Trader—theoretically or ideally,—but for the last year or more I've been "tariff-mongering," and am now entirely in sympathy with Chamberlain, without any feeling that I have in any way changed my beliefs or "gone over." It is only that what was a muddle before has suddenly become clear: the difficulties that used to look so thick have been precipitated to the bottom of the test-tube. I believe I could convince you or any one else in half an hour, if we could only agree to hold hands and go along together instead of sparring. It's the only way: if you haggle over unimportant

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details and spend your whole time in trying to catch your opponent out without giving anything away yourself, you're simply reproducing the party system in private without its justification. You and I are not hired by either side; why shouldn't we have an inquiry on our own account, agreeing beforehand to be absolutely frank, and never point a dummy pistol or stick to an indefensible position, or think of what the end is going to be till we get there? As for other people's opinions, of course we must have nothing to do with them—as opinions; any argument for what it is worth, but no quoting of authority, and no rhodomontade. You give up the *Spectator* and I'll sacrifice the *National*, though I think I get more from the tally-ho of my plunger than you do from your elderly guide to knowledge.

To begin at the beginning, we shall not disagree as to the present state of things. It is neither ruinous nor satisfactory. I grant you that we are still making money, that we are not living on our capital, or being dumped to death by bankrupt Trusts. But you will admit that our export trade is vitally important, that it is not as healthy as our internal trade, that we are being overhauled by Germany and the States. Also that it is a not unremarkable fact that in this race it is the protectionist countries which are both going ahead, and the free importer which is falling back. Then supposing that — as seems probable from this coincidence—it is their treatment of us from which we are suffering, you would not deny that we ought either to apply the same treatment to them, or to devise some other means of making them treat us better. In this part of the question I shall not use taunts about "taking it lying down," and you will not talk of the duty of turning the other cheek; we have both sense enough to see that governments have no right to be altruistic at the expense of those for whom they are trustees.

Now I come to a more difficult point, because it touches on politics, in which you and I are professedly on opposite sides. But once get rid of the "sides" and I expect most of the

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opposition will disappear too. In private we shall easily agree that the days of *laisser faire* as a high moral doctrine are dead and gone for good. Man is not man for nothing: *cogito* does not mean "I am a cog-wheel." We have some control over the courses of nature or we should not be where we are now: even if trade is one of the courses of nature I don't believe the partial control of it is among the things that pass the wit of man; anyhow, give me a ποῦ στῶ as the old Greek said, and I'll try to lift the dead weight a bit. It is surely time to make what effort we can; you'll grant that the present conditions are new; others are experimenting, whether we do or not, and there is no logic in arguing that our grandfathers' remedies for cholera will be just as good against appendicitis.

You know as well as I do that this is more than half a matter of party; it is not two years since I heard you saying hard things (richly deserved) about some of your own side, because instead of backing the disfranchised Uitlanders like good Liberals they took up the case of a corrupt oligarchy—partly from sheer factiousness you said, and partly from a petrified devotion to worn-out ideas. Well now, if you went so far you can't refuse to go the same length in other directions: in any crisis, you must agree, the man who will not go forward, whose only desire is to be let alone, to sit watching the stream go by him, and singing "the world went very well then," has no right to call himself a Liberal or a Progressive: he is a fossil, a Conservative of the kind we, at any rate, have long turned out of the ranks as dangerous to our own side. What we call a good Conservative now is one who conserves for the sake of the future, not the past. I am not trying to score here: I sympathised very much with you Imperialist Liberals, and I'm only afraid that some of you don't see that you are running the risk of making yourselves "an impossible party" over this in just the same way as the pro-Boers did over the war. As for you personally, I know you have only to grasp that the Empire is at stake, and party would cease to count.

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This brings me to a third point. When the economists have done inquiring, or when we come to make our experiment without waiting for them, we may—I face it frankly—find that the new method involves a pecuniary loss. If you press me, I admit that I cannot see, and no one, from Chamberlain downwards, has persuaded me that he sees, how the scheme can work without raising the cost of living, and, though in the long run prices might fall again, it seems equally probable that our foreign trade, and wages, would fall at the same time. But this is just where you and I come in: when we talk of political economy we do not mean "Store prices and devil take the Empire." The class to which we belong has some ideals and is prepared for some sacrifices. It is practically an aristocracy, based partly on wealth and partly on brains and breeding; its duty is to lead the lower classes and when necessary to pay for them. In the present instance there can be no doubt that Chamberlain's real difficulty will be with the mass of the people; the selfish, short-sighted working man, spoiled by years of free trade, free thinking, free strikes, free breakfast tables, and free education, can't be expected to give anything of his free will for a free country. It will be hard enough to lead him this time, even if we pay his share for him; and impossible if we don't. But we shall; and when it comes to it I don't doubt you'll be as glad to stump up as I shall.

You will see that I have been very frank with you; I give you every point you could possibly ask, and I do not claim to prove Chamberlain's case for him—economically at any rate. In return I only ask you to come up for half an hour out of the crowded little slum of politics and take a broad view of the situation. Here we are, stuck on a ledge, like a party of climbers. We can't go on; we can't stay here; we must jump somewhere, and the best guide we know says "this way, all together, and I'll catch you." I tell you candidly I don't quite see where he is; but I know who he is: a big man with a big voice, who has always been right, always successful. Who are his opponents? Jealous men on his own side,

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partisans on the other. Among the whole lot there is not one of half his size or half as much in earnest. What is his motive? His own credit? Yes, credit for saving us; the country and the Empire. What will be the result if we refuse? We shall stay in the dark where we are for the rest of the night, getting hungrier and hungrier and stiffer and stiffer; in the morning the others—the German and American fellows—will be looking down from the top to see us drop off exhausted and go limping home dead beat. Of course it's an effort—climbing is an effort; but if you fix your eye on the top—Empire and the first place in the world—you'll forget all about the roughness of the way up. That is really what Chamberlain's plan comes to, as he puts it now, and I think he's right. Tell me how it looks to you, and remember—no controversy.

Yours,

A.

My dear A.,

Certainly you at any rate are neither old nor fossilised. I can't undertake to keep up with you all the way; you give me two years and a beating easily. But I will do my best, and I promise you not to fail for want of frankness. By the way, I like your "running" metaphor better than your "climbing" one. Alpine ledges imply danger, and we are agreed that the present situation is not dangerous; and however doubtful an aspect our trade shows, it is not that which is the moving cause of the present departure. Chamberlain wants a tariff for the Colonies, and Balfour for diplomatic purposes; the slackening in our export trade is for both of them merely a lever ready to hand. But to go back to our running; when I trained you at Oxford for the quarter-mile I taught you—and you took my advice—to run yourself right out, and never look round to see how the men behind were coming along. I think we do too much looking round now; the German or the Yankee may be clawing at us, but it does not follow that we should go faster

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if we turned and clawed them. However, the point that I want you to admit now is that in this matter of trade we are not really competitors but comrades; no one can sell without buying or buy without selling, and so long as we all keep moving at a fair pace it is of little importance who is "ahead." Further, you must grant me that to speak of a system which has worked well for fifty years as necessarily "fusty" or "worn out" is to be the victim of a material analogy. Again, the word "remedies" begs the question; substitute "food" and you will allow that what was wholesome at one time of life may very well be good for us still at a later age. And now let us drop metaphors: they never quite fit, and shoes that don't quite fit are worse than bare feet.

You fear that some of us are becoming unprogressive; it is a telling charge, in public; but privately, you Conservatives don't make change an object in itself? What would you say of a Liberal who proposed to abandon the best policy only because any other would be newer? I gladly admit that you are not entirely occupied with staring upon the antique ways; but your most able and energetic young men, your Becketts, Hugh Cecils, Seelys and Winston Churchills are not with you here. As for "an impossible party," the Liberals deserved the term by their division on a vital point; it is no longer we, but you, who are busy earning that reproach.

Personally, to be honest I must give you back one point you granted me: the Empire at stake would count with me far beyond party, but England at stake would outweigh even the Empire. This is a hard thing to say, even in private, and to you who know how keen an Imperialist I am, and if it had to be said in public it would leave a bitter taste behind, for which the blame does not lie with us, though we shall be made to bear it. But perhaps we are justly punished for allowing Campbell-Bannerman to advertise Chamberlain as the only Imperialist. Win or lose now, we shall be damned for anti-Colonials; there's no help for it; but I can tell you we grind our teeth. It would be well enough if we could hold our

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tongues and pay, as you suggest. But there can be no satisfaction in paying for what we believe to be an unworkable scheme, an unnatural absurdity. I am no Free Trade fanatic; I will grant you that Free Trade is merely a means to an end, like any other, sometimes serviceable, sometimes not; but all that is abstract theory; practically the time has long gone by when we could elect to do without it, and as you very nearly admit, no one has shown, or can show, that Chamberlain's plan is possible at all. When you ask for a ποῦ στῶ remember that no lever can lift itself; as a wit said lately, "You can't raise yourself by pulling at your own bootstraps." What call can there be for us to "lead" any one in such an effort as that? And if you did persuade the whole country, what do you suppose they would think of you when the farce broke down and they came to their senses?

You wouldn't go in for it if you thought it could possibly be a farce, an absurdity, an impossibility? No; and why is it that you, a Conservative, an old Free Trader, and a man of sense, do not think so? You give two reasons: the cause and the man. I admit the cause; the British Empire is the world's best chance of freedom, religion, humanity, and reason, and to keep it going I would stick at nothing—except the sacrifice of any of those four paramount objects. But when I have granted you your major premiss—"whatever saves the Empire is right"—you must prove the minor—"this will save the Empire"—before you can drive me to the conclusion "therefore this is right." I have no doubt you correctly represent the argument as it presents itself to the author of the "plan"; but it is defective, and your use of metaphors has again concealed the fact from you. "Fix your eye on the top," you say, "and you'll forget the roughness of the way up." Certainly, but you may also not notice, with that fixed eye of yours and Mr. Chamberlain's, that you are taking the way up some other peak altogether—not at all perhaps one you would think it advisable to climb.

But the plan must be right if the man's right: "He knows

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about it all, he knows, he knows." Does he? Well, I shall not give you the chance of saying that I condemn before I hear him. But I may tell you one or two things which trouble me, which make me fear that he is not the cool-headed, independent leader I used to think him. First of all there are those strong and deliberate views of only seven years back: the colonies proposed, he said, "to make a small discrimination in favour of British trade, in return for which we are expected to change our whole system and impose duties on food and raw material." This he called "so one-sided an agreement" that in his opinion there was "not the slightest chance" of its adoption. He didn't say this casually in conversation remember, but as Chairman of the Congress of Commerce of the Empire, and he reprinted the speech and published it. I needn't remind you that however little we know of his plan, he has told us himself that it involves exactly the agreement which he then condemned. What has happened since then? The conditions are the same still, the reasoning as cogent; but meantime he has been "fixing his eye on the top," and is no longer troubled about "the way up." You think he has really good reason for changing his opinion, which any man may legitimately do? I have tried to think that too; but in such a case how would a strong man act? He would go to his colleagues in the Government, and put it to them that a great mistake had been made in refusing an advantageous offer from the Colonies: if outvoted on so vital a matter he would resign and lay his case before the House and the country. What did he do? He said nothing of recanted opinions, but put forward his plan under cover of an inquiry. Did he really wish for an inquiry? Then why did he arrange that the country should not hear the views of any other member of the Government, and that the House should not hear the views of any one at all? The Government are holding an inquiry of their own behind the scenes? By all means, but why did he not make that inquiry first, before springing on us a proposal which, whether eventually accepted or rejected, must arouse infinitely dangerous

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feelings? How much stronger a hand he would have held if he could have brought forward his plan already endorsed by the inquiry of an Imperial Commission. Such tactics can only be dictated either by consciousness of a weak case, or by considerations which I am not prepared to admit as possible.

No, your man fails you; and look at the others. All the experience and all the good brains against him; for him only the weaklings, the figure-heads, the mad protectionists, and the small party fry. I beg your pardon; he may have, too, the class to which you belong—the unpractical Imperialists, fervent, unsuspicious, high-minded, self-sacrificing people who fix their eyes on the top; but before they go with him finally they must sacrifice their wits to their wishes, and I hope, my dear A., you haven't done that yet. Take time, and write again; and be sure that I also should be anything but sorry to be convinced.

Yours ever,

B.

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SOME RECENT BOOKS OF VERSE

DRAMATIC talent is certainly not common among us just now. Mr. R. Trevelyan's gift of classical verse appears to little advantage in **Cecilia Gonzaga** (Longmans, 2*s.* 6*d.* net). One or two delicately written passages cannot redeem the general flatness of a work which reveals no power of drawing character.

> If ever childish friendship in us both
> Grew blamelessly from opening leaf and bud
> To conscious love's perfected flower; if ever
> The music of our secret interviews,
> Love's first confessions whispered timidly,
> Sounded to each more sweet, more magical
> Than first-heard preludes of the thrush in spring
> If all those vows with which we fed our souls
> Had meaning then, or still have life and force
> Not wholly yet decayed, nor faded out
> From time-starved memory—oh, if you still
> Can love as once you loved——

We will not wrong these lines by following them to their tame conclusion.

Far deeper interest is aroused by **A Masque of Shadows** (Arthur Legge, Nutt, 3*s.* 6*d.* net), though the shadows are only four aspects of a single shadow, and that shadow the shadow of Clough. It is written with fluent ease, with an impromptu air of irresponsibility which disarms any one prepared to

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complain of the absence of plot. The study of different moods has been well carried out, and there are excellent touches of natural description.

I can hear the pheasants calling
  On the dusk-veiled hill,
And the pat of acorns falling
  Where the woods are still.
I am after striding horses
  And I feel the reins
Drawing tight, and blood that courses
  Through my fervent veins,
As I follow, follow, follow,
  Where the hounds stream on,
Till their cry grows faint and hollow,
  And the hunt is gone.

Yet in the end we lay the book down with a sigh of regret that such powers of expression should have been used once again to express nothing more positive than universal doubt.

That religion concerning which the Shadows are so busy in their Masque comes not near **A Sicilian Idyll** (John Todhunter, Elkin Mathews, 2*s.* 6*d.* net), the finished, placid craftsmanship of which resembles nothing so much as a picture by Alma-Tadema. This is Flora's holiday—here the Nymphs and Shepherds play. The twin kids, fairest of the flock, the polished sycamore bowl, the invocation to Selene—it is all so like Theocritus that it would surely please him if he knew. What is it that is wanting? The little epigrammatic touch—the taste of heather, perhaps, that keeps the Greek honey from cloying. And we are jealous for our native land. Why will not Dr. Todhunter give us a Devonshire idyll, with clotted cream and wild-eyed ponies for once instead of goats—or an idyll of the grave, noble boyhood and girlhood of some stately race like that from which Milton drew his Lady and her Brothers?

These three plays are the work of men who seriously intend to be poets. It has been said by a good critic that the occa-

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sional poems of writers who have won their laurels in prose are often most attractive; but, alas, it is not so with the **Blind Children** of Mr. Zangwill! (Heinemann, 5*s.* net.) These verses are full of words that set the teeth on edge because they are nearly the right word, yet not quite; they are lilted to tunes that are just, and only just too good for the hurdy-gurdy, and not good enough for anything else. They are clever, they are much too clever. They are this poet, and that poet and the other poet, but there is never a poet whose voice we have not heard before, except when they deal with the Jews. Then, indeed, sincerity lends the force in which they are otherwise deficient. Two such stanzas as the following make up for many a tinsel imitation:

> For "Friday-night" is written on his home
> In fair, white characters; his wife has spread
> The snowy Sabbath-cloth; the Hebrew tome,
> The flask and cup are at the table's head,
> There's Sabbath magic in the very bread,
> And royal fare the humble dishes seem;
> A holy light the Sabbath candles shed,
> Around his children's shining faces beam,
> He feels the strife of every day a far-off dream. . . .
>
> So in a thousand squalid Ghettos penned,
> Engirt yet undismayed by perils vast,
> The Jew in hymns that marked his faith would spend
> This night and dream of all his glorious Past,
> And wait the splendours by his seers forecast.
> And so, while mediæval creeds at strife
> With nature die, the Jew's ideals last,
> The simple love of home and child and wife,
> The sweet humanities which make our higher life.

"Seder-Night" is good too, and "The Jews of England," and the strange, wistful stanzas called "Moses and Jesus."

It is with a sense of keen relief that we turn from the work of one who writes poems because he can to the work of one who writes poems because she must. There are many faults in the charming little book that Miss Ethel Clifford calls

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Songs of Dreams (Lane, 8*s.* 6*d.* net), and not one of them, comparatively speaking, is of any account, because the true, rare spirit of poetry quickens the whole. It rains very often. We do not care how often it rains, for she has caught the sound, as she has caught the look of the moon, the gliding of slow waters that reflect, the patter of

> the small light feet
> Of hares in dew-wet grass at dawn.

She owes much to Blake, much to the Rossettis, brother and sister, but never in the way of direct imitation, only because she has allowed herself to be bewitched by them till, quite unconsciously, she writes as they would have written. Sometimes she overloads a line, sometimes she strains it, she is not guiltless in the matter of rhyme; but all the while she takes the reader captive by that quality defying analysis which is found only in poets of true imagination.

> I have seen the world. Was it fair?
> Ay. Fair and foul combined.
> About the sepulchre
> The roses twined.
>
> I have sailed the sea. Was it kind?
> Ay. Kind and cruel too,
> Now loud with battle song,
> Now low to woo.
>
> I have loved a maid. Was she true?
> Ay. True and false together,
> False in fair, but true
> In stormy weather.

Who that reads this can help remembering it—above all the last quatrain and its unexpected conclusion? There is a like sense of haunted, haunting suggestiveness about "The Princess in the Sea," about "The Lost Spring," and "A Song of Egypt."

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Far away in Egypt, the strange kings lie sleeping:
Rising and falling the old Nile flows;
Through seed-time and growing and the time for reaping
They wait, and we wait, for what—none knows.

The little poem on the birth of Cain is very striking:

All day long Eve wearied for the garden.
Not for her the comfort Adam knew
As he watched the wheat-ears slowly harden,
As the plaited roof above him grew.
"For the sake of all my lilies, pardon.
God," she prayed, "give back my violets blue."

Adam, sowing, watching, later reaping,
Wrestling with the earth and life and fate,
Knew no dreams for weariness in sleeping,
Knew no grief. But early still and late
Eve in dreams beheld the angel keeping
Watch beside the ever-hidden gate.

Till to Adam came a wondrous calling.
Sleeping hope like flame began to burn.
"'Tis God's messenger," he thought, "recalling.
Eden gate stands wide and we return."
Then he knew whose voice, all song forestalling,
Held all joy and sadness turn in turn.

"My beloved sings," he said; "no other.
She would cheat my heart and hide her pain."
So went in, undreaming of another.
In the shadowed place where she had lain,
Radiant and transfigured, Eve the mother,
Leaning on her elbow, sang to Cain.

The Dedication is the sweetest thing in a book that is full of sweetness. If space and time were other than they are, we could have quoted gladly at far greater length; as it is, we can only hope that these exquisite verses will meet with the welcome that they deserve.

There are more kinds than one of treasure-trove in Ireland: and for our part the King is welcome to all the necklaces if we may have the golden verse. Mr. Kuno Meyer has translated

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and Mr. Nutt has published for our delight four old Irish **Songs of Summer and Winter** (1*s.* 6*d.*), which, after being buried in their Gaelic for more than a thousand years, now for the first time see the day in English. Finn wrote them in his boyhood "to prove his poetry," and he proved it, it only by the amazing dexterity of his rhymes and assonances and alliterations. But to judge him merely by the translation, which makes no attempt to reproduce these feats, he proved also that summer has always been summer, and the heart of youth always young:

May-day, season surpassing!
Splendid is colour then,
Blackbirds sing a full lay
If there be a slender shaft of day.

. . . . .

The harp of the forest sounds music,
The sail gathers —— perfect peace.
Colour has settled on every height,
Haze on the lake of full waters.

. . . . .

Delightful is the season's splendour,
Rough winter has gone,
White is every fruitful wood,
A joyous peace is summer.

. . . . .

A wild longing is on you to race horses,
The ranked host is ranged around:
A bright shaft has been shot into the land,
So that the water-flag is gold beneath it.

A timorous tiny persistent little fellow
Sings at the top of his voice,
The lark sings clear tidings:——
Surpassing May-day of delicate colours!

We could go on quoting, and there are some stanzas better than these; but those who will not buy so small a book do not deserve, and those who will do not need, more from us.

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THE POSITION OF UNIONIST FREE TRADERS

I HAVE been asked, as chairman of the meeting of Unionist M.P.s held at the House of Commons on July 1, to explain the attitude taken up by the Free Trade members of the Unionist party towards Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals. In attempting to comply with this request, it must be understood that I have no authority to speak for my colleagues, but can only state my own opinions, so far as I believe them to fairly represent the average view of the Committee.

The resolution unanimously passed at the parliamentary meeting was as follows: "That in furtherance of the inquiry proposed by his Majesty's Ministers into our fiscal system a committee be appointed to examine the probable effect of the suggested changes on the unity of the Empire and the social and industrial welfare of the United Kingdom, both of which objects this meeting earnestly desires, and to take steps for placing before the country the objections entertained by this meeting to protective taxation on our imports of food."

It will be observed that in this resolution we affirmed—(1) our desire to further the inquiry undertaken by his Majesty's Government; (2) our desire to promote the unity of the Empire and the social and industrial welfare of the United Kingdom; and (3) our objection to all protective duties on food.

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Whatever our individual opinions may be as to the necessity for an inquiry into our fiscal system (in favour of which I personally think there is much to be said), we are united in demanding that the inquiry shall be genuine, unprejudiced, and thorough. We do not want such a policy of "inquiry and instigation" as was proclaimed by Mr. Gladstone in the early months of 1886, a policy starting with a fixed idea as to the object to be attained and only seeking to ascertain the line of least resistance, the least objectionable or the least unpopular methods by which to attain that object. We want a fair, unprejudiced, searching inquiry, conducted by impartial officials, aided by all the expert knowledge at the disposal of the various Government Departments. We desire that the statistical and other reports drawn up by the Departments shall (speaking generally and excluding strictly confidential documents) be laid before both Houses of Parliament and published as early as possible, for the information both of politicians and of electors, before the nation is called upon to decide on the merits of the new fiscal policy. About all, we are anxious that this policy, fraught, as it must be, with the most serious consequences to our Empire, should be thoroughly weighed and discussed in all its aspects, both in Parliament and in the country.

And, be it remembered, the burden of proof lies on those who attempt to upset the financial system under which this country has enjoyed prosperity and accumulated wealth for nearly two generations past. This was fully admitted by the Duke of Devonshire, speaking for the Government in the House of Lords on June 15.

And what have the "tariff reformers" to prove in order to induce the nation to accept the new doctrine of preferential tariffs?

(1) First they have to show that our commercial prosperity is so seriously on the wane that drastic remedies are required. This they must prove by taking our trade *as a whole*, and not arbitrarily selecting particular industries, the conditions of which must vary from time to time and by attaching at least

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as much weight to the conditions of our home trade as to our foreign and colonial exports and imports.

(2) Next they must prove that our self-governing colonies can and will offer us adequate inducements to change our fiscal policy. It is clear that Canada and Australia will not agree to "Free Trade within the Empire"—a true Zollverein, which no doubt would have attractions for many who are not Protectionists. But will they admit our manufactures on fair terms to compete with their own? Will they surrender their right of concluding reciprocity treaties with foreign countries? And are the commercial advantages they offer sufficient to compensate us for what we shall lose in other directions?

(3) Next we have to be convinced that the new fiscal system will permanently improve our relations with our self-governing colonies. Doubts may fairly be raised whether, for instance, a colonial demand for a tax on food will make our working-classes fonder of the Colonies; or if the colonial farmer or manufacturer, whom it is proposed to protect, will not in time come to be regarded as the most dangerous competitors of our own farming and manufacturing classes. Even if we put aside the jealousies of our own people and pay regard to colonial opinion only, it is questionable if a partial commercial union will tend to promote more harmonious relations than are secured by the present system of fiscal autonomy.

(4) Again, are we sure that the proposed system is compatible with the continued prosperity of India and other portions of our Empire, which at present enjoy free trade tariffs? It must not be forgotten in this connection that our exports to India alone are as valuable as those to Canada and Australia put together.

(5) Moreover, the tariff reformers must convince us that the giving of preferences to our Colonies will not cripple our much larger trade with foreign countries,[1] nor disturb our

[1] Our exports to foreign countries in 1901 were £175,250,000, while those to the self-governing colonies were only £52,250,000. The exports to the

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relations with friendly and kindred nations. Apart from losing the advantages of the "most favoured nation" treatment, we run serious risk of weakening the bonds of common interest and commercial amity which have so often tended to lessen the strain of political differences.

(6) Lastly, but not least, we require clear proof that the new system will increase the social and industrial well-being of the people of the United Kingdom. Will it ensure them more employment, cheap food, higher wages? Will it lower or will it raise the cost of production of our manufactures? Will it open to us larger markets or enable us to contend more successfully in neutral markets? Will it diminish or exaggerate the evils of trusts and combines?

On these, among other questions, we expect to have satisfactory answers before we are persuaded to commit ourselves to a drastic reform which will vitally alter, for weal or woe, the fundamental relations of our Imperial possessions.

We do not intend to be led away by rhetorical appeals to sentiment, supported by obviously inaccurate figures, nor by incitements to popular passion against our trade rivals and customers in foreign countries. Still less do we intend to listen to subtle suggestions that tariffs could be so arranged as to favour certain weak industries, at present suffering it may be from want of energy or want of capital, but which would naturally seek the easier remedy of artificial protection.

In obtaining the national verdict on preferential tariffs, all we desire is a fair field and a clear issue, not complicated by offers of old age pensions, nor confused by the introduction of the question of "retaliation"—a different policy, to which different considerations apply.

Above all we shall demand a more definite account of the taxation to be imposed. Is it to be on food alone? On all kinds, or on what? On corn alone, or on beef and mutton also? Or is it, as the Protectionists are loudly demanding, to be extended

U.S.A. were £18,400,000, to Germany £23,500,000, as compared with £7,800,000 exported to Canada, and £31,300,000 to Australia.

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to manufactured articles? Is it to be confined to a few imports; or is the Englishman to be taxed (as in the good old days) "from the cradle to the grave?" Are the duties to be heavy or light, fixed or sliding?

At present the novel doctrines seem as elusive as the chameleon; taking a different complexion and hue according to the particular interest or class with which they are brought into contact. For example, the tax on corn varies in the tariff reformers' organs from *5s.* to *2s.* a quarter, according as it is recommended as a sure cure for agricultural depression, or is guaranteed not to raise the price of the working-man's bread.

While generally offering assistance to the fiscal inquiry now on foot, the Unionist Free Traders in the House of Commons have thought it right to give the country no uncertain lead on one particular point. Whatever may be the result of the inquiry in other directions, we are convinced that Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to place protective duties on the food of the people is equally injurious to the national welfare and to the future prospects of the Unionist party. Such a policy will, we hold, reopen all the bitter controversies associated with Protection and the Anti-Corn Law movement; will tend more than anything else to bring into sharp conflict the interests of town and country, of consumer and producer, of labourer and farmer; and will, however cleverly disguised by offers of old age pensions and the like, prove wholly unacceptable to the crowded populations of our great cities. The tax on imported corn may at first sight appear calculated to put money into the pockets of certain landowners and farmers, though unless it is accompanied by taxes on imported beef and mutton, butter and cheese, it will injure rather than benefit large classes of the agricultural community. But even the corn farmers may in the long run suffer from a policy which, if we are to believe its advocates, will greatly stimulate the production of wheat on the virgin soils of North-West Canada, and thus rather increase than diminish the competition

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with which the British corn farmer will have to contend in the future.

But from the party point of view also we regard Mr. Chamberlain's food tax with the utmost apprehension. To identify the Unionist Party with such a policy will probably be as fatal to its influence in the country as was the identification of the Liberal party with Home Rule seventeen years ago. Those of us who are Liberal-Unionists must specially deplore the precipitate action taken by one of our hitherto trusted leaders, which we cannot help comparing to the reckless departure made by Mr. Gladstone in 1886.

In this case Mr. Chamberlain's action is all the more remarkable because it is taken, not by the Prime Minister or the Leader of an Opposition, but by an individual member of the Cabinet, with the reluctant acquiescence of his Chief, and in the teeth of some of his most important colleagues. It is largely with a view of saving our party from being split from top to bottom by Mr. Chamberlain's new departure that we have resolved to take a firm stand on what appears to us the most obviously objectionable article in the "unauthorised programme" of 1903.

Though I wish here to confine myself mainly to the larger issues, I cannot pass over in silence the question of parliamentary tactics. Mr. Chamberlain has, in the most explicit way, invited discussion in Parliament as well as in the country at large.[1] Mr. Balfour has assured us that differences on such economic subjects are not to be regarded as a test of party loyalty.[2] Relying on this invitation and these assurances, our Chairman, Sir M. Hicks Beach, the oldest Member of the House of Commons and one of the greatest living authorities on national finance, asked Mr. Balfour on July 15 to afford the House of Commons, before the close of the Session, an opportunity for the full discussion of the changes proposed by the Colonial Secretary in the fiscal policy of the country. Mr.

[1] Speech in the House of Commons, May 28, 1903.

[2] Speech at the Constitutional Club, June 26, 1903.

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Balfour, in his reply, refused to grant any facilities for a non-party motion, which alone could test the real opinion of the House of Commons.

Such a decision is regrettable from more than one point of view. It shows that the Government (or to speak more accurately the majority of the Cabinet) shrinks from having a full and fair discussion by the people's representatives of the gravest financial question that has been mooted for many years. It deprives the country of the advantage of hearing difficult and complicated problems debated face to face by statesmen of different parties and different views, a far more educative process than a series of electioneering speeches delivered on party platforms. And, worst of all, it tends to lower the character and degrade the position of the British House of Commons by denying to it a privilege which is enjoyed not only by the House of Lords but by every Chamber of Commerce and every debating society throughout the length and breadth of the Empire.

HENRY HOBHOUSE.

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IMPERIAL TRADE AND TARIFFS

ALTHOUGH the process is often very unpleasant, it is by no means unwholesome, and it is certainly stimulating, to be called upon from time to time to examine the grounds on which we hold our opinions. It cannot indeed be said that in these latter days this stimulus has been lacking. In almost every branch of human activity novel views have been advanced, of which some have caused us to revise our beliefs to a very large extent. We have seen opinions which we had thought dead and buried, revived and made the subject of animated and even angry debate. This debate has continued for a space, and then, almost suddenly, the clamour of argument for and against has died down, and the world has gone on again as though the proposition which had been questioned had never been in doubt. It will usually be found that when this occurs it is because the matter in debate is of a very complicated or abstruse character, that some new aspect of it has been turned towards us, and that the impugners of the truth of the particular doctrine, losing sight of the more general considerations to which weight must be given, confine themselves to a special point, and are unwilling or unable to see that it is only on a complete survey of the whole field that a definite, and above all a just, conclusion can be reached.

In no branch of inquiry is this more common than in that

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which deals with economic theory. This is perhaps not surprising. The subject is present to every one; it is very complicated, and, until the matter is closely examined, it appears to be more under the control of man than almost any other. Buying and selling is an invention of the human animal, and the operations which it involves are controlled by purely human rules which on the first blush seem to be quite arbitrary. Accordingly we find again and again in the history of human society endeavours made to influence the course of economics by modifying the rules.

Usury, condemned in Holy Writ, has been made the subject of many such attempts. These have mainly disappeared under more enlightened views of the properties of money, though recent legislation makes it doubtful whether, under favourable circumstances, we might not see the Legislature again interfering to protect borrowers yet more fully from themselves. "Engrossing," "forestalling," and "regrating" are terms which in their economic sense have become all but obsolete. Yet the statute book bristled with them at one time, until in 1843 they were swept away by the 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 24. Probably not one person in a thousand would even guess at the meaning of the word "owling," nor would many be wiser if they were told it had to do with sheep and wool. And not only have numerous attempts been made to alter the rules, but the same attempt actually made, found useless and abandoned by one generation, is repeated at a subsequent period and again abandoned, sometimes as the result of argument, sometimes as that of painful experience. No better example of the truth of this can be found than in the matter of the currency. Money, which appears to be the simplest thing in the world, is economically among the most complex, and presents itself under an infinite number of aspects. Accordingly we find, as one or other of its properties is brought prominently under notice, proposals are made to remedy some particular alleged inconvenience by some modification of the rules. We have seen (do now see in Turkey),

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the export of gold forbidden; we have frequently seen the expedient of an inconvertible paper currency tried, and only the other day bi-metallism was proposed as a sovereign remedy for all our economic woes.

We may be annoyed therefore, but we need not be surprised, that we are to-day called upon to review and justify or reverse the economic opinions which we have docketed Free Trade and put away in the pigeon-holes of our mind. But even if the re-examination has no other result, it will not be without its value, for we shall in the process have got a clearer and more precise idea of the grounds on which we base our views. We are, however, entitled to complain that we are invited to undertake the examination for reasons which are incompatible if not mutually destructive. It seriously impedes our inquiry if it is to be conducted in order at the same time to discover a method of binding the Mother Country and her colonies closer together, a source of income from which to pension our artisans, and a means of protecting our industries. Yet at the outset all these objects would seem to have been present in the minds of those who put the question before the nation. It is true that the second appears to have been abandoned, and our inquest is limited to the first and the last. Let us then see whether on either or both of these grounds we ought to reconsider the fiscal policy of the United Kingdom.

But first we must clear away all doubt as to the position we occupy on the desirability of closer union between the component parts of the Empire. Rightly or wrongly we accept the imperial policy of this country. It is true that the wisdom of this policy has been questioned in the not very distant past; but since 1887, when the jubilee of the Queen drew our attention to the matter, till 1897, when the Diamond Jubilee showed what depths of imperial fervour existed in the nation, and then till the war proved that this patriotism was a real living thing for which our fellow subjects in the Dominions beyond the seas would suffer and die, it has become

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clearer and clearer that the subjects of the King accept the imperial idea. If we ask what roots it has, we must, I think, agree that these lie deep in our history. The plain destiny of this country, for at least a century, has been towards that large and noble imperialism (as we may agree to call it) which we have ourselves seen develop with astonishing rapidity in the last ten or fifteen years. We may, indeed, go back to the seizure of Jamaica by Cromwell in 1655 to find a still earlier sign of the coming imperial development.

It has had many vicissitudes. Sometimes our governors in their ardour hindered that for which they strove, at others the development went on in spite of opposition from above. How long it will continue is a matter of little concern to us to-day; it is enough that for the present the prolific community of which we are members still seeks for an outlet for its energy. Fortunately its strivings have on the whole been in a direction the moralist can approve; for it may fairly be said that liberty of conscience, political, social, and religious, has been kept in the forefront as the object sought to be attained. I know what the carping critic says, I know the sneer of the cynic, of which a simple example may be given in the expression, now no longer current, which described the adventurer in India as having gone to "shake the pagoda tree." But, in fact, the pursuit of wealth was not, I believe, the motive producing the far-reaching results which have ended by spreading a girdle of British Colonies around the globe.

Since India has been referred to, it is worth while quoting the following passage from the letter of the Court of the East India Company, written at the end of the seventeenth century:

> That which we promise ourselves in a most especiall manner from our new President and Council, is that they will establish such a politie of Civill and Military power, and create and secure such a large Revenue to maintaine both at that place, as may bee the foundation of a large, well grounded, sure English Dominion in India for all time to come. (To Fort St. George, 12 December 1687.)

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It will be seen that this purely trading corporation within less than a century of its foundation in 1599 had already shown itself permeated with the imperial idea. To further this, no sacrifice is in my judgment too great, for I believe the present well-being and future progress of the nation is bound up with it.

Up to this point, therefore, there is no divergence between those who desire to alter our fiscal policy, and those who will consent to such alterations only when reasonable grounds are shown for thinking it will promote the well-being of the community as a whole. But when we are invited to reconsider, with a view to reversing, a policy of more than fifty years' standing, we require to be quite convinced that the object will be obtained without disadvantages which may possibly outweigh the benefits. And here a difficulty presents itself. Even now we are left to guess at the plan by which the benefits are to be secured. So lately as July 13 the *Times*, commenting on Sir William Harcourt's letter in that day's issue, observes:

> It is very easy to clothe the expected proposals of Mr. Chamberlain in terms for which he is not responsible and the accuracy of which he would not be likely to admit, and then to bring against them telling arguments which may have no discoverable relation to any conditions which are likely actually to arise. . . . Those who now vanquish Mr. Chamberlain, and show the futility of his proposals before he has explained their nature, are not unlikely to discover that they have been wasting their time, and that they have even entangled themselves in verbal difficulties from which they may not find it easy to escape. . . . Mr. Chamberlain invites us to ascertain the facts with which we have to deal, and leads us to expect that, when we have done so, he will be prepared to offer for our consideration certain proposals having reference to them.

We have no indication as to the grounds on which so radical a change is to be recommended to the nation nor even of the nature of the proposals, and must be content to consider whether the change itself is advisable.

As I have said, two objects are held up to us for attainment: a closer union with our colonies and protection of our

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trade. It seems, at all events, reasonable to ask—will any mere fiscal change attain either the one or the other?

First then as to a closer union with our colonies. If one thing is clearer than another it is that in the last generation the Colonies and the Mother Country have drawn closer and closer together. I have already referred to the growth of patriotic feeling in the Colonies for the Mother Country. It is one of the commonplaces of those who advocate a change to point out that our trade with the Colonies is increasing. Is it not a pertinent question to ask why should we seek to disturb the growth which is taking place? Moreover, that growth is larger than those who descant on it seem to be aware. A comparison in mere values obscures the facts. We know that prices have fallen seriously since, say, 1872, and, indeed, have undergone an almost continuous fall. It would be within the mark to say that what it took £100 to obtain at that date can be bought for £60 to-day. When we are told, therefore, that the value of our colonial import trade has increased from 79 millions to 105 millions in value in thirty years, or 133 per cent., it means that reckoned in bulk, in actual goods purchased and enjoyed, it has grown nearly two and a half times. It is unnecessary to labour the point. Our trade with our colonies is growing, and it seems not unreasonable to urge that we should not do anything which may interfere with this growth, particularly if the measure suggested might produce greater evils than it secures advantages. For one thing at least is clear, viz., that preferential tariffs as between the Colonies and the Mother Country are in contemplation.

Let us look at our colonial import trade. In 1902 it amounted to 109 millions. Of this 49 millions came from India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Hong-Kong, and the Niger Protectorates. These are free trade colonies and represent 45 per cent. of the whole. From the rest we took 60 millions. The following is a succinct analysis of this amount: We got from Australia and New Zealand butter, dyestuffs, leather, meat, metals of various sorts, and their ores,

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oils, shells, skins, tallow, wheat and wool, which, with sundry smaller articles of a like character, came to 80½ millions of money.

From Canada and Newfoundland we got butter, cheese, eggs, fish, fruit, lard, leather, meat, metals and their ores, oil, paper and paper-making materials, skins, wheat and wood, and these, with sundry other articles, came to 22 millions.

From the Cape and Natal we got feathers, hides, metals and their ores, and wool, amounting with sundries to 4½ millions.

From our West India possessions we got fruit, gums, spices, tallow, rum and sugar, and these, with sundries, amounted to 8 millions.

But let us see where this lands us. Our total imports in 1902 amounted to 528 millions sterling. A very summary analysis of this figure divides it as follows :—

	Millions	
Food of all sorts	219	
Raw materials	222	
	——	441
Manufactures—General	73	
Iron and Steel . . .	14	
	——	87
Total . . .		528 millions.

I retain the distinction between food and raw materials, though, in fact, food is the raw material of that most important of finished products—Labour, and I separate iron and steel manufactures because I shall have occasion to refer to them again. No scheme which dealt only with the 87 millions of manufactures and neglected the 441 millions of food and raw materials would be of any service to the Colonies or ourselves. We are driven to the conclusion that the new tariff must deal with these. If so, we are to be asked to tax articles to the value of 381 millions sterling to benefit, say, 60 millions. The whole of our food and raw material is to go up in price to let less than one-seventh of it have some advantage in our market. Even if we include the free trade colonies we are to benefit one-fourth to the prejudice of the remaining three-fourths.

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But this is not all. It may be said that if we levy the taxes on imports we can take them off other items. From what items? Not customs, for they are to be raised. Excise? Will the teetotalers be pleased to see beer and spirits relieved? The death duties or the income-tax? Will this process recommend itself to the working classes, who regard themselves as already overtaxed? Moreover, if foreign feeding stuffs go up in price, is it possible to prevent our home produce rising also? Will the country at large be content to see landlord or farmer, or both, benefit? The difficulty of finding answers to these questions which will satisfy the electorate seems to me insuperable. I wait with some impatience and much curiosity until, in fulness of time, the nation is taken into the confidence of its new financial authority. Till they are answered I forbear to consider the probable animosity which we should arouse in seeking to further the trade of, say, Canada, while the demands of Australia or the Cape were not met to their satisfaction.

Let us turn to the question of protection to our home industry. In the first place, what is "this little isle set in the silver sea" but a teeming hive of industry? Its striving multitudes of men and women have long been more numerous than its soil can support; but in addition to this they have developed wants which its climate is not fitted to satisfy, and for both reasons it has looked in the past, it looks now, and, as far as we can see into the future, it must ever look to a great external trade. If its population continues to grow this will become more and more important. How, then, are we to satisfy these wants inherent in the nature of things and likely to become greater rather than less? I answer by leaving the conditions under which they may seek satisfaction as free from legislative trammels as possible, by allowing the energy of our people free development, their activity free scope. It may be said these are mere generalities, perhaps they may be called mere rhetoric. Let us come to something which is harder fact. What, let us ask ourselves, will a community such as I have

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described seek, what will it endeavour to offer in exchange? Surely it will seek, in the first place, the basis on which to found its industry, nourishment for its people, raw materials for them to work on, and in exchange for these it will offer the manufactured article. We have seen above that this is precisely what in fact takes place. The tendency will therefore be more and more for such a community to pile on its exports more and more of its labour, so that it may be able in exchange to get more and more of the necessaries and luxuries of life. But perhaps it may be asked, How if there comes along one who has precisely similar articles to sell, and who seeks to eject us from the markets we possess, perhaps even to invade us at home? Well, I am fully convinced of one thing, that over time and in the mass you can only sell men what they want. In this country we want food and raw material, we do not want, except by way of exception, the finished articles; and though for a period it is possible that we may find our home markets invaded by them, in the long run, there is no risk to our industries, and this for a very simple reason. The foreign vendor does not come to this country on any philanthropic mission. He has the same object in view as we have, wants to supply, tastes to gratify, and unless he can secure these in malt or meal he will take his wares elsewhere. But it is suggested that the foreign invader of our markets looks upon this country as an orange to be squeezed and cast aside. It is difficult to regard this suggestion with patience. The artisan income of Great Britain amounts to fully two million pounds per day, and in order to earn that two million pounds the nation must work to-day, not have worked yesterday nor be willing to work to-morrow. Can any reasonable man contemplate the ruin of this great revenue-earning machine? And I am only talking of the artisan income. The brains which direct the national enterprise, the expert advice which assists it in times of trouble and anxiety, probably represent yet another million pounds per diem, and the interest on the national capital at least

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as much again. That is a goose whose daily golden eggs are of infinitely more value than its beak and its bones, and I come to the conclusion that the most self-seeking millionaire from over the Atlantic will rather see it cackling about the farm-yard than hanging up in the larder. But it is said the foreign buyer refuses to have your goods, imposes hostile tariffs against you, and keeps you out of his market. This threat leaves me quite unmoved. I am not concerned to ask whether he wants to buy, I know he wants to sell, and, selling, has no other alternative but to buy. If, selling to me, he refuses to take my commodities, he must be willing to take something in their stead, and the person from whom he takes them must take from me. The foreign seller no more than I desires to hoard his gold in a stocking, he wants it for use, for enjoyment, and use or enjoyment of it can only be got by exchanging it for other commodities. Far from stifling my trade he must encourage it, my wants helping to the satisfaction of his.

But supposing none of these arguments is felt to be convincing I think those who hold to Free Trade may fairly ask, "What do you propose to tax?" I have already endeavoured to show that the taxation of food and raw materials will not be acceptable to the community. How will it help our home industries? The cost of living will be raised. Whether wages will rise is an economic question on which I will not embark here. If they do our cost of production will rise. If they do not it seems hardly doubtful that great discontent in the mass of the population will follow. A tax on raw materials labours under the same disadvantage of raising our cost of production and rendering us less able to compete in the markets of the world. We are left to consider the 87 millions of manufactured articles. The only reason we buy these is because they are cheap and we want them for the purpose of our livelihood or our trade. How will our position be improved by making them dearer? We buy from America or Germany because we are offered what we require. No

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compulsion is put upon us to buy or abstain from buying. It is to be hoped that the freedom we now possess may not be taken from us by people who do not know our needs half as well as we do ourselves.

The out-and-out protectionist is apt to point to America and to Germany as demonstrating the soundness of his views. With regard to America the circumstances are by no means similar. An enormous country, sparsely populated, with huge mineral wealth, undergoing rapid development, and with its population increasing at great speed, differs in almost every particular from Great Britain, and so I leave America on one side. But before doing so I should like to observe that a fiscal policy which has produced a rank crop of multi-millionaires has hardly said the last word on communal welfare. As to Germany, every newspaper teems with complaints as to her financial and social position. Not for nothing do anarchy and socialism (the opposite poles, perhaps, of social discontent) flourish in the Fatherland; not for nothing do the Agrarians, already benefited by a protective tariff, clamour for more and yet more; not for nothing was the Jove on the Thames besought (and, foolish creature, consented) to come and help poor Germany out of her Sugar Bounty rut.

In conclusion I ask of what are we afraid, what protection do we require? About one-sixth of our imports are manufactures, and of these again about one-sixth consist of iron and steel goods. Like the rest of our imports they were sold to willing buyers who, it may be assumed, saw their way to profit or pleasure. Why interfere? In the same year we exported 52 millions' worth of iron and steel goods. We sold these at a profit, as our income-tax returns would clearly prove. Leave the iron trade as free in the future as it has been in the past, and those engaged in it, left as far as may be untrammelled by legislative interference, will carry it on with profit to themselves, to the ever-increasing benefit of

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their workmen, and the immense advantage of the nation. I speak from an experience of upwards of forty years, during which time I have seen this process continuously taking place, and it needs no gift of prophecy to foretell that the next forty years will tell a like tale of progress and prosperity.

HUGH BELL.

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NOTES ON THE CONCLAVE

THE DEATH OF THE POPE

WHEN Leo Pontifex Maximus XIII., Ruler of the World, Father of Princes and Kings, Earthly Vicar of Jesus Christ, shall have reached the end of his life in this world, he will receive absolution and a plenary indulgence in the article of death from Cardinal-Penitentiary Antonio Agliardi.

Before the College of Cardinals assembled at his bedside, he will make his final profession of faith. While he is in his agony, by ancient custom the pontifical nephews and familiars participate in his effects.

THE VERIFICATION OF DEATH

When he has submitted to the laws of mortality, the Cardinal-Chamberlain Luigi Oreglia di San Stefano, in a violet cappa, attended by the clerks of the apostolic chamber in black, thrice will tap the cadaver on the brow with a silver mallet, invoking the dead Pope first by his pontifical name *Leo*, secondly by his christian name *Gioacchino Vincenzo Rafaele Luigi*, thirdly by the pet name by which his mother called him in babyhood *Nino*. When no sign of life ensues, apostolic prothonotaries, kneeling, write the act of death, and record the vacancy in the Paparchy.

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PONTIFICAL SIGILS AND INTER-PONTIFF

The Fisherman's Ring, called "The Little Peter in a Boat," of massive gold worth 100 crowns, is taken from the dead hand by the Cardinal-Chamberlain, broken, and divided among the caerimonarii. All other sigils are delivered by the Apostolic-Datary to the Cardinal-Chamberlain, and destroyed by him in the presence of the Auditor and the Treasurer. The Cardinal-Chamberlain (as Cardinal-Dean of Bishops), assisted by Cardinal-Prior-Presbyter Netto (the Patriarch of Lisbon), and Cardinal-Archdeacon Luigi Macchi, assume the government of the Church.

EVISCERATION

Within twenty-four hours the cadaver is eviscerated by Drs. Lapponi and Mazzoni. The viscera, extracted through a slit in the carotid, are enclosed in a sealed crystal vase; and deposited in the Church of Sts. Vincent and Anastasius by the Fountain of Trevi, in accordance with the Bull of Leo XII., A.D. 1824.

THE LYING-IN-STATE

The cadaver is embalmed, washed, shaved, and pontifically vested by the Penitentiaries of St. Peter's, who place a mitre on the head and a chalice in the hands. It is deposited on a lofty bier in the Trinity Chapel of the Vatican Basilica, with the feet protruded through the grille for the osculations of the faithful.

SEPULTURE

On the third day, the cadaver is put into a lead coffin with a medal from each cardinal of Leo XIII.'s creation; the shell is included in a cypress coffin, and immured by torchlight over the second pillar in the left aisle of St. Peter's, next to the tomb of the Stewarts. Here it must remain for at least one

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year before its translation to the permanent tomb already chosen. The expenses are borne by the Apostolic Chamber.

THE NOVENDIALIA

On the first and ninth days after the death of the Pope two hundred requiems are intoned, the first and last by a cardinal-bishop assisted by four mitred cardinals; on each of the other seven days one hundred requiems are intoned.

THE CONCLAVE

On the tenth day, cardinals from all parts of the world reach Rome: the mass of the Holy Spirit is intoned, a sermon is preached by some eloquent friar, and, surrounded by the Swiss Guard, their Eminences go (singing *Veni Creator Spiritus*) to the cells which they are to occupy till they have elected a Pope. Cardinal Oreglia's cell is hung with green, because he is a creature of Pius IX. All the other cells are hung with violet, because their inhabitants are creatures of Leo. XIII. Each cardinal's armorials are blazoned over the entrance to his cell. A bed, a table, and a chair are all the furniture.

THE IMMURATION

After taking possession of their cells, their Eminences adjourn to the Pauline Chapel to hear the reading of the pontifical Bulls directing elections. Until three hours after sunset, ambassadors of sovereigns, and the people, have access to the Conclave. Then the heralds shout "All out"; the doors are shut, all doors and windows are bricked up, and all chimneys (except one) are capped. The outer door is locked on the inside by the Cardinal-Chamberlain, on the outside by Prince Chigi, the Hereditary Marshal of the Holy Roman Church. Sick conclavists may retire this way, but they may not return. Apostolic prothonotaries record this immuration as an Act of the Conclave.

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THE CONCLAVISTS

Every cardinal is attended by a chaplain and a valet. Cardinal-princes, such as Kopp of Breslau, and infirm cardinals, such as Capecelatro of Naples, may use two body-servants. There are also a sacristan with sub-sacristans, masters of ceremonies, secretaries with their servants, a Jesuit confessor, a physician, a surgeon, a pharmacist, a mason, a carpenter, with their respective boys, and a host of domestic prelates and menials. All these take a stringent oath of secrecy.

FOOD AND DRINK

passes into the Conclave by a little turn-table near the principal door. It is all rigorously examined by Cardinal-censors to detect letters or communications surreptitiously sent to their Eminences by externs. The rigour of conclavial seclusion has been relaxed on very important occasions. In the Conclave of 1800, on the Isle of St. George by Venice, an Englishman, named Oakley, was permitted to enter, for the purpose of delivering to the Cardinal Duke of York the announcement of King George III.'s intention to provide that "august personage" with an income of £4000 per annum.

THE SISTINE CHAPEL

Here are erected thrones for the cardinals: green for Oreglia, violet for the rest. The canopy of each throne is demissible by a cord. Silver basins full of voting papers stand on a table before the altar. On the altar is a huge gold chalice covered by a paten.

MODES OF ELECTION

The new Pope is elected *By Compromise*—that is, when the cardinals nominate certain of their number as Compromissaries with power to name the Pope; or *By Inspiration—i.e.*, when two-thirds plus one of the cardinals present shout the name of a certain cardinal, "Svampa is Pope," or "Gotti is Pope"; or *By Adoration—i.e.*, when the minimum majority

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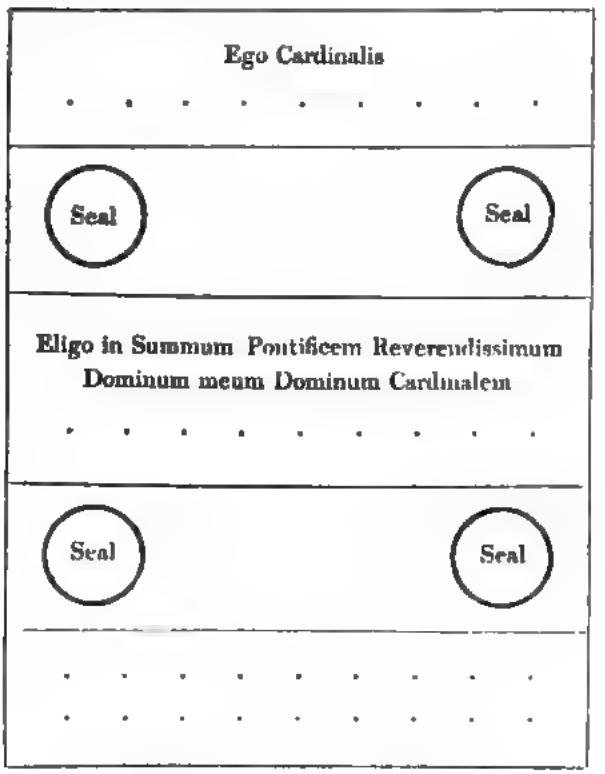
of two-thirds plus one spontaneously proceed to adore a certain cardinal (Leo XIII. was elected in this way); or *By Scrutiny —i.e.*, when each cardinal secretly records a written vote; or *By Accession—i.e.*, when, the Scrutiny having failed to give the minimum majority to any cardinal, the opponents of the cardinal whose tally is the highest shall accede to him.

ELIGIBLE PERSONS

In theory, the election of a Pope is a patent manifestation of the operation of the Holy Spirit; and *Ubi Spiritus ibi Libertas.* Hence, not only all cardinals, but also all baptized males are eligible for the Paparchy. The first Pope, St. Peter, was not a cardinal before his nomination. John XII. (955–963) was a youth of eighteen. Benedict IX. (1033–1048) was a little boy of ten (*puer fere decennis*).

THE FORM OF THE VOTING PAPER

Of the *Scrutiny* (inside).



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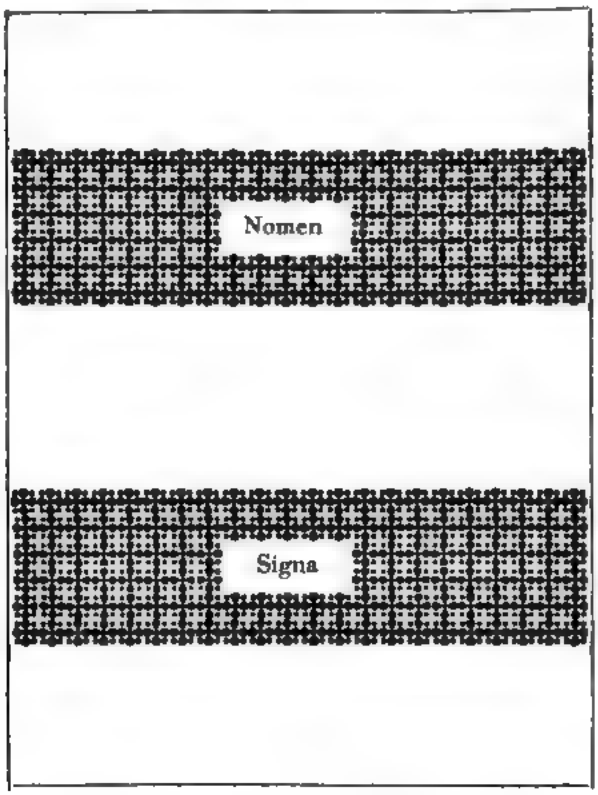
Of the *Accession* (inside) the same as above, except that the middle compartment contains the words: "Accedo Reverendissimo Domino meo, Domino Cardinali."

Of the *Scrutiny* and *Accession* (outside).



These voting papers are about a hand's breadth in length, and half as broad. The cardinals, seated each on his throne, disguise their writing, and take the most meticulous precautions against being overlooked. At the top, each elector writes his own name, folds it down and seals it at the two appointed places. In the middle he writes the name of the baptized male (cardinal or otherwise) whom he is moved to elect; and this portion he does not fold over. At the bottom, he writes his own motto; folds it up, and seals it at the two appointed places. Nothing now is visible save the name of the person to whom the vote is given, and the back of the paper is heavily engraved so that

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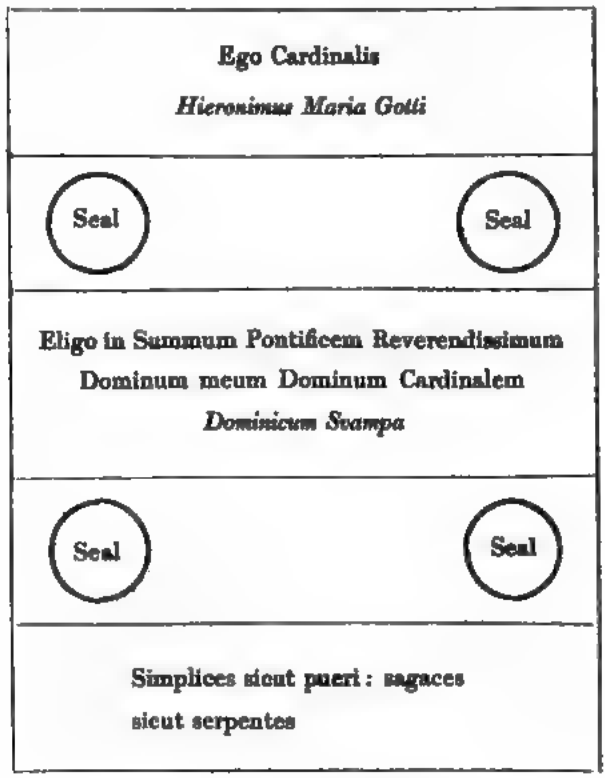
the name of the voter and his motto shall not be read through it. Such a voting paper when filled up might appear as follows:—



THE VOTING

One by one their Eminences approach the altar holding aloft their votes between the thumb and index fingers of their ringed right hands; aloud they severally swear: "Before Christ the Lord, who is to be my Judge, I attest that I have chosen him whom I judge fittest to be chosen, if it be according to God's Will; and at the Accession I will do the like." He puts the vote on the paten, tilts the last till the vote slips into the chalice, replaces the paten, and reverts to his throne. When all have voted, Oreglia, Netto and Macchi bring the chalice down to the table, from which the silver basins have

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been removed. A ciborium, empty, is placed beside the full chalice.

THE SCRUTINY

The names of all the cardinals are written on little snips of parchment. Each snip is rolled up and placed in a hole in a lead ball. The balls are put into a huge violet burse. The junior Cardinal-Deacon (Felix Cavagnis ?) shakes it, draws out three, and the names written on these three snips are the names of the Cardinal-Scrutators, who now have charge of the voting. They watch the full chalice, while the Augustinian sacristan at the altar intones the mass of The Holy Ghost. Then, the said chalice is vigorously shaken by the Senior Scrutator. The Junior Scrutator counts the votes from the chalice into the ciborium; and, if the number of them does not correspond with the number of cardinals present, they are burned, and the voting is repeated. All being correct, the three Scrutators sit at the table in face of the College; the Senior Scrutator takes the votes one by one, reads his name to whom the vote is given, passes it to the next Scrutator, who silently reads and passes it to the Junior Scrutator, who proclaims the name, and files the vote on a needle threaded with a skein of violet silk, piercing the word "Eligo." Each cardinal records each suffrage on a printed tally.

THE ACCESSION

If no cardinal has obtained the minimum majority of two-thirds plus one of the number of electors, recourse is had to Accession (of which the form has been given), in order that their Eminences may have a chance of amending their suffrages by acceding to the cardinal whose tally in the Scrutiny is the highest. The Accession papers are filled, deposited, ceremonially shaken, solemnly surveyed, proclaimed, filed, and recorded on tallies, as in the Scrutiny.

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THE POST-SCRUTINY

The Senior Cardinal Scrutator takes the Accession papers of him whose tally is highest. Of these, he opens the lower part, silently comprehends the seals and mottoes, passes each one to the next Scrutator, who does likewise, and passes the document to the Junior Scrutator, who proclaims both seals and mottoes and records them on a list. The same is done with the votes of the Scrutiny; and, if it be found that any cardinal has voted for one and the same in both Scrutiny and Accession, then the latter is nulled. The top of the votes only is opened by the Senior Scrutator, under observation of his coadjutors, in order to settle discrepancies. These functions are performed twice daily, after morning mass and after evening hymn to The Holy Spirit, until such time as that the Church is provided with a valid and legitimate Paparch. Each time that a Scrutiny or an Accession is declared futile, the votes are burned on a bundle of straw in a stove whose chimney extends into the Piazza di San Pietro, where the Romans are used to watch for the puff of smoke; and, on seeing it, they go home, saying "Domeniddio sends us no Pope to-day."

FACTIONS AND VETO

Formerly, the Holy Roman Emperor, the Catholic King of Spain, and the Christian King of France claimed the right of vetoing the election of cardinals who appeared likely to be disagreeable. At present there is no Roman Emperor, for the last (Francis II.) resigned that style on assuming the title of "Austrian Emperor" in August 1806. The German Emperor, William of Hohenzollern, pious magniloquent grandson of the Divine Victoria, might become "Cæsar Semper Augustus" (if he were Catholic) on the death of the present Austrian Emperor. Meanwhile, the Catholic King of Spain is a foreign hobbledehoy and quite impotent; and there is no Christian King *de facto* of France. Wherefore it may be said that

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European politics will not influence the Conclave of 1904. The conflict will be between the will-power and ambitions of individuals, or between ecclesiastical factions. In the latter event, its object will be the destruction of United Italy, and the reconstitution of that Temporal Demesne of the Paparch which the magnificent invincible Alexander VI. won at the sword's point, which his successor, the diabolic plebeian Julius II., with the sword's keen edge consolidated, and which Pius IX. lost by the fortune of war to Victor Emanuel II. of Savoy in 1870. The Church appears determined publicly to compete with the world. The arts of holy living and holy dying may be practised privately. The factions in the ensuing Conclave will be but two in number—Spiritual and Temporal —and "Christ guides the barque of Peter so that she never can sink," said the exquisite St. Antonine of Florence (whose quality all the world admires and loves) at the election of Calixtus III. four hundred and fifty years ago.

THE ELECT APOSTLE

When at last, by Inspiration, Adoration, Scrutiny, Accession or Compromise, a Pope is elected, the act of the Conclave is recorded by apostolic prothonotaries; and all the cardinals sign and seal it. Cardinal-Archdeacon Macchi and the second Cardinal-Deacon Steinhuber the Jesuit demand the Elect's assent to his own election. His Holiness is conducted to the rear of the altar, where he indues himself with pontifical habits (three sizes are provided to suit the stature of any Pope): a cassock of white taffetas with cincture, a fair white linen rochet, the pontifical stole, a white skull-cap, an almuce of crimson velvet and ermine, shoes of crimson velvet embroidered with gold crosses, and a new Ring of the Fisherman for his index finger. He is placed in a chair before the altar; and the Cardinal-Dean of Bishops demands of him the new name by which he will be known. [The custom of taking a new name on assuming the Paparchy arose with Sergius III.

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(904-911), whose proper name was Pigface (Osporci).] Each cardinal releases the cord of his canopy, which falls down; for, in the presence of Christ's Vicar not even an Emperor may remain covered. The conclavists proceed to pillage the cell lately occupied by His Holiness.

ADORATION

This function should not be misconstrued by those whose predilection is to think ungenerously of the Ancient Faith. The Adoration is rendered to God, whose Vicegerent here on earth is the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, the successor of St. Peter and of Cæsar; to which last divine honours were paid. Cardinal-Archdeacon Macchi lifts the Supreme Pontiff on to the altar of the Sistine Chapel; and, in their order, the cardinals kiss the cross on his shoe and the ring on his hand, and receive the kiss of peace over both shoulders. If, by chance, at the moment of his election the Pope should lack Holy Orders, he is ordained deacon and priest and consecrated bishop by the Cardinal-Dean. For the Pope is Bishop of Rome.

PROCLAMATION

The mason breaks open the walled-up door; and the Cardinal-Archdeacon there proclaims, "I announce to you great joy: we have for a Pope the Lord Cardinal (Domenico Svampa) who wills to be called (Pyrophenges the First)." In the ages of faith this proclamation was repeated on the balcony of St. Peter's, and there the Pontiff imparted Apostolic Benediction to the City and the world. At his election in 1878, Leo XIII. wished to observe this order: but his curial prelates, anxious not to bless the Golden City where reigned the Sabaudo King Humbert the Martyr, informed the Pope that the window of the balcony (closed since 1870) could not be unfastened; and practically hullabalooed and hustled His Holiness into St. Peter's.

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INCORONATION

The insignia of the apostolate are the Fisherman's Ring, the Keys of Heaven and Hell, the Triple Cross, the Triple Crown, Tiara, or Triregno. The Pope receives the Ring at his election. A few days later, he is crowned by the Cardinal-Archdeacon in the basilica of St. Peter-by-the-Vatican. On the morning of his incoronation he is awakened by a procession of curial prelates who gravely ostend the bronze figure of a crowing cock in remembrance of the fall of his first predecessor, St. Peter. In the Sistine Chapel he is vested for mass in red, with precious mitre of gold and gems. Preceded by seven acolyths with seven candles and the triple cross, he descends to St. Peter's. At the Holy Door he receives the homage of the Chapter. At the Gregorian Chapel he receives cardinalitial and prelatial homage. Ambassadors and hereditary princes join his train. The Hereditary Princes-Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, Colonna and Orsini, walk at his right and left, equally placed lest, in view of their immemorial, interminable, incomprehensible, hereditary feud, they should fight for precedence.

THE FOUR LAVATIONS

The Pontiff washes his hands four times. At the first lavation, water is presented by the Conservator of the Roman People; at the second, by the Generalissimo of the Pontifical Army; at the third, by the Ambassador of the Christian King of France; at the fourth, by the Ambassador of the Roman Emperor. Who is now the Conservator of the Roman People? King Vittoremanuele III. di Savoja? Who is now the Christian King of France? Don Carlos de Bourbon, or Prince Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, or Monsieur Emile Loubet? Who is now Imperator Cæsar Semper Augustus? The pious, magnanimous William of Hohenzollern? The Father of princes and kings alone can say.

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SIC TRANSIT

The paraphernalia of God's Vicegerent glitters with gold and gems. All that this earth holds of best and mightiest ministers at his footstool. And this is the moment when the meanest acolyth of the court holds up before his eyes a bunch of flax, lights it, and, as it flames and dies, intones: "Behold Most Holy Father how that the glory of this world passeth away."

THE MASS OF INCORONATION

Seven huge candles are lighted on the pontifical altar, beneath the giant baldaquin of gilded bronze, three on each side of the crucifix, one behind it. The Pope says the *Confiteor*, ascends the throne, and the Cardinal-Archdeacon invests him with the pallium (which he at all times will wear in sign of universal jurisdiction), saying: "Receive the Sacred Pall, the plenitude of pontifical office, in honour of the Lord God Omnipotent, of His most glorious Virgin Mother, of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and of the Holy Roman Church." After the *Gloria*, the Cardinal-Archdeacon, with a crowd of Consistorial Advocates and Auditors of the Ruota, descends beneath the altar by the ninety-five ever-burning lamps to the shrine of St. Peter, where he intones the versicle, "Give ear, O Christ." The weird inhuman voices of eunuchs of the pontifical quire respond: "To our Lord the Supreme Pontiff, to the Pope by God decreed." Again they supplicate: "O Saviour of the world, hear him." A Latin sub-deacon intones the Litanies of the Saints. On the altar, a Latin sub-deacon intones the *Epistle* in Latin; a Greek sub-deacon intones it in Greek. A cardinal-deacon intones the *Gospel* in Latin; another cardinal-deacon intones it in Greek.

VENOM

After a Conclave there generally are some disappointed cardinals. When the Pope is to offer bread and wine, a

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sacristan brings three breads on a paten. The Pope selects one, lays it on the corporal of the altar, and watches the sacristan eat the two breads which remain. A crystal ewer of wine, and another of water, are presented. The Pope puts a little of both into the chalice, and watches the sacristan drink the remainder. After consecration, His Holiness elevates the Host to the four quarters of the globe, amid the clang of presented arms and the thrill of silver trumpets in the dome. When the Pope is to take communion, he ascends his throne, and cardinal-deacons bring the Sacred Host and the Chalice. Thrice he breaks the Host; one Particle he himself consumes, the cardinal-deacons eat the other two. An equal ceremonial is kept with the Chalice, in order that the Supreme Pontiff may not be envenomed in the Eucharist.

HONORARIUM

When the mass is ended, the Cardinal Archpresbyter of St. Peter's offers to the Pope a white damask purse containing twenty-five gold crowns as "honorarium for a mass well sung." He deigns it to the cardinal-deacons who sang the *Gospel* in Latin and Greek; who, in turn, demit it to the *camilli* in lace and vermilion who bear the burden of their Eminences' trains.

THE TRIPLE CROWN

Borne on his lofty throne, surrounded by flabellifers beating the incense-laden air with fans of peacocks' tails, the Pope goes to the balcony of benediction. Here the Cardinal-Archdeacon crowns him with the three-fold crown, intoning the tremendous formula, "Receive this tiara, adorned with three crowns, and know thyself to be the Ruler of the World, the Father of princes and kings, and on earth Vicar of Jesus Christ our Saviour." Arising crowned, the Paparch imparts Apostolic Benediction: "May Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, bless you;" and he retires into the Vatican, while two cardinals publish a plenary indulgence in Latin and Italian.

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THE LATERAN THRONE

As Bishop of Rome, the Pope's Holiness, either in person or by proxy, must take formal possession of, and be inthroned at, the cathedral of the Apostolic diocese. That cathedral is not the basilica of St. Peter-by-the-Vatican, as vulgarly is imagined, but St. John's *in Laterano, Omnium Urbis et Orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput,* the most important church in Christendom. But this involves a resplendent progress through the streets of Rome, and no Pope has set his foot outside the Vatican since 1870 (except when Leo. XIII. was driven to the Barbarini palace and across the Via Della Zecca in 1890): nor will His Holiness emerge from this seclusion, so some say, as long as Italy remains United. Alas, then, the ensuing pageants will be deprived of much of their prefulgent splendour, and the obsequies of Leo. XIII., with the election and incoronation of this successor, will be celebrated in obscurity and with mutilated rites.

FRED. WILL. ROLFE.

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THE BRONZE MEDALLION IN HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE magnificent examples of Florentine bronze-work which are the chief glory of Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey have received an important addition during the last few weeks in the shape of a very notable portrait-bust presented to the Abbey by Sir J. Charles Robinson, C.B., formerly Keeper of the Queen's Pictures. Though it is impossible to find either the name of the sculptor or the name of his subject inscribed upon the bronze, there is good reason for believing this fine medallion to be the work of Pietro Torrigiano, and to represent Sir Thomas Lovell, K.G., Speaker of the House of Commons, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Chancellor of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, who died in 1524, after having been executor both to Henry VII. and to his mother, Lady Margaret Tudor, Duchess of Richmond. That the Dean and Chapter are inclined to believe the correctness of the evidence for this double attribution is clear from their admirable choice of a position for this latest of the national treasures that are stored within the historic walls they guard. The medallion is hung upon the railings just above Torrigiano's masterpiece, the tomb of the Lady Margaret; and its modern outer frame has been retained, with its decoration of Tudor roses, which is quite in the style of the period,

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and adds much to the importance of the whole. The bust, and the Garter surrounding its quaintly authoritative head-dress, are all of the original and ancient handiwork; and, as may be seen from the reproduction which accompanies these pages, this strongly-moulded face is fitly cast in bronze. The broad, firm modelling of that decisive mouth and chin—a mouth which shows the authoritative smile of undisputed power—is evidently the work of a sculptor whose *technique* was as assured as his grasp of character was unfaltering. It will be worth while considering the circumstances which so beneficially brought together "Peter Torissany of the City of Florence" and the English Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Intimate commercial relations had existed between England and Florence at least from the time of Edward III. But not one of the very greatest artists of the golden age of Italy set foot in England. The only work they ever did that was destined for this country is the St. George which the Duke of Urbino commissioned Raphael to paint for Henry VII.; and this is no longer here. But at the very time that Michelangelo was beginning the Sistine Chapel, the hot-headed young student who broke his nose and disfigured him for life was at work in London on the tomb which Lord Bacon described as "the stateliest and daintiest in Europe." It is probable that Torrigiano came to England as early as 1509, the date of Henry VII.'s death. The date of the contract for that monarch's monument is October 26, 1512, drawn up between the Florentine and the King's executors, of whom Sir Thomas Lovell was one. It is preserved only in the draft indenture for the proposed monument of Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine, now in the Public Record Office. Henry VII.'s tomb was finished before January 1518–19, and within the period covered by the work upon it must be placed the date of the tomb of Dr. Young, designed by Torrigiano, in the old Rolls Chapel. The shape of the cap and the treatment of the throat in the fine recumbent figure of this monument (in terra-cotta)

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should particularly be compared with the bronze relievo which the Abbey owes to Sir J. C. Robinson. The former is now preserved in the museum of the Record Office, and can be examined in better light. It seems hardly likely, however, that the weakly designed Christ and cherubs above the figure came from the same hand which modelled the beautiful angels in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Young was one of the very few persons present at the laying of the foundation stone of Henry VII.'s chapel in 1503, and his duties would easily have brought him into contact with the sculptor of the King's monument later on.

In this, the old English rule limiting the size of the top of the tomb by the length of the life-sized recumbent effigy is only nominally observed, for the bold and richly decorated cavetto moulding of white marble gives a spreading form to the upper part of the tomb which unites it to a main body of magnificent dimensions; and the retention of the altar form was no doubt due to the admiration created by the monument of the Lady Margaret, of which this, her son's tomb, is essentially a glorified version. The wreaths which encircle the gilded medallions of saints upon the longer sides are not in bronze, but in black marble, or "touch." The reason may be that in the Lady Margaret's tomb, though the whole of the decorative work elsewhere is carved in marble, the blazons on the shields are thin plates of bronze inserted into a space left for them, possibly because the heraldic work was entrusted to an English workman, who executed it separately. If so, the approbation excited by the mother's tomb may well have led to a similar treatment of detail in the son's. In any case the same hand carved the wreaths on both. The large rose in very high relief, supported by a greyhound and a dragon, on the west end, are undoubtedly English work. But it is, of course, the magnificent and thoroughly Italian treatment of the royal effigies, and the four corner angels, all in gilded bronze, that gives its greatest value to Torrigiano's design. They have been wonderfully preserved, and almost the only injury

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sustained is in the forearm of the south-west figure, which was originally a separate casting from the rest.

The dignity and comparative simplicity of the Lady Margaret's monument commends itself to me more than the ornate work of the royal tomb, and its scheme of decoration in black marble and gilded bronze takes nothing from the appeal made by the figure itself to the spectator.

If excuse were needed here for drawing attention to these splendid works of art, which have not only been preserved, but to a certain extent concealed by their elaborate screen, it would be found in the fact that so acute a critic as the late J. Addington Symonds, only attributed to Torrigiano "some fragments of bronze" in England. This was in a note to his admirable translation to Cellini's autobiography. Benvenuto was hardly the man to conceal his sympathies about the quarrel which drove Torrigiano out of Italy and left its mark for ever upon Michelangelo; and when the Florentine returned from England, "where he had resided many years," Cellini says of him that he

> had a splendid person and a most arrogant spirit, with the air of a great soldier more than a sculptor, especially in regard to his vehement gestures and his resonant voice, together with a habit he had of knitting his brows, enough to frighten any man of courage. He kept talking every day about his gallant feats among those beasts of Englishmen.

Fortunately, it is only his artistic feats with which posterity has been concerned; and there is yet another, executed after his return to London early in 1520, which deserves mention. Only some parts of it have survived, but these were restored, as near as might be, to their original place by Dean Stanley when he erected the present Communion Table in Henry VII.'s chapel, on the site of the old altar. It is supported by two of Torrigiano's original square pillars, containing the device of the portcullis and some beautiful decorative carving. They were found and recognised by Dr. Middleton in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The high altar, with its baldacchino, was destroyed by the fanatics of the Civil War. Again we find

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(from the contract preserved in the British Museum) that marble and gilt bronze were the chief materials used. The marble frieze, delicately carved with roses and fleurs-de-lis, some three feet eight inches in length, which now rests on the Communion Table, was originally the base or rest for the royal arms in marble which surmounted the old canopy. It was discovered by Dean Stanley at the entrance of Henry VII.'s vault. The angels bearing instruments of the Passion at the corners of the canopy were of terra-cotta; and in concluding this short notice of the Florentine work in England of this period, I must also mention the splendid terra-cotta panel of Cardinal Wolsey's arms at Hampton Court, and the fine series of roundels of the Caesars, by Giovanni da Maiano, at the same place.

The history of the medallion, which must now be added to our examples of the Italian Renaissance in England, is not without an interest of its own, which largely testifies to the authenticity of the relievo. In January 1896, Sir J. Charles Robinson exhibited at the Society of Antiquaries "a bronze medallion with a portrait bust of an elderly man, wearing a cap, encircled by the Garter, 17¾ inches in diameter, recently obtained at a sale of miscellaneous works of art from Weeting Hall, Norfolk, being the residue of collections made during a long series of years by Mr. Angerstein." It was recognised as the work of Torrigiano, but the subject was still uncertain. In March 1901, Mr. Lionel Cust, Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery, was reminded of this bronze relievo by his inspection of a very interesting head in coloured plaster, the property of Mr. Alfred Peachey, which had been exhibited in the New Gallery as a "wax mask of Henry VIII." (Tudor Exhibition Catalogue, No. 881). It came into Mr. Peachey's possession by inheritance through the Viscountess Sundon, who was given it in October 1732 by John Wainwright, Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. To him it had passed from the family of Bishop Smalridge, a famous divine in the days of Queen Anne, who was Dean of Christchurch and Bishop of

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Bristol. By the time this plaster head reached Mr. Cust, Sir J. C. Robinson had determined that all the evidence pointed to his medallion being the portrait of Sir Thomas Lovell, K.G., and Mr. Cust was therefore able to suggest that the plaster cast which had come to the public notice at almost the same time was either Lovell's death-mask, used for the effigy of the dead man at his funeral, or, more probably, a cast of the effigy carven upon his tomb.

Strongly Lancastrian in politics, the Lovell family had lived in Norfolk since the fourteenth century, and Thomas was the fifth son of Sir Ralph Lovell of Barton Bendish. Thomas entered at Lincoln's Inn, and traces of his presence there still remain in the ancient brick gateway, to the building of which he largely contributed, for on the entrance archway is his coat of arms, surrounded with the Garter, as is the Abbey relievo. He was attainted in the first Parliament of Richard III., but returned with Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Richmond, fought at Bosworth Field, and obtained the reversal of his attainder in Henry VII.'s first Parliament. Other honours and rewards soon followed. In October 1485, he was created Chancellor of the Exchequer for life, receiving various other important and remunerative offices about the Court. In the same year he represented Northamptonshire in Parliament, and for three years he was Speaker of the House of Commons. On June 9, 1487, he was knighted for further services against Lambert Simnel, becoming Treasurer of the Household and President of the Council. In 1508 he was created a Knight of the Garter. With so many opportunities, he easily amassed a considerable fortune, and married first Eleanor, daughter of Jeffrey Ratcliffe; and second, Isabel, daughter of Edward, Lord Roos of Hamlake, from whose family he inherited the house at Elsing, near Enfield, in Middlesex, where he died in 1524. In 1504, as Chancellor of both Universities, he was able to give special attention to Cambridge, for he was the executor of the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, who founded St. John's College, and he himself contributed to the

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Bronze Medallion Portrait of Sir Thomas Lovell K.G. By Pietro Torrigiano
Now in Westminster Abbey

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building of Caius College. Under Henry VIII. he continued his services as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was made Constable of the Tower and Steward of the Household. His appearance in Shakespeare will be remembered in this connection; for in "Henry VIII.," Act v., sc. 1, he meets Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, in the Palace, and it is to him and to the King that the birth of the Princess is announced for which the "Old Lady" got the hundred marks which she considered so insufficient a reward for her important tidings. In the second Act he accompanies Buckingham to execution. In the first Act he describes

> The reformation of our travelled gallants
> That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors,

a sentiment that you can almost hear issuing from the shrewd and slightly contemptuous lips of Torrigiano's portrait. In another scene he is addressed by Wolsey, evidently as one of the Masters of the Ceremonies in the famous masque at which the King fell in love with Anne Bullen; and after Wolsey's rise to power he seems to have withdrawn from taking any active part in politics.

The bust presented to the nation by Sir J. C. Robinson was originally placed over the entrance archway of the gatehouse of East Herling, the great country-house built by Sir Thomas Lovell for himself in Norfolk, which Gregory Lovell allowed to fall into ruins at the end of the seventeenth century. In his history of Norfolk (I. p. 219), Blomefield speaks of Sir Thomas as its builder, and says: "On the Tower his arms still remain, and a brass bust of his own likeness surrounded with the Garter." It can scarcely be doubted that this "brass bust" is the bronze relievo brought by Sir J. C. Robinson from Weeting Hall, close by its ancient home. Always a great builder, Sir Thomas followed the contemporary fashion in erecting his own monument during his lifetime, in the chapel of the nunnery of Holywell in Shoreditch, which he reconstructed and practically refounded. Like so many of the City conventual churches, this was destroyed at the dissolution

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of the religious houses, and it is impossible now to admire the white marble tomb for which Torrigiano no doubt provided a design with those gilt bronze ornaments which had been so successful in the Abbey. It is true that Torrigiano left England in 1509, five years before Lovell's death; but as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lovell had a great deal of official communication with the artist of the royal tombs, and no doubt entered into personal relations with him concerning his own monument. The bronze relievo is at any rate so full of life and energy that it is almost impossible to believe it can have been taken from any but the living model. The plaster cast compared with it by Mr. Cust is for the same reasons more probably a cast of Torrigiano's effigy on the lost Lovell monument than a death-mask from the features of the corpse; and in any case it is likely that it was used in the effigy at the ceremonious funeral procession in which the dead man was brought from Enfield to his burial in Shoreditch.

It is interesting that at so late an hour there has come to light a memorial as worthy of the memory of a great Englishman as it is of the reputation of its Florentine sculptor; and it may further stimulate the curiosity of those who are still interested in the few relics of the Italian Renaissance which remain in this country, to be reminded that the sarcophagus beneath which Lord Nelson lies buried in the crypt of St. Paul's was originally a part of the marble monument which Cardinal Wolsey commanded to be made for himself, and which Henry VIII. desired to adopt as his own royal tomb at Windsor. This was never completed, though Benedetto da Rovezzano and Giovanni da Maiano worked upon it between 1524 and 1586 for each of the men who disputed the glory of providing occupation for it. Their ambition has been but poorly satisfied; nor was Charles I. any more fortunate in his intention to secure the honour of that kingly monument; for the Parliament sold all its bronzework in 1646: and now yet a fourth man lies beneath the marble claimed by three others. Of the great candlesticks that were fashioned to

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surround it, of Italian design with the arms of Henry VIII., viz., a shield of France and England quarterly, surmounted by an Imperial crown, and supported by a winged griffin and a greyhound, four now stand in front of the high altar of the church of St. Bavon at Ghent. Considering the dispersal of these monuments of the mighty, and the loss of so many artistic treasures of the early sixteenth century, especially of his tomb in the ruined nunnery of Holywell, it is doubly satisfactory that the fine bronze of Sir Thomas Lovell has been rescued, and is now not only in the safekeeping of the Abbey authorities, but placed above the tomb of the lady for whose family Sir Thomas gave the best of his political life and work.

I must add that in the collection of the details here recorded I have been greatly indebted to Mr. Alfred Higgins' valuable pamphlet on the work of Florentine sculptors in England in the early part of the sixteenth century; to the article on Lovell in the "Dictionary of National Biography"; to Mr. Reginald Blomfield's "History of Renaissance Architecture in England"; and to contributions by Mr. Lionel Cust in the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries."

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

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THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

XVII

LORD RESTORMEL was still lingering over the final phrases of his poem, when two other sets of sounds mixed themselves with his slow syllables. They were the notes of a stable clock, which chimed the last quarter before midnight; and the shuffling of servants' feet, and a slight clinking of glasses. Several voices exclaimed at the unexpected lateness of the hour; and Lord Restormel, under cover of these prosaic utterances, took the opportunity of descending from his poetic pedestal, and of turning his attention to a tray on which tumblers and decanters glistened. Lady Snowdon suggested the desirability of going to bed; but it presently appeared that, the night being still warm, the idea of bed was felt to be premature by everybody. Cigarettes were lighted; beverages were drunk or sipped; there was some changing of chairs, and conversation sprung up anew. Mrs. Vernon complimented Lord Restormel on the musical charm of his composition. Miss Leighton asked if it was published; and on being informed that it was not, asked if the author would write it for her in her own copy of his poems. "I like the idea of it," she said, "and I am vain enough to fancy that I understand it. The sea and stars on a night like this bring it home to one; but perhaps in the day it would escape me like a piece of floating thistledown."

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"All new ideas," said Lord Restormel—"new general ideas more especially—drift past men's minds at first in the way you speak of. They gleam on us; they tantalise us; they elude us; but we don't catch them in our hands. We're partly too lazy to do so; and we're partly afraid to do so. But some thinker arises—I assure you I'm not alluding to myself—I had quite another person in view. Did you ever read Nietzsche?"

"No," said Miss Leighton, eagerly, "but I've heard him spoken of. Tell me about him."

Lord Restormel showed every disposition to comply with this flattering request; but a voice raised considerably higher than he cared to raise his own became at this moment audible in such close proximity to his chair, that he found it best for the time to remain mute and efface himself.

The raised voice, in question, proceeded from Mr. Brompton, who, having been disagreeing about something with Glanville and Mr. Hancock in an undertone, was suddenly roused by an enthusiasm for his own convictions to reinforce his sense by an added volume of sound. Mr. Brompton had been declaring that intellectually he was a liberal of the most intrepid kind, and shrank from no conclusion which evidence might present to him as true. It appeared, however, that Glanville's exposition of the logical conclusions of science, so far as they related to the nature of the human mind, were not altogether to his liking, and that he could only accept them with reservations. "That man's will is immortal," he said, "I believe no more than you do; but to deny that so long as it persists it's an ethical force in itself—come now, my dear Mr. Glanville,—that I maintain is a paradox. It turns life into nonsense. We mustn't push things too far."

"I gather," said Lord Restormel, turning round to the disputants, "that Mr. Brompton looks upon science as Hamlet's friends looked on the ghost of Hamlet's father. It is all very well to go with it for a little way; but Mr. Brompton is asking—and many have asked with him:

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> 'What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
> Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
> That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
> And draw you into madness? Think of it.
> The very place puts toys of desperation
> Without more motive into every brain.'

Mr. Brompton, you should read Nietzsche. As I was just telling Miss Leighton, he had no fear of the cliff. He stood on the very edge, and heard the sea roar beneath. You, it appears, would make science halt on the platform—the platform of our current convictions. You say to it, 'Whither wouldst thou lead me? Speak—I'll go no farther.'"

"I do so," said Mr. Brompton, "at a certain point, undoubtedly; but the point where I do so is fixed not by my timidity, but by my reason. Lord Restormel—Mr. Glanville—will you listen to me for a few moments? What I have been trying to insist on is this—that man's will is a fact—that it's one of that chain of causes which result in human action—that the will influences the brain, just as the brain influences *it*. Look here," continued Mr. Brompton; "take a man with relaxed muscles—a fellow who is hardly strong enough to walk two miles an hour. Deliver a telegram into that man's hands, which tells him that a fortune is awaiting him two miles away, if only he gets to the place within the following thirty minutes—and that man will run, sir. He'll be there within five-and-twenty. Now where, I ask you, does the force that carries him come from? It doesn't come to him through any physical train of causes. There's no physical connection between the pencilled marks on the telegraph paper and the sudden and new vigour that animates all his limbs. These same marks and words—such a case is quite conceivable—might stand in another language for a different piece of intelligence, which would paralyse a strong man, instead of stimulating a weak one. The only thing by which we can explain the phenomenon is that the marks speak to the will, and the will gives force to the muscles. If you can answer that objection,

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Mr. Glanville, I'm perfectly willing to be convinced by you."

"We've hardly time," replied Glanville, "for another pitched battle to-night: but I can tell you in a few words what the nature of my answer would be. Let us first consider the new force which you speak of. Take a charge of gunpowder. If you've no means of igniting it, you will get from it no more force than you will from a charge of sand. But the force which lies hid in it is tremendous, as a spark, if applied to it, will show you. The same, too, is the case with our bodies. Your telegram is a spark which lights part of their gunpowder."

"Naturally," exclaimed Mr. Brompton, with a hasty lapse from veracity, "naturally. I know all that; but it wasn't that I was speaking of. My point is, that the gunpowder must, in a case like the present, be lighted by will, by intelligence. The matter of the telegram must speak to mind—to will—before it can liberate any latent power of muscle. We must have a mental fact sandwiched between the two physical facts before the first physical fact can be connected with or produce the second."

"Of course," said Glanville, "that's a familiar argument."

"Indeed!" retorted Mr. Brompton. "I confess I never heard it before, except when I have stated it myself to my congregation from my own platform."

"You'll be glad to learn," said Glanville, "that you share it with your friends, the clericals. The Bishop of Glastonbury has used it with great frequency."

This mortifying intelligence seemed to stagger Mr. Brompton considerably; and, whilst he was hesitating for an answer, Glanville took the opportunity of continuing.

"You will find," he said, "that this favourite clerical argument is really a kind of mare's-nest, hardly worthy of such a mind as yours; and yet I admit that, at moments, even men like Huxley have stumbled over it. Huxley and his school got themselves into a gratuitous difficulty by maintaining that

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if mind and brain are really the same fact—as every advance in our study of them more and more clearly shows them to be—consciousness, in the mental process, is nothing more than a by-product, like the shadow of a moving train—that it's merely the hands of the clock, never one of the wheels. If consciousness, they argued, is ever more than this—if in its various manifestations, such as thought, desire, or will, it is ever an actual link in the chain of vital causes—it must be something distinct from the physical mechanism of the brain, like a link of aluminium between two links of brass."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brompton, with somewhat restored confidence; "and I maintain that it is so always."

"You mean," replied Glanville, "that motive is essentially a fact of consciousness—that without conscious motive no action with a purpose would be possible. But, my dear Mr. Brompton, even this is not always true. A hypnotised subject, when consciousness is entirely in abeyance, is told to assault somebody, and at once attempts to do so. If informed of this act afterwards, and asked to explain the reason of it, the subject will imagine a motive—will say, 'I assaulted So-and-so, because So-and-so had done me an injury.' The physical act suggests the conscious motive."

"Yes," said Mr. Brompton, "but that is hypnotism. I'm not talking of hypnotism."

"Well," rejoined Glanville, laughing, "take hachish or opium. These are physical agents, as you yourself will admit; and yet they affect the mind as powerfully as your supposed telegram. They stimulate consciousness through the brain, not the brain through consciousness. The scent of a flower, again, is another physical thing; yet how many imaginations and desires the scent of a flower may excite in us!"

"I never denied," said Mr. Brompton, "that matter could affect mind. But the scent of a flower—to take your last illustration—affects the mind as it does merely by means of associations and memories; and I don't deny—what liberal thinker can?—that the basis of memory is physical."

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"The same explanation," said Glanville, "is equally applicable to your telegrams. The written marks on the paper appeal to imagination and memory—to conditions of the brain which are the result of past experience. The letters of the word '*cave*' in an English telegram to an Englishman would suggest—let us say—a rendezvous by the sea-shore. The very same letters, in Latin, if sent to an ancient Roman, would stand for *cavé—beware*—and might have warned Cæsar against Brutus. They would have had different effects on the two different peoples, because they would, by means of the optic nerve, have stimulated in each different sets of memories. But still you would say that the memories roused by the letters must be somehow transfigured by consciousness into conscious desire and will, before they can result in what we call intelligent action. Well—with regard to a great deal of human action, I agree with you."

"Oh," exclaimed Mr. Brompton, "you do! Then you're on my side after all!"

"Far from it," replied Glanville. "All that I've been just now saying, I've said in order to simplify our difference, not to explain it away. We both admitted that matter, as it exists in the brain, has two sides—a material side and a conscious side. We may compare the brain to a series of wheels, like those of a striking clock, which are now put into gear, and now out of gear with one another: and let us suppose that the wheels are horizontal, and have each two sets of teeth, one set pointing upwards and the other set pointing downwards; and let the higher teeth stand for the mind-aspect of the brain, and the lower teeth for its matter-aspect. This is a rough symbol of the case, as science sees it. Very well—the most natural thing which we can expect to happen will be this—that the lower teeth of one wheel will sometimes catch, and actuate the lower teeth of another wheel, the higher teeth of neither doing any work at all; but that at other times the lower teeth of one wheel will actuate the higher teeth of another; and that at other times again this latter case will be reversed, and the higher

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teeth of one wheel will actuate the lower teeth of another. But, in spite of these double teeth, the entire mechanism will be one; and the force that drives it will be—as I said before—not in its own mechanism, but in the mechanism of the Universe generally, whose wheels gear with its wheels, just as its wheels gear with one another. I'm not trying to show you that the scientific view is the correct view, but merely that it contains within itself none of that internal contradiction which Huxley could only get rid of by assuming that consciousness was a by-product, and which, by an unintended codicil in his intellectual will, he has bequeathed to the clerical army as one of their favourite weapons."

At the hated word "clerical" Mr. Brompton recoiled again, and whilst he was considering how best to arrange his position, Mr. Hancock claimed his not very willing attention by what seemed a conjuring trick with a couple of silver spoons.

"See," said Mr. Hancock, "it's this way. Each spoon has a convex side and a concave. I can hit the convexity of spoon one with convexity of spoon two; or I can hit convexity of spoon two with the concavity of spoon one."

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Brompton, suddenly recovering his courage, "but I'll tell you what you can't do. You can't hit the concavity of the one with the concavity of the other. Give them to me, and I'll show you."

"Come, come," said Mr. Hancock, "that's riding an illustration to death." And as he tried to withdraw the spoons, whilst Mr. Brompton tried to grasp them, the philosophers managed between them to break one of the tumblers—a catastrophe which to Mr. Brompton was very far from unpleasing, as it enabled him, pending his adoption of some new mental attitude, to offer a profuse and, indeed, excessive apology for his clumsiness, in place of anything suggestive of an admission of intellectual error.

Miss Leighton meanwhile had returned to the subject of Nietzsche; and Lord Restormel, having begun by saying in a

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confidential whisper, "He is a thinker who has just the courage which men like Mr. Brompton lack," was now addressing himself on the subject to a circle of several listeners. "Nietzsche," he said, "whatever his merits otherwise, is of all modern thinkers the one who has been foremost in seizing the new moral ideas which the world's new knowledge suggests to us—ideas which at present drift flickering over the heads of most of us—and in pushing them to their most startling conclusions. He alone has dared to attack Christianity not only as a system of dogmas, but as a system of democratic philanthropy—to denounce its tenderness for the weak—to deride it as the morality of slaves—to declare that the victories of the future will not be with the weak, but with the strong; and to tell us that this is the true message of science. Like all enthusiasts, he exaggerates. I confess that I myself have not the courage to accompany this 'aeronaut of the intellect'—as he calls himself—in his farthest flights; but there's a method in his wildest extravagance. So far as the morals and sentiments of practical life go, most men of science to-day—even men such as Haeckel or Huxley—are like timid sailors who hug the old lands they have abandoned, and still keep an eye on the lights of the old homesteads on the slope; but Nietzsche is the only explorer who sets his prow towards the ocean and steers his course by the light of the stars only. 'It may be that the gulfs will wash him down;' it may be that he will find some continent to which one day we shall all follow him. Take, for instance, the idea expressed in those verses of my own. The intellect can grasp it easily. I doubt if legitimately it is able to grasp any other as an alternative. I have tried myself to express it in terms of a moment's imagination; but I can't translate it into terms of life and conduct. This is the kind of enterprise to which Nietzsche deliberately sets himself. He makes himself at home in a future world of men so different from ourselves that they seem like portentous spectres. You, Rupert, have read him. You'll understand what I say, and agree with it."

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"Yes," said Glanville, "I have read him, and to some extent I agree with you. Many of his utterances seem to me like nonsense; but now and then comes one like a wind that lifts one on wings, and sweeps one out to sea before one knows where one is. Do you remember, Restormel, the end of his 'Dawn of Day,' where he is speaking of those who are mastered by the desire for truth? I remember his very words. 'Whither,' he says, 'are we bound? Do we want to cross the sea? Whither does this powerful desire urge us, which we value more highly than any delight? Does it us urge—does it urge us—merely in that direction where the great suns of humanity have always perished?'"

"I'd no idea," exclaimed Mr. Hancock, "that Nietzsche was so fine a poet."

"Well," Glanville continued, "for my own part I must be content to class myself with the less courageous, or more prudent sailors, who still watch the old coast, and hope that some day they may again land on it somewhere; and Nietzsche himself suggests that it is reasonable to sail away from it, with a view to the possibility of a return. I believe in an early book of mine I said the same thing before he did."

"I'm not sure," interposed Lady Snowdon, "that I understood you."

"What Nietzsche says," replied Glanville, "is this. He says that all who have learnt in these days to be doubtful of their old faith, on grounds so profound as those in which all modern doubt originates, can never recover it in any whole-hearted and honest manner, except by leaving it for a time altogether behind them, and travelling as far away from it as modern science can lead them. Then, in the end, if science avails them nothing, let them view the old faith from the outside, and see if it can help them better. We must, he says, make between the two a 'severe comparison,' based on an experience of both; or, as I should put it myself, if the old faith, in any one of its forms, is ever again to have a hold on this human mind, it must hold men, not by retaining, but by

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absolutely re-converting them. We must reach the eastward daylight again by travelling through the westward night."

"I think," said Seaton apologetically, "that I could show you a more excellent way; but the belated devotion to Hegel, which my friend Mr. Glanville imputes to me, still covers me with confusion, and makes me shrink from showing my head. But if I might be allowed to speak, I would take a text from Nietzsche himself, and would show—I confess with a little help from Hegel—that all these conclusions of science, which Mr. Glanville imagines must overwhelm me, are far less fatal to religion than Mr. Glanville thinks they are."

"My dear Alistair," said Glanville, "speak up by all means. It seems you are going to attack us from a quite unexpected quarter."

"Perhaps," said Seaton, "you will find me an unexpected ally. Well—to begin with Nietzsche—in that very book you were quoting from, he speaks of some of the greatest and most powerful men as distinguished pre-eminently by a desire to get away from themselves, and to be lost in something larger. If we are Shakespeares, he says, we long to lose ourselves in pictures of passionate life. If we are like Byron, or Cæsar, or Alexander, or Napoleon, or Mahomet, we long to lose ourselves in great activities; and if we are Christians we long to lose ourselves in fusion with God. Neitzsche regards this longing as a disease which besets genius; but if we adopt what you call the scientific conception of personality, and look on our minds as so many parts of the universal mind, which has in them emerged into consciousness of itself, this desire of each conscious part to extend itself into a consciousness of the whole, and so lose itself in its parent, becomes at once a natural and intelligible symptom; and the three methods of losing itself, to which Nietzsche alludes—namely art, great actions, and ecstasy—are seen to be merely variants of the same instinctive process."

"To these three methods," said Lord Restormel, "you ought also to add a fourth. I mean the acquisition of scien-

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tific or intellectual truth. Neitzsche describes this as being his own master passion. He valued it in himself. He surrendered his whole life to it. He was wrong, therefore, in looking at its equivalents as signs of weakness in others."

"Perfectly true," said Seaton. "Our attempts at a knowledge of the universal, whether we call them science or philosophy, are merely the instinctive attempts made by the individual part to re-extend itself into, or to draw into itself, the parent whole from which the accident of its personality has divided it. Love, in its several forms—man's passion for the beauty of Nature, as you yourself, Rupert, hinted when we were going in the launch to Ballyfergus—are other forms again of this same instinctive impulse. Here, as you see, we have six forms of it, at least. We have love, which in its simplest development enlarges the personality by fusing it with another unit; and, in its higher developments, as Augustine found out at Ostia, lifts and enlarges this doubled consciousness further, till it seems to touch and embrace the Divine Essence itself. Then we have the passion for Nature, which for some men, as Wordsworth explains to us, does precisely the same thing, uniting the mind of man with the light of the setting suns. Then we have the passion for action, and the artist's passion for creation, in both of which the sense of self is lost in its own aggrandisement."

"You might almost add," said Lord Restormel, "the passion for great wealth; for wealth, when it increases beyond a certain point, can by no possibility be an increase in a man's means of indulging himself. It becomes merely an enlargement of his point of view—of his consciousness."

"So even Wall Street," said Glanville, "may be a door into the House of God."

"I know nothing of great wealth," said Seaton; "so I cannot express an opinion about it. But two more passions are left, and I want to say something about these. One is the passion, scientific or philosophic, for Truth—for some intellectual grasp of the reality that embraces all of us

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Nietzsche suggests that to gratify this passion completely might perhaps be merely to shatter ourselves against the iron rocks of eternity. But this is an idea, Rupert, against which your science assuredly protests, no less than the most transcendental philosophy does. Science can explain this passion in one way only—that the mind which feels it has, in the language of physics, a molecular or chemical affinity for the reality towards which it struggles, and will finally coalesce with this, not be broken against it."

"I think," said Lord Restormel, "it might be rather cold comfort for some of us—especially for many exceedingly charming women—to be told that our highest felicity was to be found in this embrace of science, with the Hymen, who blest the rite, holding not a torch but a test-tube."

Seaton took this flippant objection in surprisingly good part. He laughed, and said, "I agree with you. If our faculties as individuals stopped short with the logical intellect, an intellectual apprehension of the truth would be cold comfort for many of us. But they don't stop short there. We have still one more passion to deal with: and this is a passion —an impulse—which, if I may venture to say so, unites in itself all the others, and explains them. It's the religious passion pure and simple, the fulfilment of which transcends the intellect, and culminates in what is called ecstasy."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Hancock, dragging his chair forwards, "but will you allow me to ask you what you mean by the word ecstasy? Do you mean the queer kind of seizure which revivalists call conversion? For, let me beg leave to tell you, that and all kindred crises are purely physical disturbances—disturbances of the nerves and brain."

"Come, Mr. Hancock," said Seaton, "I didn't expect that of you. You are one of those who believe that every mind-fact—not ecstasy alone—is a brain-fact; but you must not forget that every brain-fact, in that case, is also a mind-fact: and unless you deny to the mind all insight whatsoever, you do nothing to rob ecstasy of its value as a state of clairvoy-

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ance by merely insisting that a brain-state of some special kind is at the bottom of it."

"I think, Hancock," said Glanville, "our philosopher had you there."

"Well, Mr. Hancock," resumed Seaton, "to go back to your question, I should certainly class conversions as one variety of ecstasy. The ecstasies of the great saints of the Roman Church, of the Indian ascetics, and the platonic philosophers of Alexandria, are other varieties of what is essentially the same thing."

"Oh," said Mr. Hancock, apparently much relieved, "then you don't adduce the contortions of an epileptic cobbler as proving the truth of the doctrines of half-educated evangelical fanatics?"

"No," said Seaton, with an impatience that was very unusual with him. "So far as doctrines go, the ecstatics of each creed equally see in their ecstasies their own doctrines glorified. If ecstasy bears witness to the truth of any particular creed it bears witness to the truth of the conflicting peculiarities of all. It therefore establishes nothing in which any religion is peculiar. But this singular experience—this mental or cerebral crisis—which occurs in all creeds, races, and ages, and in all classes of men and women, from the saint to the sinner, from the philosopher of Alexandria to the unlettered back-woodsman of America, does attest and establish —such at least is my own contention—the reality of a mysterious something which all religions presuppose, namely the affinity and the possible union of the individual mind with the universal, or of the individual man—if we like to put it so —with the Universe. I have been reading here," Seaton continued, "during the last two days a book which Mr. Glanville lent me, by the most modern of American psychologists. I mean Professor James's 'Varieties of Religious Experience.' This book is really a scientific study of ecstasy; and it shows how, under all the disguises of different faiths and philosophies, the experience of all the ecstatics—all the so-called converted

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—is the same. What they experience is a sense of the fusion of the personal soul with the world-soul: and the amplest evidence assures us that in point of exaltation, rapture, and intensity, no other experiences approach it. Ecstasy I should say is the culminating religious act, revealing the world-soul in a form which may properly be called God—a God which in the end will become one with each of us, without our parting its garments, or casting lots for the seamless vesture."

"According to you then," said Mr. Hancock, whose spirit was still unsubdued, "we ought, instead of going about our practical business, or giving ourselves up to laborious thought and study, to devote all the time we can to frequenting revival meetings, or to acquiring the art of self-hypnotism. We ought to lie in consecrated dens smoking religious opium. If we'd all of us done that always, we should be naked savages still."

"No," replied Seaton. "I didn't mean that any more than a Christian would mean that everybody should devote himself to the care of the poor. If everybody did that, we should make poverty universal. But the experience of ecstasy, though suitable for the few only, represents the mental or spiritual fruition, to which all the higher affections and higher activities tend, such as love, poetry, great action, and the passion for nature. It's the open top to the chimney which always makes a draught possible. And, if," Seaton continued, "men would only realise this—if they would only realise that all their higher actions and aspirations do actually carry them, as a hard scientific fact, to the deepest and highest pleasures of which their natures are capable—the whole of the old difficulty as to freedom of the will disappears. If a man dying of thirst has a tumbler of water offered him we may safely say that he can't help willing to drink it. His will to drink it is determined for him by the constitution of his tongue. Is that so, Mr. Hancock?"

"It is," replied Mr. Hancock drily, "as much determined

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by the constitution of his tongue as the fall of an apple is determined by the law of gravitation."

"And yet," said Seaton, "the man's pleasure in drinking is no less keen than it would have been had his will been free. Well, my contention is, that the object of religious teaching should be so to stimulate men's thirst for the higher activities and experiences which are stages on the way to ecstasy, that their wills shall be determined by their brains towards the drinking of these living waters, just as the will of a man whom common thirst parches is determined by his tongue towards the drinking of the water in a common tumbler."

"But, my dear Mr. Seaton," exclaimed Mr. Hancock, in a voice which showed that the prospect of ecstasies had very little charm for himself, "are you at all aware that these crises to which you, and—much to my surprise—Professor James also, attach so much importance, are capable of being produced by purely mechanical means? The revivalist produces them by dwelling on the terrors of the day of Judgment, the heat of the eternal fire-place, the sinfulness of sin, and so on; but all the phenomena of conversion can be produced as completely and far more easily by making the patient inhale a certain gas. If you can give us salvation by gas no doubt we shall be all your debtors; but I think I should protest against calling gas a religion."

"Mr. Hancock," said Seaton, "will you let me tell you this? You've fallen again into a sin from which Mr. Glanville rescued you. You've forgotten that this gas, of which you speak so lightly, is, according to your own creed, a mode of the unknowable mind-power, and is, when it affects the brain, merely a delicate food by which the mind of the Universe stimulates the mind of the individual. A mathematician is stupid for want of nourishment. His brain won't act. His figures swim before him. He drinks a cup of beef-tea and solves some intricate problem. Do you doubt the accuracy of his restored mathematical insight because what restored it was a soup instead of a sermon?"

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"Bravo, Alistair!" exclaimed Glanville. "Hancock, you must walk warily. Philosophy, like a lion, is waking up with the midnight."

"I'm beginning to think," resumed Lord Restormel to Glanville, "that I wasn't quite right in my views as to love-making and free-will. I think that the doctrine of love as a self-surrender to ecstasy, which becomes a cosmic event because we are not able to help it, would be far from wanting in power over many very charming hearts. Faust might have silenced most of Marguerite's scruples by telling her that if she kissed him she would be the Universe kissing the Universe."

"If," said Glanville, "we were to look on this world-soul as feminine, the argument no doubt might commend itself to the human male. But a woman wants to be loved, not as the Universe, but as herself—not as a milliner's pattern of a muslin that is manufactured wholesale, but as a piece of the rarest lace, which has no counterpart anywhere."

"I believe," said Lord Restormel, "that you're right. I remember one night at Delhi, when I was talking to a beautiful Julia, I forgot myself at a critical moment into calling her by the name of a Violet who happened to have been blossoming at Calcutta with eyes very much like hers. The mistake was fatal. It gave her back to her husband. And yet, after all, as you and I both know, much of the charm of a woman lies not in herself as an individual, but in herself as a capturable form of that mysterious feminine principle which also breathes through the Spring, and is concentrated in the petals of the rose-bud. Look at Miss Leighton—and the baffling melancholy in her eyes. I have seen the same light in a hundred eyes elsewhere. I see it at this moment, in the moonlight that is rocking on the wave."

"I confess," said Mrs. Vernon, "for my own narrow humdrum part, if science can give us nothing but Mr. Seaton's religion of ecstasy, I'd much sooner fall back on the religion of the Ten Commandments."

"Alistair," said Glanville, "where are you? I hope you are

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busy converting Mr. Hancock; for we've all of us been agreeing that you have not converted *us*. That we all of us can, merely by inhaling a gas, find a short cut to super-sacred ecstasy which makes the saint and the penitent feel themselves at one with the world-soul, may prove that we are really a part of it, whether we feel this ourselves or no; but it wipes out the special value of sanctity and of penitence alike. It may take away the terrors of death, but it gives no meaning to life. What was the life of the man who saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open? He neither lived the life of the righteous, nor did he even die his death."

"Ha! Mr. Glanville," exclaimed Mr. Brompton triumphantly, "you'll find, I think, that I'm not so far wrong after all. Action—ethical action—that's what religion means for me; and I'm happy to see that really it means the same thing for you. Science and reason for our intellectual basis—ethical actions for our basis in practice—that's my platform, as I hope to have an opportunity of explaining to you."

"Yes," said Lady Snowdon, "I must confess, Mr. Glanville, that you're rather a bewildering person. One can't quite tell where you are leading one. You start with insisting that science is our only guide; and I'm bound to admit that so far you seem to me to be right. We follow you in your interpretation of science as Hamlet followed the Ghost; and now you end with denouncing the best which it can tell us as nonsense."

"My dear Lady Snowdon," replied Glanville, "you express my meaning most accurately. Science, which at last has become one with philosophy, and extends its methods into all regions of knowledge, from our knowledge of the earth and the stars to our knowledge of man and his history, offers us in outline, at all events, an explanation of the sum of existence, which, except to superstition and ignorance, leaves no room for any other. It is, however, a Saturn which devours its own children. We none of us doubt that it resolves water into

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two gases. In the same way, and with just the same certainty, it resolves the brain into a product of impersonal protoplasm; and personality, which is a function of the brain, with its intellect, its desires, its conscience, dissolves, along with the brain, into a host of simpler elements, and becomes part of a whole to which science can attach no meaning. Mr. Seaton's ecstasy is not meaning. It is merely the euthanasia of meaning. Everything which humanity has hitherto held most valuable, if Mr. Hancock will allow me to borrow an excellent phrase of his own, melts in this new knowledge like sugar in a cup of tea —I may add without sweetening it. In a word, science answers all questions, but it does so at the expense of leaving no question worth answering. We, with our good and evil, our progress, our successes or failures, evaporate from the earth's surface, like morning dews, in vapour, and give no more meaning, so far as we can see, to the Universe, than a corpse gives to the gravel or the mould of a grave. The practical question then for the thinking world is this: How in the universal vapour of the dissolving and the disappearing, shall our minds provide themselves with a rock in the shape of some firm assertion, from which they may challenge this drift of disappearing appearances, and on which they may raise a watch-tower amidst and above the quicksands? By what mental process is the required assertion to be made? I have an answer of my own which I hope by-and-by to suggest; but before I presume to do so, we will listen to some others which are awaiting us. One is Mr. Brompton's answer, one is Mr. Hancock's, and a third shall be given us by a very distinguished gentleman, whom Mr. Brompton and Mr. Hancock will both listen to with respect. I mean Mr. Cosmo Brook, who to-morrow will condescend to visit us."

"And now," said Lady Snowdon rising, "whatever Mr. Glanville may maintain, the Universe does sometimes tell us one thing which is practical, I mean that we must go to bed."

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XVIII

"I HAD such bad dreams last night," said Mrs. Vernon next morning to her host. She was standing with him by a side-table in the dining-room, and was debating, as he lifted some dish-covers, whether she should begin her breakfast with grilled sole or with omelette. "I seemed three times," she continued, "to be falling over the edge of the universe; and between these catastrophes, as I lay only half awake, I felt that I was melting into the bed-clothes like Mr. Hancock's lump of sugar. And yet here the sun is, just where it was yesterday; here am I, though science does dissolve personality; and here is my healthy appetite, which says, 'If you please, a little fish.'"

Lord Restormel had begun his repast already. It consisted of a slice of toast, a tumbler of hock, and grapes. The peculiarity of this diet was to him only one of its recommendations. It was endeared to him both by its picturesqueness, which was eminently suitable to a poet; and by its lightness, which was grateful to a student who generally got up with a headache.

"Come, my dear lady," he said, "and sit by a fellow dreamer. I dreamed a poem once in India, after a night spent in philosophy. It astonished me by its magnificence. On waking I wrote it down. It was a terrible chastisement to my vanity. I described myself as being turned into the elephant which holds up the world—or rather, I think, into one of its legs; and then into the shell of the tortoise that holds up the elephant. The markings on the shell I said were my thoughts and feelings, 'patterned with gold and dark.' That phrase, in my dream, seemed to me a revelation. Do you think, my dear Rupert, that all our last night's wisdom will vanish into nonsense, like my poem, when we look over it again in the daylight? What are you doing over there in the corner?"

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"I am looking," said Glanville, "at the thermometer. Do you call this room hot or cold?"

Unwilling to complain of even the temperature in her friend's house, Mrs. Vernon replied, "Oh, it seems very nice and pleasant;" whilst Lord Restormel came nearer to what was in the minds of both, by observing that he thought "it must be exceedingly hot outside."

"It's actually," said Glanville, "seventy-eight in the shade already."

"I was right then," said Mrs. Vernon. "I thought that the heat was stifling. Perhaps that accounts for my dream. Ah!—what's this? A telegram," she exclaimed as a servant entered, and came towards her with a brown envelope on a tray. "It's from Robert, I know. Yes—it's all right. No answer. He promised, Mr. Glanville, to telegraph as soon as he got to New York. In spite of the heat I am quite contented now."

"Well, Restormel," said Glanville, when he sat down at the breakfast-table, "you were asking me an important question when these practical trifles interrupted us."

"He was asking," said Mrs. Vernon, "how far we seriously believe all the extraordinary conclusions which were made last night to look so certain."

"Good morning!" exclaimed the voice of Mr. Hancock, who had meanwhile entered, with teeth and smiling cheeks radiant from tub and tooth-brush. "Good morning—good morning! Are you at the old question again? Believe! Of course we believe—thank you, I'll have coffee. I assure you, Mrs. Vernon, there was nothing said last night which is not common knowledge amongst all students and thinkers throughout the civilised world who are really wide-awake and instructed."

"Then if that's the case," said Mrs. Vernon, "what I want to ask you is this. If scientific facts, which make Christian beliefs ridiculous, are really, as Mr. Hancock says, matters of common knowledge, how is it that men, like, say, the Bishop

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of Glastonbury, are able still to believe that they have immortal souls, though they're no longer able to believe that the sun goes round the earth?"

"Their ability," said Glanville, "to believe certain parts of what science tells them, and utterly to neglect other parts, or utterly to miss their meaning, is to be accounted for in three ways. In so far as you refer to the clergy, it is largely to be explained by the fact that their acquaintance with science is really very imperfect. They are as ignorant in their adoption of scientific doctrines as they are in their opposition to them."

"I think," said Mrs. Vernon, "you're a little hard on the clergy. Many of them, no doubt, may be as ignorant of science as you say they are; but for every ignorant man in the pulpit, you're certain to find any number who are equally ignorant in their congregations."

"But you'll generally find," said Glanville, "that the ignorant men in their congregations would not pose, like the preacher, as scientific authorities. Let me now go on to the second of my three reasons why many people still can elude the true consequences of scientific discovery. This is the force of habit—of habitual association and affection. Such a habit of belief—such a clinging of affection to habit, is a species of rust on the axis of the wheel of reason, which enables a mechanism of arguments, however structurally perfect, to resist a force which would otherwise set it motion, and effectively prevents it from grinding out new conclusions."

"Ah," exclaimed a voice, "how true that is! How lamentably, how profoundly true! There you have the strength of clericalism all the wide world over."

The speaker was Mr. Brompton, who had entered while Glanville was speaking, and had also, with an elaborate bow, held open the door for Miss Leighton.

"Don't move, Mr. Glanville," she said, with an air of laughing authority. "Go on. I will get whatever I want myself."

"Or again," said Glanville, looking up at her, "we can

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express what I've just said in a somewhat different way. The imagination is always ready to put itself at the service of habit, and as fast as knowledge destroys some old belief, begins with fresh industry to build up a new imitation of it, which makes us fancy that the old has never been destroyed after all. We must all of us, more or less, know this by experience. Many a phantom minster re-arises in my own mind sometimes, on sites which the crowbars of knowledge have piled with a heap of ruins."

"I," said Lord Restormel, "will give you another illustration. Often, when I read Homer, the romance of Troy still seems to me history; and no unbeliever who has been brought up as a Christian can read the Gospels without being liable to an illusion of the same kind, and one which is probably much more vivid. The Gospels for us have still that magical quality which Macaulay said was the secret of Milton's poetry. They are incantations. As they touch our minds, 'all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead.' Angels sing to the shepherds again; and in spite of Canon Morgan, and other enlightened exponents of the mind of the Church of England, angels point again to the body of Christ ascending."

"But I've still," said Glanville, "my third reason to mention; and this I believe to be far the most important of the three. Ignorance does much to protect religion from knowledge: habit and imagination do more; but what does more—what affects a far larger number of people—is neither imagination nor habit, nor an ignorance of scientific facts, but a want of power to piece properly together the various facts with which separately these people are quite familiar. You know the child's puzzle, consisting of a number of cubes, each of which on each of its sides has a little square piece of a picture. As each cube has six sides, six pictures can be made by putting the lot together in six different orders; but for many a child, indeed for many grown-up people, it is hard to discover what any one of the proper orders is: and the cubes remain for them fragments, having no collective meaning. Well—that's

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the way in which modern cientific knowledge lies littered about the minds of numbers of educated people—especially about the minds of such of the Christian clergy as can be said to possess any knowledge of science at all. Many of them do know something of it. Yes, Mrs. Vernon, I'll give the clergy their due. Many of them are quite familiar with a large number of fragments of it; but what they can't do, or what they dare not do, is to put the fragments together, and face the coherent pictures which the fragments combine to make: and the educated laity who are still really Christian are enabled to remain Christian mainly for the same reason. And now, Miss Leighton," said Glanville, "I owe you some explanation of what this serious argument at this very early hour means. Lord Restormel and Mrs. Vernon both began breakfast with asking whether the conclusions at which we arrived last night were really based on reason and on facts which will stand the daylight. Mrs. Vernon was inclined to maintain that they could not be; because if they were, she seemed to think it inexplicable that there could be any educated clergy and any Christian laity left. I was accounting to her for the existence of these extensive, but, in my view, dwindling survivals; and she herself, little as she is aware of the fact, has expressed her own unabated faith in science twice since she began her breakfast."

"I have?" exclaimed Mrs. Vernon in surprise.

"Yes," said Glanville. "When I told you that the quicksilver in the thermometer stood at a certain height, you were perfectly convinced that it was an accurate indication of the temperature. When you got your husband's telegram you were equally convinced also that the cable from America had transmitted an accurate message. Your confidence in both cases was nothing else than an admission that your confidence in the uniformity of nature, as interpreted and used by science, is just as firm at the prosaic hour of breakfast as it possibly could be under the witchery of the moon at midnight."

"But," said Mrs. Vernon, with a not ungraceful obstinacy, which was an ornament of her sex rather than a result of her

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intellect, "but conclusions, such as those at which we all of us jumped last night, are not always quite the same things as facts."

"Our conclusions of last night," said Glanville, "however strange they may seem to you, bear the same relation to the facts which you admit this morning, that a long sum bears to the primary rules of arithmetic. The conclusion that the sun is nearly a hundred million miles from the earth, and that without the continued burning of that unimaginably distant body, neither you nor I, nor the tea which you are drinking, would have existed, is just as much a fact—though you don't very often think of it—as the fact that that window is eight yards from where you are sitting, and that we all of us should be dead if it were not for the air in this dining-room. The light of each star that reaches us is a fine, but an unbreakable thread, which visibly binds us to the farthest abysses of the Universe—abysses which we often relegate to the region of unrealities, simply because our imaginations are too feeble to grasp them."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Mr. Hancock. "I wish, Mr. Glanville, some philosophical writer like you—you who could do the thing so well—would insist on the fact that our certainty of the continued uniformity of nature, though it can't be logically or experimentally determined, is really the strongest certainty of which human nature is practically capable. Sceptical philosophers and religious mystics try to explain this fact away. Whenever I read this rubbish, I say to myself, Bosh! God bless my soul, do you suppose that any one of these gentlemen was ever more sure that a sinner will go to hell, than he would be that the same sinner, if he started from King's Cross for Edinburgh in the Scotch express would, apart from accidents, get to the Waverley Station? Why, if it wasn't for this primary belief in the continued uniformity of Nature, miracles would have had no meaning. They wouldn't have been miracles at all. Uniformity is the blackboard; and miracles are drawings in chalk on it.

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We've wiped out the chalk drawings, and the blackboard still remains."

"Yes," muttered Glanville to himself, "and a very black board it is."

"Mr. Glanville," said Lady Snowdon, in her clear silvery voice, as she entered the room slowly, "you must not forget that this morning you're going to show us your museum. No —no—don't trouble about my breakfast. I had my breakfast upstairs, two hours ago, and had written ten letters before any of you were out of bed."

"Very well," said Glanville; "when we, the inferior creatures, have finished our belated repast, I'll show you whatever I've got to show. I may also add that, though we haven't written ten letters, as you have, we've already discussed ten points of philosophy."

(*To be continued.*)

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THE PASSIONS

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY WILLIAM BLAKE

[A manuscript occupying six pages of full-sized note-paper was given to me several years ago as being in the handwriting of William Blake; and I know enough of his manuscript to say for certain that his it is. The quality of the handwriting seems to me to belong to a rather early date in his career—say 1785, when he was twenty-eight years of age, or even before that. The friend who gave me this fragmentary poem must certainly have been (though the details are not very clearly defined in my memory) the late Mr. John Deffett Francis, to whom I was from time to time indebted for several valuable good offices.

The date when this poem came into my hands may have been towards 1876: I do not at all think that I knew of it in 1873, when I was compiling the Aldine edition of "Blake's Poems," and consequently the question as to publishing it or not in that volume did not arise. I should hardly have been minded to exclude it; for, apart from the question of absolute merit, the work is curious, and (in relation to Blake's range of ideas) even important, and it has a fair share of his wonted energy of tone.

The composition, I should explain, is, so far as the form of handwriting goes, written in the shape of prose: but it is indisputably verse—lines in correct decasyllabic and other metre, intermixed with a few which cannot be reduced to regular scansion. If any confirmation were needed of the fact that Blake would not revolt from the writing of verse under the guise of prose, this is supplied by another half-sheet of his MS., which reached me at the same time: for here he has written out, as prose, the six lines of Shakespearean rhymed verse which begin, "Orpheus with his lute made trees."

It will be observed that the Deity, or Impersonation, mentioned at

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the beginning of the fragment, figures simply as "She" (showing that there must have been some lines preceding, now lost); this "She" is soon afterwards identified as "Fear." There is also a "Father," who is not here defined; I presume he represents Human Will, or something analogous.—WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI.]

[Mr. Rossetti's opinion as to the authenticity of this fragment is confirmed by Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. John Sampson, two authorities whose united judgment on a question concerning Blake may be considered final.—EDITOR.]

* * * * *

THEN she bore pale Desire,
Father of Curiosity, a virgin ever young;
And after leaden Sloth,
From whom came Ignorance, who brought forth Wonder.
These are the Gods which come from Fear
(For Gods like these nor male nor female are,
But single pregnate, or, if they list,
Together mingling bring forth mighty Powers).
She knew them not; yet they all war with Shame,
And strengthen her weak arm.

But Pride awoke, nor knew that Joy was born,
And, taking poisonous seed from her own bowels,
In the monster Shame infused,
Forth came Ambition, crawling like a toad:
Pride bears it in her bosom, and the Gods
All bow to it. So great its power
That Pride, inspired by it, prophetic saw
The Kingdoms of the world and all their glory:
Giants of mighty arm before the Flood,
Cain's city built with murder.
Then Babel mighty reared him to the skies—
Babel with a thousand tongues.
Confusion it was called, and given to Shame.
This Pride observing inly grieved;
But knew not that the rest was given to Shame,
As well as this.

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Then Nineveh and Babylon and costly Tyre,
And even Jerusalem was shown, the Holy City;
Then Athens' learning and the pride of Greece;
And further from the rising sun was Rome,
Seated on seven hills,
The Mistress of the World, emblem of Pride.
She saw the Arts their treasures bring,
And Luxury his bounteous table spread.
But now a cloud o'ercasts, and back to the East,
To Constantine's great city, Empire fled—
Ere long to bleed and die,
A sacrifice done by a priestly hand.
So once the Sun his chariot drew back
To prolong a good King's life.
The cloud o'erpassed, and Rome now shone again,
Mitred, and crowned with triple crown. Then Pride
Was better pleased: she saw the world fall down
In adoration.

But now, full to the setting Sun, a Sun
Arose out of the Sea:
It rose, and shed sweet influence o'er the earth.
Pride feared for her City—but not long;
For, looking steadfastly, she saw that Pride
Reigned here.
Now direful pains accost her, and still pregnant;
And Envy came, and Hate, twin progeny.
Envy hath a serpent's head of fearful bulk,
Hissing with hundred tongues. Her poisonous breath
Breeds Satire, foul contagion, from which none
Are free: o'erwhelmed by ever-during thirst,
She swalloweth her own poison, which consumes
Her nether parts, from whence a river springs.
Most black and loathsome thro' the land it runs,
Rolling with furious noise: but at the last
It settles in a lake called Oblivion.

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'Tis at this river's fount,
Where every mortal's cup is mixed,
My cup is filled with Envy's rankest draught.
A miracle—no less—can set me right.
Desire still pines but for one cooling drop—
And 'tis denied—
While others in contentment's downy nest do sleep.
It is the cursed thorn wounding my breast
That makes me sing:
However sweet, 'tis Envy that inspires my song.
Prickt by the fame of others, how I mount,
And my complaints are sweeter than their joys!
But oh could I at Envy shake my hands,
My notes should rise to meet the newborn day!
Hate, meagre hag, sets Envy on,
Unable to do aught herself,
But worn away, a bloodless demon.
The Gods all serve her at her will,
So great her power is:
Like fabled Hecate, she doth bind them to her law.
Far in a direful cave she lives unseen,
Closed from the eye of Day, to the hard rock
Transfixt by Fate, and here she works her witcheries—
That, when she groans, she shakes the solid ground.
Now Envy she controls with numbing trance,
And Melancholy sprang from her dark womb.

There is a Melancholy, oh how lovely 'tis!
When heaven is in the heavenly mind:
For she from heaven came, and where she goes
Heaven still doth follow her.
She brings true Joy, once fled,
And Contemplation is her daughter—
Sweet Contemplation.
She brings Humility to man.

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"Take her," she says, "and wear her in thine heart:
Lord of thyself, thou then art lord of all."
'Tis Contemplation teacheth knowledge truly how to know,
And reinstates him on his throne once lost—
How lost I'll tell. But stop the motley song—
I'll show how Conscience came from heaven:
But oh who listens to his voice?

'Twas Conscience who brought Melancholy down:
Conscience was sent a guard to Reason—
Reason once fairer than the light,
Till fouled in Knowledge's dark prison-house,
For Knowledge drove sweet Innocence away,
And Reason would have followed, but Fate suffered not,
Then down came Conscience with his lovely band.

The song goes on telling how Pride
Against her Father warred, and overcame.
Down his white beard the silver torrents roll,
And swelling sighs burst forth: his children all
In arms appear, to tear him from his throne.
Black was the deed—most black!
Shame in a mist sat round his troubled head,
And filled him with confusion.
Fear as a torrent wild roared round his throne:
The mighty pillars shake.
Now all the Gods in blackening ranks appear,
Like a tempestuous thunder-cloud:
Pride leads them on.
Now they surround the God, and bind him fast.
Pride bound him—then usurped o'er all the Gods.
She rode upon the swelling wind,
And scattered all who durst oppose.

But, Shame opposing fierce,
And hovering over her in the darkening storm,

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She brought forth Rage.
And Shame bore Honour, and made league with Pride.

Meanwhile Strife, mighty Prince, was born:
Envy in direful pains him bore.
Then Envy brought forth Care:
Care sitteth on the wrinkled brow.
Strife shapeless sitteth under thrones of Kings
Like smouldering fire,
Or in the buzz of cities flies abroad.

Care brought forth Covet, eyeless and prone to the earth;
And Strife brought forth Revenge.

Hate, brooding in her dismal den, grew pregnant,
And bore Scorn and Slander.
Scorn waits on Pride: but Slander flies around
The world to do the work of Hate—
Her drudge and elf.

But Policy doth drudge for Hate,
As well as Slander, and oft makes use of her,—
Policy, son of Shame.
Indeed, Hate controls all the Gods at will.
Policy brought forth Guile and Fraud.
These Gods last-named live in the smoke of cities,
On dusky wing
Breathing forth clamour and destruction.
Alas in cities where's the man
Whose face is not a mask unto his heart?

Pride made a Goddess fair—or image rather,
Till Knowledge animated it: 'twas called Self-love.
The Gods admiring loaded her with gifts,
As once Pandora. She 'mongst men was sent,
And worser ills attended her by far.

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Conceit and Policy do dwell with her,
By whom she had Mistrust and Suspicion:
Then bore a daughter called Emulation,
Who married Honour:
These follow her around the world.

Go see the city—friends joined hand in hand—
Go see—the natural tie of flesh and blood—
Go see—more strong, the ties of marriage-love;
Thou scarce shalt find but Self-love stands between.

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DUCCIO

AND THE EARLY HISTORY OF ITALIAN PAINTING

IT is still too much the fashion to regard the revival of art and letters which took place in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as a unique and isolated event. In truth, it was but one great wave of a tide which had long before begun to flow; and it differed in no essential particular from less important movements which had preceded it. Several times at Byzantium, as at Rome, a return to antiquity had led to a return to nature. Moreover, "within the limits of the Middle Age itself" there had been, as Mr. Pater reminded us, one great "outbreak which may rightly be called a renaissance, a revival." Just as in our cold English February there come sometimes a few golden days bright with presages of the spring, so, in the winter time of the Middle Ages, there was a brief period of sunshine, when a few flowers sprang up here and there from the old seemingly dead roots of antique culture.

But whilst Pater noted this early revival in one of its manifestations, he failed to appreciate its extent. Following certain French writers, he was too prone to regard the proto-renaissance as a purely Gallic movement. He does not seem to have realised that it was part of a revival which manifested itself in all the countries of southern Europe. Its earliest

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home was not in the Ile de France but at Constantinople. Arrested for a time, it showed new and abundant life in the latter half of the tenth century. In the ivory carvings, in the bronze reliefs, in the mosaics, and especially in the miniatures produced by Byzantine artists in that age, we find artistic imitation of antiquity, and, here and there, genuine attempts to reproduce natural forms.

In Spain the movement revealed itself in literature and science; under the patronage of the Archbishop of Toledo, scholars devoted themselves to the study of the Arabic commentaries on Aristotle. In Provence and in the Ile de France the proto-renaissance bore fruit in architecture and sculpture as well as in letters; in Rome in the mosaics of the Cosmati, and, ultimately, in the paintings of Cavallini. The movement reached its climax in Sicily and Apulia under Frederick II. There, for one brief period, the revival manifested itself in many departments of human effort—in architecture, in sculpture, in mosaic, in literature. Its chief source of inspiration was the art of ancient Rome; but to it flowed, too, streams of vitality from other centres of the new life. Artists from Byzantium made coins for Frederick and decorated the churches and palaces of Sicily with mosaics. Sculptors, who imitated the antique, the half-forgotten forerunners of Niccola Pisano, carved busts for him. Northern architects were summoned to build his fortresses. Michael Scot, his tutor, brought to Palermo from Toledo the lore of Aristotle. Troubadours chanted their new measures in the shade of the ilex groves of Sicily. And the northern singers taught their hosts to sing. Princes and statesmen, in Provençal measures, described the joys and pains of lovers. Frederick's court became a nest of singing birds.

In Tuscany the proto-renaissance had a quite natural and orderly development. "Architecture," it has been said, "was the first of the arts to emerge from barbarism." A temple must be built for the god, a house for the man, before it can be adorned with carved stone or with colour. In

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Tuscany the movement first bore fruit in architecture in the beautiful churches the Pisan architects built under classical inspiration in the course of the twelfth century. In the middle of the following century, it began to reveal itself in sculpture, in the works of Niccola Pisano. Finally, at Siena, there was a genuine revival of the art of painting under Duccio of Buoninsegna, who already, in the year 1278, was employed as an artist by the government of his native city.

In the days when Giotto was growing to manhood there were three great schools of painting in Central Italy. First of all there was the old Tuscan school whose chief masters were Giunta Pisano, Margaritone of Arezzo, and Coppo di Marcovaldo. Of the works of these rude painters there are left to us innumerable crucifixes, painted on wood, a smaller number of altar-pieces, some representations of St. Francis and other saints, and a few mural paintings. Originally, no doubt, a provincial offshoot of the Roman school, it had important centres at Pisa and Arezzo. In the course of time it was much affected by North Italian influences, through the medium of the works of the Lombard sculptors. Sometimes sculptors and painters worked in direct co-operation. This connection, whilst it led the painters to attempt to free themselves from convention and to give violent expression to emotion, did not in any way diminish the Bœotian rudeness of their works. Its only result was that in place of a crude repetition at tenth hand of traditional types they give the world such hideous grimacing representations of deep feelings as come from half-barbarian artists whose sincerity and depth of feeling is greater than their command of their means of expression.

Secondly, there was the old Roman school of painting. This, in reality, had never entirely died out. From time to time the moribund school of the western metropolis had been vivified by direct contact with the representatives of living art movements in the eastern empire. Such a renaissance began

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in Rome at the close of the twelfth century.[1] It is not difficult to account for its origin. Greek artists, worthy representatives of the Byzantine proto-renaissance, masters of the second golden age of Byzantine art, had in the eleventh century exercised their art in Rome, and had painted there such frescoes as those we are now enabled to study in the Church of S. Maria Antiqua in the Forum. The Roman painters, too, had had opportunities of studying some of the best Byzantine miniatures of that age, works of rare and exquisite beauty, to which art critics and art historians are only now beginning to do justice.

Under the Cosmati this movement developed rapidly. It was indeed a genuine renaissance. The Roman artists were not content to copy their Byzantine models. In the rediscovered works of Cavallini at S. Cecilia-in-Trastevere, in the mosaics of Jacopo Torriti, in the frescoes representing scenes from the book of Genesis in the Upper Church at Assisi, we see the results of the direct, intelligent study of the antique. The school preserved its existence until the Babylonish captivity; which began, as you will remember, in the year 1309. At that time poverty and violence came to dwell in the deserted city of the Popes; and art, who, like love, is a fair-weather guest, took her flight from the desolate metropolis. But the school of Rome did not die without offspring. Rome was the true parent of the great school of Florence.[2]

Critics of the old school lament the destruction of the

[1] The early history of this revival may be traced in the frescoes of S. Urbano alla Caffarella, Castel S. Elia, S. Silvestro di Tivoli, Rignano Flaminio, Magliano Pecoraccio, the crypt of Anagni, and the Sacro Speco at Subiaco. The part of the Benedictines in this revival is still a subject of controversy.

[2] There exists no certain reference to Cenno di Pepi, called Cimabue, of an earlier date than the year 1302. There is, however, a mention of "Cimabove pictor de Florentia" in a notarial deed, dated June 18, 1272, which was found by Dr. Stryzgowski, at Rome. If—which is more than doubtful—this Cimabove is identical with Cenno di Pepi, the document tends to confirm the view that Giotto's first master was himself a follower of the Roman school. (See Stryzgowski, *Cimabue und Rom*, Vienna, 1888, p. 158.)

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legends in regard to Cimabue. They tell us that if it is admitted that the Rucellai Madonna and the works allied to it are not by Cenno di Pepi "the principal link in the history of early Italian painting is lost," and Giotto's greatness is difficult to understand. But putting weightier arguments on one side, on *a priori* grounds alone the new theory of the origin of Florentine painting is more credible than the old traditional narrative which owed its origin to the *campanilismo* of Renaissance Florentines. Vasari's story of the sudden, almost miraculous, advent of the art of Cimabue and Giotto in Tuscany is as baseless and difficult of belief as the old theory of the Pisan origin of Niccola Pisano. In the field of thirteenth-century art history the work of modern art criticism has by no means been entirely or even chiefly destructive. Much that was obscure is made clearer by recent discoveries. The art of Giotto, like that of Niccola Pisano, now stands out as the final outcome of a long process of artistic evolution. We realise that whilst he owed much to the Pisani, he was artistically a scion of Rome. For him throughout three centuries a succession of masters, many of them known only by their works, had prepared the way. He is the final product of the Roman revival of the thirteenth century. The robust young provincial, having learnt all that could be learnt from brilliant artists of the neo-classical school, set to work in the great Giottesque laboratory, the Upper Church at Assisi, to solve new problems of composition and technique. His true masters were Pietro Cavallini and Giovanni Pisano: and it was not until he reached maturity that Florence became the centre of the new art movement.

The renaissance, then, of the art of mural decoration began in Rome. At Siena there arose the last born, and for some time the smallest, of the three great schools of Italian painting that flourished in the last quarter of the thirteenth century. Here the art of tempera painting was revived by Duccio di Buoninsegna, in whose hands it attained an extraordinary perfection of technique. Long before the rise of Duccio there

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The Rucellai Madonna. By Duccio—From an Altar-Piece in S. Maria Novella, Florence

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had been manifest signs of an art revival in Siena. Already in the third decade of the thirteenth century the Sienese were at work on the existing cathedral.[1] In the next generation Niccola Pisano carved the pulpit of the Duomo and founded the Sienese school of sculpture. Siena, too, had taken a prominent part in the literary revival of the *Dugento*. Her poets had adapted the measures of the troubadours and the *trouvères*. Her prose authors had imitated the biographies and tales of the North-French writers. Before Duccio came, too, there had been signs of a revival of the art of painting: throughout the thirteenth century the school of Siena had been growing. The works of many of these masters differ, it is true, in nothing from the productions of the old Italian school. But in a few pictures of this school we find evident traces of the direct influence of Byzantine models.

By what channels this influence reached the Tuscan town I have endeavoured to show in my "History of Siena." Between Ghibelline Pisa and Ghibelline Siena there was constant intercourse. And Pisa was in direct communication with the East and with Southern Italy. Her ships were on every sea. She had colonies in Greece and in Asia Minor, in Jerusalem and in Constantinople itself. Just as traders brought figured silks from Palermo and lustred ware from the island they called "Maiolicha," so, no doubt, they bore from Byzantium some of the work of the great masters of the second golden age of Byzantine art. There is some ground, too, for the belief that Greek artists found their way to Pisa after the fall of Constantinople, and that a school of miniature-painting was established there in the thirteenth century.

"Again, Ghibelline Siena was in constant communication

[1] I have had for some time in my possession documentary evidence showing that the work upon the new cathedral was being carried on in the years 1227, 1228, 1229. Since I first wrote of these discoveries, one of the "Books of the Biccherna," containing some of these references, has been printed. I have, however, transcribed some important entries which have not yet seen the light. These point to the conclusion that the existing cathedral was begun between the years 1220 and 1226.

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with Sicily and Apulia, where many Greek artists had found a home. Frederick II. himself, the great patron of Eastern art, held court at the Orgia, near Siena, in the year 1226. Both in his reign, and in the reign of Manfred, there was frequent intercourse between Siena and the cities of Southern Italy.

"The Sienese, too, had direct communication with Byzantium. Already in the early half of the thirteenth century these merchants went everywhere; and some of them, no doubt, brought back to Siena rich oriental stuffs and eastern spices, and also such portable works of art as ivories and illuminated books. Moreover, at least one distinguished emigrant from Greece, a nobleman wealthy and powerful, came and settled in the neighbourhood of Siena. Malavolti tells us—and his assertions are proved to be true by contemporary documents—that Ranieri, a nobleman of the suite of the Emperor, Peter de Courtenay, on being maltreated by Theodoric of Durazzo, sold his possessions in the eastern empire, and, after buying four castles in the neighbourhood of Siena, sought and obtained citizenship. As a citizen of Siena, Ranieri da Traviale commended his castles to the Republic, when, on September 26, 1222, he left his territory to pay a visit to the East.[1]

"It is possible that Byzantine artists found their way to Siena in the train of Frederick or with his representatives. It is possible that they came to the city from Pisa. It is possible that they accompanied the great lord Ranieri da Traviale in one of his journeyings from Greece. There are no grounds for the hypothesis that Duccio himself ever visited Byzantium. Probably he studied under a Greek master; but even this is not certain. All that is certain is that he copied Byzantine miniatures, and that he used some Byzantine manual of painting like the 'Hermeneia,' a manual which not only gave full

[1] Since I found this link between Siena and the East, I have discovered a large number of references proving the important part Ranieri played in the history of the city. See for example, Arch. di Stato, Siena, Libro della Biccherna, C. 22, C. 23, C. 24, C. 27 t., or, according to the new numbering of the pages of the MS., C. 14, 15, 16, 19 t.; also the *Caleffo dell' Assunta*, C. 525 t.

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The Crucifixion. By Duccio—*From a portion of the great Altar-Piece in the Opera del Duomo, Siena*

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instructions as to the preparation of colours, varnishes, and panels, but also information as to the traditional mode of representing Scriptural episodes, events in the life of the Virgin, and scenes from the legends of the Saints."[1]

Duccio was born in or about the year 1255, about the same time, perhaps, as the half-legendary Cimabue. In the year 1278, two years after the date Vasari gives as the year of Giotto's birth, he was already employed as a painter by the government to decorate some of the *cassoni*, in which public documents were kept.[2] Several times in the last quarter of the century he received employment from the authorities of his native city. On at least four occasions he was employed to decorate with painting the cover of the annual account-book of the Biccherna, the Sienese Exchequer, a task which was annually allotted to some representative artist of the city.

In the year 1285, the year in which he was first commissioned to paint one of the book-covers of the Biccherna, Duccio entered into an agreement to execute a large Madonna for the Confraternity of S. Maria at Florence, to be placed in their chapel at S. Maria Novella; which picture I hold to be identical with the Rucellai Madonna long believed to be a work of Cimabue. In the years that followed Duccio executed several works in his native city, some of which are now to be seen in the Siena Gallery. Nor was he employed only as a painter by the government of the day. He was summoned by the authorities to give expert evidence as to the best site for the Fonte Nuova, a Gothic fountain still standing on the hillside near the Ovile Gate.[3]

[1] "History of Siena," pp. 331, 332. Murray, 1903.

[2] Archivio di Stato, Siena. Biccherna, "Libro d'entrata e uscita, ad annum," c. 34, quoted by Lisini, "Notizie di Duccio, pittore." In the "Bullettino Sienese," fasc. i. p. 42. 1898.

[3] Several modern writers, following Ciampi and Morrona have asserted that Duccio worked at Pisa in 1302 on the mosaic of the Duomo. Some years ago I examined all the references of that period in the "Libri d'entrata e uscita" of the Duomo of Pisa. I could find nowhere the name of Duccio. I am convinced that Morrona, who originated the story, misread "Puccius" as "Duccius."

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But though his abilities were recognised by his fellow townsmen, Duccio did not live in prosperity. He had a habit of getting into debt, and in other respects he did not prove himself to be an orderly citizen. We know from account-books still existing in the well-preserved archives of Siena that in the year 1280 he incurred a heavy penalty for some offence, the nature of which is not recorded. And throughout the last twenty years of his life, notwithstanding his fame as an artist, he was repeatedly summoned for debt at the instance of one or other of his fellow citizens.

He seems, too, to have involved himself in political troubles. Although he had sprung from the people, he was not in sympathy with the democratic party of his day, and he demonstrated the sincerity of his convictions by passive resistance to their authority. He declined to swear to the ordinances of his own class, thereby incurring a fine. And in the year 1302, he refused to accompany the civic forces when they went to fight against the feudal lords of the Maremma.

But Duccio's improvidence, and his unpopular political views, did not prevent the proper recognition of his pre-eminence as an artist. In the year 1308 the Master of the Board of Works of the Cathedral, a member of the Marescotti family, whose palace, now called the Palazzo Saraceni, still stands in the Via di Città, commissioned Duccio to paint a great altar-piece for the Duomo of Siena. It was to be entirely by the artist's own hand, and he was to undertake no other work until it was finished. No expense was to be spared. The picture was to be as beautiful as the artist could make it.

The Sienese were not disappointed in their great ancona. The local chronicler, Agnolo di Tura, tells us that it was the most beautiful work that ever was seen or made, and a century later Lorenzo Ghiberti spoke of it in terms of enthusiastic eulogy. Great was the joy of the citizens when in the year 1311 they heard that the altar-piece was finished. On June 11 of that year a public holiday was declared in Siena. Early in the morning, from Siena's hundred towers, the bells began to

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Madonna and child. By Duccio. *From a Picture in the New Gallery (No. 47)*

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ring joyously. The trumpeters and drummers of the commune paraded the streets. The shops were closed, and all traffic was suspended in the city. The clergy, the members of the government, and a vast crowd of citizens flocked to Duccio's house, which still stands by the Stalloreggi gate. From there the picture was borne in solemn procession with torches and waving banners to its resting-place above the high altar of the Duomo. "All that day," says the chronicler, "the people continued in prayer and gave much alms to the poor, praying God and His Mother, who is our advocate, to defend them in their infinite pity from every adversity and every ill, and to succour them from the hands of traitors and enemies of Siena."[1]

Duccio survived eight years the completion of his great masterpiece. Dying in August 1319, he left behind him a large school of painters, amongst whom was Segna di Tura di Buoninsegna, perhaps a nephew of his, who closely imitated his manner.

The master's artistic career may be divided into two periods. The works of his first period are, as we shall see, very closely allied to the works of the miniaturists of the second golden age of Byzantine painting. A typical painting of this period is the little Madonna (No. 20) in the Siena gallery. In this picture we find all the characteristics of Duccio's earlier manner, both in colour, in technique, and in form. In colour and in technique it has all the virtues of the miniaturist. It is most beautifully wrought. It has all that refinement of detail, that feeling for sumptuousness which is characteristic of the works of the best miniaturists of the preceding age. In the treatment of form, too, we find manifestations of the same influence. We see it in the angels who have their counterparts in many Byzantine paintings. We see it in the face of the Virgin, in the eye with

[1] "Cronica d' Anonimo," an early manuscript chronicle of which there are copies in the Archivio di Stato and the Communal Library at Siena. This account is abundantly confirmed by contemporary evidence. See Arch. di Stato, Siena, "Libro del Camarlingo del Comune," June 1311, c. 261.

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its large iris, in the long aquiline nose, in the mouth turned down at the corners. We see it in the wooden throne with its high footstool. This throne merits the closest attention. It has a distinctly oriental origin. Its posts are of a pattern which is still to be found in eastern carved work. We find a similar throne in other early Sienese pictures, as, for example, in the *St. Peter Enthroned* in the same gallery.

But the most important work of this, Duccio's first period, is the Madonna he executed for S. Maria Novella. In a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* I have discussed this work at length, and shown how it came to pass that it was long attributed to Cimabue. It possesses all the characteristics that we have noted in the small panel by Duccio in the Siena Gallery. The child is of exactly the same type, and has the same posture. We find, too, the same peculiarities in the Virgin. Moreover, the semi-oriental throne in the Rucellai Madonna is closely related to the throne in the little picture at Siena.

There are critics who, while admitting that the Rucellai Madonna is a Sienese picture of the school of Duccio, deny that it is by the master himself. They hold that it has not the quality of Duccio's authentic work. They forget that when Duccio undertook to paint this picture for S. Maria Novella, he was still a young artist, and that this is, as far as we know, the first great work he attempted after he had emerged from the chrysalis stage of the miniaturist. They have in their minds the great *Majestas* of Siena which was executed twenty-five years later in an age of accelerated transition, in an age when the art of painting was progressing at a greater rate than at any other period in modern history. They forget that, during the twenty-five years that elapsed between the painting of the Florence altar-piece and the Siena ancona, Duccio was living in the town which Giovanni Pisano, the great leader of the new movement in art, had made his home. It is obvious that the Rucellai Madonna is the work of a master who was just beginning to free himself from Byzantine convention, and who had not cast off the manner of the miniature-painter.

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St. Peter Enthroned. *From a Picture in the Arena Gallery*

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The wooden throne, the type of the Virgin, the design of the drapery of the principal figure—all support the view that it belongs to the thirteenth century, and was painted about the year 1285, in which year, as existing documents prove, Duccio was commissioned to paint an altar-piece for S. Maria Novella. The picture since that date has, as Mr. Wood Brown has shown, a fairly clear and connected history. At first in the Bardi chapel in the right transept of S. Maria Novella, it was afterwards placed on the wall between that chapel and the chapel in the same transept where now it rests. Finally, in the sixteenth century, it was removed from the wall between the two chapels to its present position.

Duccio was commissioned to paint this Madonna by an important confraternity, whose members were citizens of Siena's chief political, commercial and artistic rival. To have been given such a commission was a signal testimony to the genius of the young Sienese artist. Is it conceivable that he employed a pupil to execute it? Segna was the follower of Duccio, who most nearly imitated his master's style. But no critic who had a seeing eye and possessed a competent knowledge of Segna's achievement could for a moment admit that this picture is his workmanship. The Rucellai Madonna is the earliest important work of Duccio. It is in every respect characteristic of his first manner. It is the first great picture in the history of modern art.

We have in London one example of Duccio's earlier manner. I refer to the little triptych in the National Gallery. This is the only picture of Duccio's first period that is to be found outside Siena. In the works also of Duccio's second period, London, as we shall presently see, is far richer than any other city save that which gave Duccio birth. In fact the only works of Duccio existing outside Siena and London are the *Nativity* at Berlin, a book-cover in the same city, and the *St. John Baptist* at Buda-Pesth. Of course there are pictures in many galleries wrongly assigned to Duccio. The most ludicrous of these attributions is to be found at Christ

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Church, Oxford, where a picture, in which is represented San Bernardino, bears the name of the master.[1] It is scarcely necessary to remind my readers that San Bernardino did not see the light until sixty years after the death of the painter.

The most important work of Duccio's second period, his great masterpiece, the *Majestas* of Siena, was painted, as we have seen, between the years 1308 and 1311. Duccio was then in the full maturity of his powers. He was liberally paid for his work, and was given a free hand by his employers. To all who love Sienese art it is a continual cause of regret that they cannot now see this work in its entirety; and that they can only look upon it in a mutilated state amidst incongruous surroundings in the Opera del Duomo at Siena. In the age of St. Catherine it was the most splendid altar-piece in Italy.

This work represents, as regards its form, a new development in art. It is one of the first, if not the first, of the great altar-pieces made in tiers and compartments which became so much the vogue before the close of the fourteenth century. Let me briefly describe it. This ancona was painted both sides, and adorned a double altar like that in the Lower Church at Assisi. On the side facing the nave was a large representation of the Virgin and Child surrounded by a great company of saints and angels. Above this picture in small painted niches were half-figures of ten apostles, five on either side. Above these figures, in small compartments with angular heads, were eight scenes from the life of the Virgin, six of which are still at Siena. On the gradine were seven scenes from the early life of Christ, beginning with the Nativity now at Berlin. Between each of these scenes was a single figure of a saint.

On the other side of the altar-piece facing the east end of the church were thirty-four pictures in rows representing scenes from the last days of Christ's earthly life. The series began at

[1] The present librarian of Christ Church, who is a connoisseur as well as a scholar, is, of course, in no way responsible for this attribution.

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Modestus and Child. *By Duccio. From a portion of the great Altar Piece in the Opera del Duomo, Siena*

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the bottom of the altar-piece and finished with the six scenes in the architectural framework above. It will be noticed that in the picture as I have described it so far, and as it is described by my learned friend the Cav. Alessandro Lisini, there is a gap in the gospel story. The last event depicted in the gradine on the side facing the nave was the miracle of Cana. The first on the main panel of the altar-piece on the other side was Christ's entry into Jerusalem. Some years ago I arrived at the conclusion that the panels belonging to Mr. Benson and two of the panels in the National Gallery formed part of the great *Majestas*, being some of the scenes in the large predella on the east side of the double altar. This predella consisted of seven pictures in which were depicted some of the most important events of the public ministry of Christ previous to the days of His Passion.

We will now examine the most important picture in the great gallery of panels that compose Duccio's masterpiece, as well as a few of those of the smaller pictures that are now in London. We will endeavour to find in them the chief qualities in Duccio's art in this his second period. First of all let us look at the Madonna and Saints. In this scene we find the results of three distinct influences upon the artist. In the angels that surround the throne and the countenances of the old men, in the types of most of the angels and in a measure in the Virgin herself, we see that the artist was still in a measure under the influence of the Byzantine miniaturists. But we see also that in the meantime he has come under other influences which have powerfully affected his art. He has fallen under the spell of the sculptors and painters of the neo-classical, neo-Roman school. Living, too, in the city which was peculiarly the home of the Italian Gothic movement, the city which Giovanni Pisano made his home, the city of Lorenzo del Maitano and Lando di Pietro, he has also absorbed Gothic influences. The neo-classical, Cosmatesque influence reveals itself in the Virgin's throne, and, in a measure, in some of the drapery of the principal figures; the Gothic

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influence quite unmistakably in the robes of the two female saints, the St. Agnes and the St. Catherine of Alexandria, the one at the extreme right, the other at the extreme left of the picture, as well as in the kneeling figure of the bishop

The confluence of these streams of influence is still more clearly seen in some of Duccio's panels in England. Take, for example, the *Annunciation* of the National Gallery. Here we find Gothic and neo-Classical influences side by side. The Virgin is a Roman woman. Her robe, with its web of gold lines, is Byzantine with a difference. And yet even in this figure, in the natural pose of the right arm and hand and in the expression of the face, there are indications of the influence of Gothic art. This influence clearly reveals itself in the architectural background, but no less clearly in the romantic treatment of the angel's hair.

The same confluence of influence is to be found in the *Christ Healing the Blind Man* in the National Gallery. In this little picture Duccio introduces one of the Gothic palaces, with windows *a colonnelli*, which, in his day, were rising up on all hands in Siena. Near one of the angles of the building are two beautiful ogival windows closely resembling those on the then newly erected Palazzo Squarcialupi, a palace which Duccio must have passed continually on his way from his own house to the Duomo.

It has been contended that the Gothic elements of Duccio's art only reveal themselves in the backgrounds of his later pictures. To say this is to show either a complete misunderstanding of the nature of the Gothic movement or defective powers of vision. These small panels which form a part of the great Siena altar-piece are full of Gothic sentiment of romantic northern feeling. We find in them the same kind of emotionalism, of expressiveness, of dramatic sensationalism that we see in the work of Giovanni Pisano. Over and over again, as in the panel of *Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet*, in the *Judas Bargaining with the Jews*, and even in pictures so

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The Healing of the Blind Man. By Duccio—*From a Picture in the National Gallery, London*

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conventional in design as the *Entry into Jerusalem*, Duccio breaks away here and there from the Byzantine convention, in order to give utterance to some of those emotions to which, under the influence of Gothic art, both sculptors and painters were seeking to give artistic expression.

There are few early Sienese pictures more Gothic in feeling than Mr. Benson's *Temptation*. It has just the same marvellous qualities that we find a century later in Lorenzo Monaco's drawings of the *Journey of the Magi* and the *Visitation*. In its eerie mysticism, in its exuberent imaginative power, it recalls to us the reliefs executed by the nameless Gothic sculptors of the great French and German cathedrals. The figure of the Christ is only superficially neo-classical. And northern and Gothic as is the architecture in "the cities of the world," it is not more Gothic or northern than the sentiment of the whole picture, or than that near relative of the devils of the northern sculptors, Duccio's "Satan."

A picture of the same period as the great *Majestas* is Duccio's masterly *Crucifixion* now in the possession of Lord Crawford. Here Duccio's dramatic ability, his power of communicating to us the deep and tragic emotions with which the contemplation of the great world-tragedy inspired him, is consummately illustrated. In his rendering of the nude he shows a knowledge of the human body more accurate than that of Giotto. And whilst he has not Giotto's power of rendering form, such figures as that of the centurion are, nevertheless, almost as real to us as those of the Florentine master and they stand better on their feet.

I can only refer briefly to two other particulars in which Duccio reveals in a striking manner his independent observation of nature. In the first place we find him an innovator in the matter of landscape. In his *Miraculous Draught of Fishes* at Siena, we find the artist adopting a low horizon. In making this innovation he was not only in advance of all his contemporaries, but of all other painters of the Trecento. Again, whilst the animals he paints are scarcely less natural than

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those of Giotto, his trees show stronger evidences of direct study than any of those painted by the great Florentine.

I have, perhaps, dwelt too much on the historical importance of Duccio as a link between the old world and the new. In my anxiety to show that he was not merely the last great master of the neo-Byzantine school, but that he was also one of the leaders of the new movement in painting, I have followed the popular fashion and have neglected the chief part of the critic's function. I have failed properly to define, to analyse, the æsthetic qualities of the achievement of the Sienese master, to show why it is that they give us a certain kind of pleasure. What is then the general impression that the contemplation of Duccio's pictures gives us, and what are the elements that go to make up that impression? It seems to me, as I have stated elsewhere, that Duccio seeks to create a general effect of hieratic sumptuousness. But his sumptuousness is not cold, dignified, impassive, like that of Byzantium. He makes us feel that underneath the rich vestment of his art there is a throbbing, passionate, human heart. We find in his works a decorative oriental splendour, but it is a splendour tinged with emotion. Fascinated at first glance by the rich beauty of his colour schemes, by the glow of his gold backgrounds, by the exquisite technical qualities of his tempera painting, we come to find a power of expressing deep feeling such as we search for in vain through whole galleries of so-called religious pictures. And inasmuch as art's function is the harmonic expression of emotion, deep, personal emotion, this quality is eminently æsthetic. An art critic who disparages this quality has mistaken his vocation.

Rich, harmonious colour, a consummate technique, a hieratic sumptuousness—these were the chief qualities of Duccio's art. His own decorative aim and the decorative aim of his great followers at Siena requires no justification. To disparage it because it was not identical with that of the

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The Temptation. By Dürer. *From a Picture in the possession of Mr. H. H. Bemus*

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Florentines is to show that artistic sectarianism which is one of the greatest curses of art criticism.

Duccio was the earliest of the great masters of tempera painting in Italy, as he was the first great painter of Tuscany, whose personality is known to us. Cavallini of Rome, decorator of walls, and Duccio of Siena, maker of altar-pieces, were the true fathers of the Italian schools. Like other great artists, the Sienese master gave consummate expression to the emotional temperament of the people amongst whom he lived. In his works, as in the letters of St. Catherine, we find mysticism wedded to a refined and subtle sensuousness, high idealism in combination with a clear-sighted realism. We find in them, too, that dramatic quality which has always been an important element in the character of a people whose city was one of the earliest homes of the popular drama.

LANGTON DOUGLAS.

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A FESTA ON MOUNT ERYX

THREE or four miles inland from Trapani, at the north-west corner of Sicily, rises a precipitous solitary mountain, 2485 feet high, with a town on the top. The view from the town is magnificent and uninterrupted in all directions, for the country lying round the base of the mountain on three sides is low and undulating, covered with villages, roads, vineyards, fields and villas, and bounded by a distant amphitheatre of mountains, while on the fourth side is the Mediterranean with three of the Ægadean islands right in front, Marettimo, the most distant of them, lying on the horizon, all highest up in the sea towards the West, as Ithaca is described in the Odyssey.[1] Almost immediately underneath the mountain, jutting out into the sea as a land's end, is scythe-like Trapani with its salt-pans and its many windmills; to the right and left the sea extends till it is lost in the haze which so commonly obscures a Sicilian horizon; but on clear days another island, Ustica, can be seen far away to the right, floating over Cofano and Cape San Vito; to the extreme left the island of Pantellaria is also sometimes visible over the projecting land where Marsala stands, and on exceptional days even Cap Bon on the Coast of Africa can be discerned. From Marsala, in the South, the eye travels inland over the country through which, in 1860, Garibaldi with his 1000 men marched

[1] See "The Authoress of the Odyssey." By Samuel Butler. Longmans, 1897.

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to Calatafimi. This town, situated south-east from the mountain, is hidden from view, but the heights of Segesta, some three or four miles west of it, can be distinctly seen, and thence the distant amphitheatre sweeps along past Monte Inice and round to the North where it meets the sea again at Cape San Vito.

The mountain commanding this extensive view, formerly world-renowned as Mount Eryx, and still often called Monte Erice, is now Monte San Giuliano, and gives its name both to the town on the top and to the comune of which that town is the chief place. The highest part of the summit is towards the east, and here are several towers, some belonging to the Castello, a Norman fortress, and the others to Le Torri, the summer residence of Count Pepoli. On the north, east and south sides of the summit the mountain is precipitous, but towards the west it slopes gradually through a public garden, called the Balio, and then through a maze of narrow, winding streets, down to the Trapani Gate, the lowest part of the town. From here two roads descend in zigzags, one towards the south and the other to the north. The normal population of the town is about 4000, but in the summer and autumn this is largely increased, inasmuch as the great heat of Trapani and the low country drives as many as can afford it to live on the summit where it is seldom too hot.

The rest of the comune lies dotted about on the plain at the foot of the mountain, and consists of a dozen small villages, all visible from the top. These have mostly grown up within the last hundred years or so as colonies from the chief town. In the days when the country was less secure the women and children remained within the town walls, while the men went down to the fields, returning for Sundays and Festas; then settlements were formed below to which the women and children could safely be moved; but Custonaci, one of the villages of the comune, did not spring up in this way and is of older date than the others.

Mount Eryx was in classical times famous for the worship

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of Venus; here stood perhaps the most celebrated of all her temples—the one with which her name is most familiarly associated, and here long before Horace wrote of "Erycina ridens" she was worshipped as Aphrodite by the Greeks and as Astarte by the Phœnicians. Hardly a vestige of any temple can now be made out, but the remains of the pelasgic walls that protected the city in pre-historic ages are still to be seen near the Trapani Gate. These walls were originally built by the Sicans long before the influx of colonists after the fall of Troy as recorded in Thucydides VI. 2; they were afterwards restored by the Phœnicians, and on many of the stones the quarryman's marks in Phœnician characters are still visible.

It was believed that at certain seasons of the year the goddess left her shrine on the mountain and went over into Africa accompanied by all the pigeons of the neighbourhood, and this was the occasion for a festival of anagogia.[1] A little later, when the pigeons returned, the goddess was believed to come back with them, and then there was another festival of catagogia.[2] Seeing that she would have had little more than a hundred and twenty miles to go in order to reach what is now Cap Bon and then only to cross the Gulf of Tunis to arrive at the Phœnician Colony of Carthage, it is difficult not to suppose that these flittings began in the days when Astarte was in power—but it is not certain whether the cult of the goddess on Mount Eryx owes its inception to the Greeks or to the Phœnicians.

In our own time Monte San Giuliano is famous for the worship of the Madonna di Custonaci, the Protectress of the whole comune. Her sacred picture is normally in her sanctuary down at Custonaci, about fifteen kilometres distant, but when any general calamity afflicts the district it is brought up to the Matrice or Mother Church on Mount Eryx. On these occasions three days of humiliation are proclaimed,

[1] Ἀναγωγία (sc. *ἱερά*), offerings made at departure, a feast of Aphrodite at Eryx.

[2] Καταγώγια, the festival of the return, opp. to *ἀναγωγία* (Liddell and Scott's Lexicon).

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priests and men, their heads crowned with thorns, their necks encircled with cords, go about the town flagellating themselves; in the evening fires are lighted on the Balio and all the villages below answer by lighting fires too to show that they are taking part in the general tribulation. A document is signed by the Sindaco and then the picture is brought from Custonaci and placed over the great altar in the Matrice. When it has become quite clear that the anger of Heaven has been appeased the picture is taken back to Custonaci.

It was my good fortune to be upon the mountain in August 1901 when this procession took place, and when, furthermore, the sacred picture was transported back to Custonaci from the mountain where it had been since 1778, an unusually long time. These two events synchronising constituted a kind of double Festa lasting four days on the mountain and four days more at Custonaci.

The calamity that most usually befalls the comune is a drought, or the fear of a drought. The fact that there is practically no rain during the summer enables the people to carry on one of their chief industries—the manufacture of salt, the source of much of the wealth of Trapani. The sea water is collected in open salt-pans, being raised by means of the screw which has been in use all over the island ever since Archimedes invented it to remove the water from the hold of one of Hiero's ships at Syracuse. All through the summer the heat of the sun evaporates the moisture leaving the salt, which is afterwards exported to many distant countries; as soon as the salt is all under cover it is time for the rain to begin, otherwise the land would not get enough for the crops. In 1893 the rain was delayed until matters began to look so serious that it was determined to bring the picture up. The proper formalities having been observed, the people all went out in crowds to welcome it, crying, "Acqua, Maria, acqua!" ("Rain, Maria, Rain!") Meanwhile the clouds were gathering and presently a tremendous thunderstorm came on so that they arrived at the

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mountain drenched and shouting "Basta, Maria, basta!" ("Leave off, Maria, leave off!") The lightning struck the church and injured four persons who were standing near the altar: but the Madonna was already in her place and owing to her presence they recovered.

The picture, like many of the thaumaturgic representations of the Madonna, is the work of St. Luke the Evangelist—all except the head which was done by an angel who descended from Heaven expressly for the purpose. This being so, one would expect to find its home on the top of the very mountain itself and not down at an insignificant little village like Custonaci. Some have thought that to allow the Sanctuary of a Madonna Ericina to take the place of the temple of Venus Ericina would have been to insist on a parallelism about which it was desirable to say as little as possible. Others believe the real reason why we have a Madonna di Custonaci to be preserved in the following legend:

A French vessel laden with precious merchandise and also with this still more precious picture was returning home to Marseilles from Alexandria in Egypt and while sailing the Sicilian seas encountered a furious tempest. The more the unhappy mariners laboured to govern their craft the less they succeeded, and at last, despairing of earthly help, they turned their thoughts to the Madonna. With streaming eyes they knelt before the painting and prayed the Queen of Heaven to conduct them safely home. For a long time they met with no response, but when they were nearing Cofano every sailor heard a voice as though coming from the picture and declaring that the Madonna desired to be landed on the neighbouring coast. Whereupon they bound themselves by a vow that if they reached land in safety they would build her a sanctuary then and there. No sooner was the vow uttered than the wind fell, the storm ceased and the surface of the waters became as polished glass over which the fortunate bark glided without guidance into harbour—and this to the great astonishment of the crew, for her course lay among dangerous shoals and sunken

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rocks. The joyful mariners returned thanks to their Blessed Protectress, but while disembarking to perform their vow they found themselves surrounded by a crowd of armed peasants who, taking them for Turkish Pirates, ran to the spot with the intention of frustrating their supposed nefarious designs. Mutual explanations averted bloodshed and then the peasants began to dissuade the sailors from carrying out their vow in so literal a manner, explaining that they would be abandoning their precious charge to the risk, if not the certainty, of sacrilegious theft at the hands of the corsairs who infested that harbour. In the end the simple mariners yielding to the arguments of the peasants with many tears consigned the picture to their care. It was put on to a cart harnessed to two oxen who started to draw it inland, but would only go in a direction chosen by themselves. After proceeding two or three kilometres the oxen lay down and by no means could be persuaded to go a step further. This indicated the Madonna's desire that her church should be erected there, and on that spot now stands the sanctuary of Custonaci. The poor sailors, grieving bitterly for the loss of their treasure, returned to the ship and resumed their interrupted voyage, reaching Marseilles in safety.

Owing to the culpable negligence of those who ought to have considered it a privilege to be permitted to chronicle the many miracles which the Madonna performed in honour of the arrival of her picture, we have particulars of only two cures wrought in those times, one on a cripple and the other on a mute. Any one, however, who is disposed to doubt that there were many more has only to visit the sanctuary and take note of the large number of votive pictures there exhibited. Besides, how else could the fame of this wonder-working image have travelled abroad so extensively unless the wonders had been not less numerous than undoubted ?

There is much uncertainty as to the exact date of these events; some give the year 1570; others consider this too late, if only because there exist wills dated as far back as 1422

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bequeathing gifts to Santa Maria di Custonaci; others say that this need not have anything to do with our famous Madonna because there has been a church or chapel at Custonaci dedicated to the Virgin from very early times, and there is nothing to show that these wills do not refer to the earlier Madonna. Others believe 1870, not 1570, to be the true date. We should have something to guide us if we could ascertain how often the picture has been transported to the mountain in times of calamity, but here again the culpable negligence of the chroniclers has left us with records of only fifty-one such occasions from the beginning of the sixteenth century to 1794, viz., five when the pestilence walked by mid-day, four when the mountains trembled and the earth opened, two when the locusts came without number and devoured the fruits of the ground, four when war-clouds gathered in the sky, and thirty-six when the autumn rains were delayed.

The disputes extend also to the date of the painting—some even denying that it was painted by St. Luke: but to do this they are obliged to ignore all the considerations which support the orthodox view, viz., the place from which the sailors brought it, the many wonders performed by it, the miraculous preservation of the colouring during all the years that have elapsed since St. Luke's time, the widespread belief in the efficacy of its powers, and lastly, the fact that though many have made the attempt no artist has yet succeeded in producing a perfect copy of the original.

I asked several people what St. Luke had to do with Alexandria and was always told that St. Mark's body was brought from there to Venice in 828, why then should not another of the Evangelists have been there also? This reply satisfied me no more than did those with which pre-occupied age used to endeavour to silence my inquisitive childhood and produced much the same sort of result, spurring me on to further investigations.

A musician who desires to compose a tune that shall become popular, must contrive to produce something apparently

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original, and yet not so original as to demand study—it must also contain echoes of other tunes previously popular, and yet they must be so indefinite that no one can tell for certain where they come from, which is what we mean when we say it is a wise tune that knows its own father. Similarly the framers of the foregoing legend had to compose an entirely Christian story as original as was compatible with the use of the accepted Christian forms, and yet they could not neglect all the pagan traditions with which their public had been impregnated for generations. The picture must come over the sea—everything that arrives in an island does so, and one of the most effective of the legendary forms is the arrival of a boat with a precious cargo from a distant land. Tunis would never do for the point of departure, not only because it is where Astarte came from when she arrived in Sicily, but also because it had been Moslem since the seventh century and could not have been accepted by the people as a Christian seaport. It is quite likely that the popularity of the St. Mark legend determined the selection of Alexandria. The storm, the vow, and the oxen are as much common form as the ship. Then comes the curious similarity between the alternate domiciles of the Madonna on the mountain and at Custonaci and the flittings of Venus Erycina to and fro between the mountain and Carthage. If we look upon the arrival of the picture as involving the transplanting of a piece of Africa into Sicily, as an Ambassador's house is regarded as being part of his own country, we may then consider that the Madonna still travels between the mountain and Africa, only she now has an easier journey and avoids actually dwelling among heretics. In this view her journeyings should be looked upon as modern versions of the feasts of anagogia and catagogia.

It is admitted that the picture has, more than once, been placed in the hands of skilful modern painters, whose services have been called in merely to repair any damage it may have sustained during transport—they have had nothing

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to do therefore with the miraculous preservation of the colouring. What these experts thought about the date of the original painting is known only to themselves. We need not suppose that they agreed—that would have been indeed a miracle and quite a fresh departure for a picture with a reputation earned in a different branch of thaumaturgy. It is, however, an unimportant matter, for art experts are the victims of such cast-iron prejudices that if once they fancy they see the influence of Leonardo da Vinci in a picture and take it into their heads that it comes from Piedmont, it will be found the most difficult thing in the world to persuade them that it really was painted in Egypt more than a thousand years before Giotto.

Processions resembling that of the Personaggi were formerly more common in Italy than they are now. This one is said to be unique. It has been usual in other places to tell the same story over and over again year after year—in one place at Easter it would be always the story of the Passion, in another at Christmas that of the Nativity, and so on. Here they do not have the procession regularly every year. When they do have it, it invariably takes place by night and the same story is never told twice, though the subject is generally taken from the Bible and always symbolises the Madonna di Custonaci. In 1897 it was Jael who by delivering Israel became a type of the Madonna; in 1894 it was the Dawn of the True Faith which occurred soon after the death of Julius Cæsar, a prominent figure in the procession. It will be remembered that he was worshipped as a god and false religion never went further astray than when it deified man.

There appears to be no legend or tradition about the origin of the personaggi, the earliest record states that in 1750 the figures appeared for the first time on horseback. No doubt previously they had appeared on foot. In 1897 three of them, and in 1901 all of them were in cars. We shall perhaps not be far wrong if we suppose that some procession, involving the display of the most beautiful men and women that could be

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found, took place on the mountain in heathen times as part of the cult of the goddess, and that as a compromise this was not abolished but accommodated to Christian usages.

A nocturnal procession, whether the figures go on foot, on horseback, or on cars, does not strike one as being a particularly favourable medium for the telling of a story. Nevertheless, by choosing a subject with which the people are more or less familiar, by emphasising the climax and providing an explanatory pamphlet for twopence the result is far more satisfactory than one would have supposed at all probable.

It takes a month or six weeks to get everything ready. First the Arciprete of the Matrice determines what the story shall be and how it is to be told. The designing of each personaggio or of each group is then confided to one of the inhabitants who, provided he bears in mind the general scheme, is free to follow his natural artistic instincts. The dresses are hired from Palermo and an astonishing quantity of jewellery is lent by the families of the comune. This jewellery is one of the principal features of the Personaggi; it is all gold and precious stones, no silver is to be seen and nothing is ever lost, stolen or mislaid, even the thieves becoming honest. It is sewn on to the dresses in various designs and makes them look very rich, so that what is hired from Palermo is only the costumes in the rough, so to speak. In 1897 the Personaggi carried 85lb. weight of gold and precious stones, and this was only part of what was lent.

In 1901 it was known that the procession was to represent the Universal Deluge and that all the Personaggi were to be in cars and none of them on horseback. How a subject apparently so intractable was to be treated and how the Madonna di Custonaci was to be got in were questions that gave rise to much discussion in the comune before the eventful night solved them.

On the morning of Sunday, August 25, at 7.30, a brass band began to perambulate the town to announce that the Festa had begun. At 8.30 the band entered the Matrice and

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the sacred picture was unveiled, the band saluting it with a burst of music. Much may be done in music by illusion and suggestion. The service concluded with an extremely graceful movement in six-eight time that drove all thoughts of the Madonna out of the mind of at least one listener and substituted a vision of laughing girls, swaying lightly to the rhythm and singing of the dancing waves whose foam gave birth to Venus.

When the church emptied we got a better view of the picture. It is about 6ft. high by 8 broad, painted in oils on wood prepared with gesso and represents a smiling Madonna with the Child at her breast. She is seated on a throne in a landscape; two angels hold over her head a massive golden crown; the Child is crowned, and in His hand are three ears of corn and the keys. The crowns are really only half-crowns, but they are gold or silver-gilt and are fastened into the wood of the picture. All round the Madonna's nimbus is a raised band of gold set with twelve diamond stars valued at 14,000 lire. A large diamond earring is suspended from her right ear, the only one that is visible; three large diamond rings are on the fingers of her right hand, and one on a finger of her left, which supports the Child, and suspended all over her skirts is an immense quantity of jewellery. The frame is of wood, entirely coated with silver, in the form of a broken pediment over the top. It is almost concealed by the jewellery hung about it, earrings, chains, necklaces, rings, watches, &c. &c. These are offerings from the faithful, but what is shown is nothing like all. There is a large chest containing much more, but what has been given this year is exposed in a separate case. These valuables constitute the Madonna's dowry, and she carries it with her on her journeys; but some of the more important articles never leave the mountain, her diamond stars, for instance, are removed from the picture when it goes down and their place is taken by less valuable stars of gold.

In the afternoon there were horse-races outside the Trapani Gate and a concert and illumination in the Balio in the evening.

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In wandering about the town next day I came upon four or five of the cars lurking in obscure churches where they had been prepared. It was not easy to make much of them. There were a few canvas rocks and banks and some *papier maché* clouds, also the waters of the deluge, all painted to appear real, and in among the rocks and banks were real plants, mostly the dwarf palm, which grows very plentifully on the mountain. There were wooden supports to help the figures to stand firm and a concealed apparatus to supply acetylene gas, used now for the first time.

All day long people kept on coming up the mountain and pouring into the town. Those who did not come on foot left their carts and horses outside, and they all swarmed up through the narrow, irregular, roughly paved streets from the Trapani Gate to the Balio, till by night-fall the Piazza was as crowded as London on Mafeking night. Every one who has been at an Italian Festa knows what it is like—men shouting and elbowing their way through the people with flaming lamps fitted to their baskets, selling water and syrups, cakes and confectionery, melon-seeds and pea-nuts—others going about with half-penny buttonholes of gelsomina, each neatly folded up in a vine-leaf to keep the scent in—three independent piano-organs and a brass band in the middle distance—an enthusiastic blind singer, a sort of survival of Demodocus, with a falsetto voice and no bridge to his nose keeping a group of listeners spellbound in the foreground with their favourite ballad, illustrated by a large sheet of oil paintings in eight tableaux, about the man who murdered his wife and mother with one bloody knife—there it is on the supper-table—and was ultimately taken by the Carabinieri and executed.

This blind singer is a humorist: once when he was fibbing in a particularly flagrant manner he enforced his remarks by praying that heaven would strike him blind and smash his nose if he was not speaking the truth.

While you are thinking that the tumult must now be at its height, peaceful nuns are creeping up the convent stair; silently,

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one by one, they reach the roof. Every one can see them collecting together in the moonlight and taking hold of the dangling bell-ropes. All of a sudden you realise what a mistake you had been making as the riotous bells fling their additional accompaniments out into the night, all over the town, over the whole comune, down to Trapani and out to the islands.

In the meantime those in charge of the cars had been giving their final directions and the Personaggi, who had been being dressed ever since early in the afternoon, were ready to receive visitors. About 10 P.M. each of them began to hold an At Home. There they sat silent and motionless in their houses, among trays full of superfluous jewellery and surrounded by lighted candles, gazing imperturbably in front of them, while people streamed through the rooms admiring them, fingering their dresses and jewels, and asking questions of their relations and friends.

About 11.30 I was conducted along the illuminated streets through the crowd to a house looking up a street down which the procession was to come. We had some time to wait, but at last the moving lights began to shine on the high houses in the distance, the band was heard approaching, and at 1.45 the first car staggered into sight. It contained *The Sons of God and the Daughters of Men;* there were three of each reclining in front and offering flowers to one another instigated so to do by the Monster of Wickedness, a loathsome dragon, who was insinuating himself among them from rocks behind, while the Angel of the Lord, a singularly beautiful child, stood on a high cloud in the background in an attitude of horror, about to take wing from such a world of wickedness. Cupid was there also, sitting at the feet of the daughters of men and taking aim generally.

The second car brought *Sin*, a bearded man in an imperial attitude with a golden sceptre resting on his hip. He dominated a globe round which the old Serpent had coiled himself. He was dressed in dark blue velvet and wore a voluminous red

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cloak. On his breast was a bunch of grapes made entirely of diamond rings; each grape was a separate ring isolated from the others and so sewn on that the hoop, being passed through a hole in the material, was not visible and only the rose of diamonds was displayed. There were fifty-five grapes, and they sparkled and glittered in the flickering lights as the car lurched down the street.

Next came *The Voice of God*, a beautiful figure of an angel blowing a trumpet, and the words on the cloud were "Delebo hominem." In the front sat a youth and a girl holding hands to represent the wicked population destined to destruction.

Then *The Universal Deluge* came pitching and tossing round the corner—rather an ambitious car. In the foreground was the water with the head of a drowning man throwing up his arms and the indication of another entirely submerged. The waves were beating against a steep bank up which a tigress was escaping, carrying her cub in her mouth. On the top of the bank stood a lovely woman endeavouring to save her terrified child. She and the plants were the only living things on the car, even the terrified child was *papier maché*.

The Ark came next, and had no living figure at all, being merely Noah's Ark resting on Mount Ararat with a dove in front. This may sound rather uninteresting, but to the initiated it palpitated with significance, for it symbolised the Madonna di Custonaci, the only means of salvation from the waters of punishment; and as the Ark rested on Mount Ararat while the flood subsided, so does the Madonna di Custonaci rest upon Mount Eryx while the calamity is stayed.

No. 6 was *The Sacrifice*, and represented Noah, an imposing old man with long white hair and beard, standing at an altar where a sheep lay dead under a net and his three sons were in front praying.

No. 7 was *The Rainbow*, another lovely girl as an angel standing between a bank of clouds and a rainbow. On the breast of this figure was worked in jewels the dove with the

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olive-branch ; this was particularly appropriate as it happens also to be the badge of the town.

The procession was closed by a long car carrying first a band of musicians, then a chorus of youths attired as angels and crowned with roses, the whole backed by a sort of temple front framing a copy of the sacred picture. This car had to stand still from time to time while the band and choir performed music composed specially for the occasion, and the constant stopping dictated the movements of the other cars being signalled to them by bells, so that there might always be about the same space between them.

The cars were drawn by men and the figures made no attempt to stand rigidly still—anything of the kind would have been out of the question, for they must have been on the move between five and six hours. This last car passed my balcony at 8.30, an hour and three-quarters after the first had come into sight, and one could tell the next day that they had been through nearly the whole town, for hardly a street was safe to walk in, they were all so slippery with the wax that had dropped from the candles. The constant moving of their limbs by the figures, though they never lost the general idea of the attitude, together with the tottering motion, caused by the extreme roughness of the paving, prevented any sense of the pose plastique or living picture. All the female figures had their breasts encrusted with jewels, usually in a floral design, and the borders of their dresses were heavy with jewellery; the male figures also wore as much as could be suitably sewn on to their costumes.

Omitting consideration of the final car, which was only there to close the procession and bring on the music and the Madonna, and also of the Ark, which could hardly have been otherwise, there were six cars, three carrying groups and three practically single figures, for the boy and girl at the feet of *The Voice of God*, though they were the children of my landlord, were not really necessary. Of the groups, *The Sons of God and the Daughters* of Men was certainly the finest. It

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told its story in the right way and was full of the right kind of imagination. *The Sacrifice* was next best and owed much to the extreme dignity of the principal figure. I should have liked *The Flood* better if it had had more living figures and less *papier maché*, though I am not ashamed to admit that I have no idea how this could have been done, and Shakespeare himself, who apologises for trying to make a cockpit hold the vasty fields of France, might have been excused for not attempting to decant the Universal Deluge into a receptacle scarcely bigger than a costermonger's barrow. Of the three remaining cars *Sin* was beyond comparison the finest, both in conception and execution. He would, perhaps, have looked the part more obviously if he had had more of a once-aboard-the-lugger expression on his kind and gentle face; on the other hand the designer of this car no doubt intended us to understand that Sin is then most seductive when he appears with nothing repulsive in his aspect. The other two were merely just what they should have been—ordinary business cars, as it were. Had these three single figures appeared on horseback, with grooms to lead them as in former times, the procession would have gained in variety and the importance of the groups on the cars would have been emphasised.

But this is a small matter. The procession as it was, with its car after car jolting along under an August full moon, the sparkling of the jewels, the flashing of the torches, the blazing of the gas, the beauty of the figures themselves and the immense multitude of reverent worshippers, made up a scene never to be forgotten. The impressiveness of the effect was deepened by the knowledge that this mountain, where Astarte, Aphrodite and Venus have all reigned in turn, is also a place where much that has helped to mould the poetry and history of the world has happened since the Sicans first girded it with its megalithic cincture. Added to this was the conviction that for many and many an age some such procession has been winding through these narrow irregular

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streets, the form changing, but the intention remaining ever the same—Praise to the Giver of the Increase.

The programme for the next day contained nothing till 5 P.M., when there were more horse-races, then Vespers in the Matrice, brilliantly illuminated, after dusk fireworks outside the Trapani Gate, and at night a concert in the illuminated Balio.

In the afternoon of Wednesday the 28th a procession of fifty-nine mules and horses passed through the town; each animal was accompanied by its owner, a peasant of the comune, and was loaded with bags of grain, an offering for the Madonna. This grain was to be sold, and in the meantime was estimated to be worth 2500 lire. About 1500 lire was collected during the Festa, partly in money at the church doors and partly in the value of unused wax candles, and the Municipio gave 1000, so that altogether the receipts were about 5000 lire. Against this the expenses of the Festa were expected to amount to about 4000 lire, and the balance will go towards the expenses of the next.

The procession of the grain closed the Harvest Home, and in the evening of the same day began the proceedings relating to the going away of the picture. At 8 P.M. another procession started. First came the band to clear the way, then a man beating a drum. This drum is a feature of Sicilian processions, and is said to date from the time when the Saracens had possession of the island; it continues as long as the procession lasts, which may be for hours, and produces an unexpected effect. There is so much else going on that after a time you forget to notice it; but you have not really got away from it; you are being unconsciously saturated, and after the Festa is over you become aware that you are suffering from a surfeit of drum; it comes back and keeps you awake at night; when you go out of doors you expect to hear it in the distance; when you turn a corner you listen for it, and as it is not there you find yourself listening for it all the more anxiously. But this wears off after two or three days.

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Behind the drum came peasants walking two and two, carrying candles and an occasional banner; then the Society of the Misericordia wearing those mysterious dresses that cover them entirely from head to foot with holes for the eyes, but here they are white, not black as in Tuscany; then priests and men carrying lamps, and last the sacred picture out of the Matrice, carried by men, the whole frame quivering with its fringes of jewellery. Every church that lay on the route was lighted up, and not till long past midnight, when the picture had been taken into each one of them to pay a farewell visit, was it carried back to the Matrice.

On Thursday 29th, the day appointed for transporting the picture back to Custonaci, there was early mass in the Matrice and afterwards a short sermon. The preacher contrasted the sadness of the present occasion with the joy of that happy day in 1898, when the Madonna had come to dwell among them, bringing the rain with her. He told them of her love for her people, of all she had done for them, of all they owed her, and of how deeply she entered into the life of each one of them. He reminded them that the first name they had been taught to lisp at their mother's knee was Maria; that she to whom they raised their prayers in time of tribulation was Maria; that the one they blessed for benefits received was always Maria. And now her gracious presence was to depart from her beloved mountain; the time had come to utter the last farewell. Here the preacher spoke a few words so touching in their eloquence that all the women and most of the men burst into tears and made no attempt to conceal their emotion.

It would not occur to an Englishman to weep because a picture is taken from one place to another. A short time ago quite a number of pictures were taken and put away in the Tate Gallery, and yet London looked stolidly on and not a tear was shed. Had one been shed it would have been laughed at, and had only one or two of the congregation in the Matrice been so powerfully affected it might have passed unnoticed; but the simultaneousness and spontaneity of their almost hysterical

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grief was most impressive, and no one could have had any idea of laughing who saw that weeping crowd accompany the Madonna out of the church while the band played a funeral march. She was carried on men's shoulders, her face constantly turned towards the town, through the Trapani Gate and down the road to the little church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, while the drum went in front filling the air with the mournfulness of its perpetual rhythm. As the picture passed among the people one of the women cried out, "See how pale the face of the Madonna has become! it is with sorrow to leave the mountain." Another lifted up her voice and prayed that it might not be long before a calamity befell the comune—as that it might not rain till December, for example—in order that she might soon return. The bearers stopped at the little church where a large chest had been prepared in which she was to perform the rest of the journey and the people's grief culminated as the chest received her out of their sight.

In "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," Blake tells us that when the Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with him he asked: "Does a firm persuasion that a thing is so make it so"? and Isaiah replied: "All poets believe that it does, and in ages of imagination this firm persuasion removed mountains, but many are not capable of a firm persuasion of anything." Certainly most of the Ericini are capable of a firm persuasion of something, and probably, if Blake could have visited them at a time when the Madonna was going away from the mountain or coming back to it, he would have agreed that the age of imagination still lingers in this classic spot.

Those who did not accompany the picture beyond Santa Maria delle Grazie now proceeded to the Balio and the beating of the drum floated up continually as the chest, followed by an immense crowd on foot, in carts and on horseback, was carried down the zigzags and along the winding road to Custonaci. In many places booths had been erected where wine and bread were given freely to all while the bearers rested. At other

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points were pulpits where they stopped to listen to a short sermon. A crowd had come out from Paparella to meet and join the throng; other crowds from Fico, Ragosia, Crocevia, Palazzolo and the other villages forming the Comune were waiting at various points along the road. From the Balio the whole journey was visible except when the windings of the road hid part of the crowd, and with the help of glasses the arrival at the Sanctuary could be seen distinctly at about 5 P.M., nearly nine hours after the morning start. On ordinary occasions the journey takes about three hours. In the evening there were fireworks and illuminations at Custonaci and bonfires in many of the other villages.

When the picture is on the mountain it is the custom for the women of the town to go to the Matrice in the evening to pray. When it is at Custonaci they go to the Balio where a stone prie-dieu has been built for them from which they can see the Sanctuary. Here they will go and pray every evening until such time as the next calamity brings the picture up among them again.

HENRY FESTING JONES.

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FORT AMITY

CHAPTER I

MALBROUCK S'EN VA TEN GUERRE

"SO *adieu*, Jack, until we meet in Quebec! You have the start of us, report says, and this may even find you drinking his Majesty's health in Fort Carillon. Why not? You carry Howe, and who carries Howe carries the eagles on his standards; or so you announce in your last. Well, but have we, on our part, no *vexillum?* Brother Romulus presents his compliments to Brother Remus, and begs leave to answer 'Wolfe!' 'Tis scarce forty-eight hours since Wry-necked Dick brought his ships into harbour with the Brigadier on board, and already I have seen him and—what is more—fallen in love. 'What like is he?' says you. 'Just a sandy-haired slip of a man,' says I, 'with a cock nose': but I love him, Jack, for he knows his business. We've a *professional* at last. No more Pall Mall promenaders—no more Braddocks, Loudons, Webbs! We live in the consulship of Pitt, my lad—*deprome Caecubum*—we'll tap a cask to it in Quebec. And if Abercromby's your Cæsar——"

Here a bugle sounded, and Ensign John à Cleeve of the 46th Regiment of Foot (Murray's) crushed his friend's letter into his pocket and sprang off the wood-pile where he had seated himself with the regimental colours across his knees. He unfolded them from their staff, assured himself that

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they hung becomingly—gilt tassels and yellow silken folds —and stepped down to the lakeside where the batteaux waited.

The scene is known to-day as one of the fairest in the world. Populous cities lie near it and pour their holiday-makers upon it through the summer season. Trains whistle along the shore under its forests; pleasure-steamers, with music on their decks, shoot across bays churned of old by the paddles of war-canoes; from wildernesses where Indians lurked in ambush smile neat hotels, white-walled, with green shutters and deep verandahs; and lovers, wandering among the hemlocks, happen on a clearing with a few turfed mounds, and seat themselves on these last ruins of an ancient fort, nor care to remember even its name. Behind them—behind the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains—and pushed but a little way back in these hundred-and-fifty years, lies the primeval forest, shyly trodden now by the wasting redman, but untamed yet, almost unhandselled. And still, as the holiday-makers leave it, winter closes down on the lakeside and wraps it in silence, broken by the loon's cry or the crash of a snow-laden tree deep in the forest—the same sounds, the same aching silence, endured by French and English garrisons watching each other and the winter through in Fort Carillon or Fort William Henry.

"The world's great age begins anew." It begins anew, and hourly, wherever hearts are high and youth sets out with bright eyes to meet his fate. It began anew for Ensign John à Cleeve on the morning of July 5, 1758; it was sounded up by bugles, shattering the forest silence; it breathed in the wind of the boat's speed shaking the silken flag above him. His was one of twelve hundred boats spreading like brilliant water-fowl across the lake which stretched for thirty miles ahead; gay with British uniforms, scarlet and gold, with Highland tartans, with the blue jackets of the Provincials; flash of oars, innumerable glints of steel, of epaulettes, of belt, cross belt and badge; gilt knops and tassels and sheen of flags. Yonder

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went Blakeney's 27th Regiment, and yonder the Highlanders of the Black Watch; Abercromby's 44th, Howe's 55th, with their idolised young commander, the 60th or Royal Americans in two battalions; Gage's Light Infantry, Bradstreet's axemen and batteau-men, Starke's rangers, a few friendly Indians—but the great Johnson was hurrying up with more, maybe with five hundred—in all fifteen thousand men and over. Never had America seen such an armament; and it went to take a fort from three thousand Frenchmen.

No need to cover so triumphant an advance in silence! Why should not the regimental bands strike up? For what else had we dragged them up the Hudson from Albany and across the fourteen-mile portage to the lake? Weary work with a big drum in so much brushwood! And play they did, as the flotilla pushed forth and spread and left the stockades far behind; stockades planted on the scene of last year's massacre. Though for weeks before our arrival Bradstreet and his men had been clearing and building, sights remained to nerve our arms and set our blood boiling to the cry "Remember Fort William Henry!" Its shores fade, and somewhere at the foot of the lake three thousand Frenchmen are waiting for us (if indeed they dare to wait). Let the bands play "Britons strike home!"

Play they did: drums tunding and bagpipes skirling as though Fort Carillon (or Ticonderoga, as the Indians called it) would succumb like another Jericho to their clamour. The Green Mountains tossed its echoes to the Adirondacks, and the Adirondacks flung it back; and under it, down the blue waterway towards the Narrows, went Ensign John à Cleeve, canopied by the golden flag of the 46th.

The lake smiled at all his expectations and surpassed them. He had imagined it a sepulchral sheet of water, sunk between cavernous woods. And lo! it lay high in the light of day, broad-rimmed, with the forests diminishing as they shelved down to its waters. The mountains rimmed it, amethystine, remote, delicate as carving, as vapours almost transparent

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and within the rim it twinkled like a great cup of champagne held high in a god's hand—so high that John à Cleeve, who had been climbing ever since his regiment left Albany, seemed lifted with all these flashing boats and uniforms upon a platform where men were heroes, and all great deeds possible, and the mere air laughed in the veins like wine.

Two heavy flat-boats ploughed alongside of his; deep in the bows and yawing their sterns ludicrously. They carried a gun apiece, and the artillerymen had laded them too far forward. To the 46th they were a sufficiently good joke to last for miles. "Look at them up-tailed ducks a-searching for worms! Guns? Who wants guns on this trip? Take em home before they sink and the General loses his temper." The crews grinned back and sweated and tugged, at every third drive drenching the bowmen with spray, although not a breath of wind rippled the lake's surface.

The boat ahead of John's carried Elliott, the Senior Ensign of the 46th, with the King's colours—the great Union, drooping in stripes of scarlet, white, and blue. On his right strained a boat's crew of the New York regiment, with the great patroon, Philip Schuyler himself, erect in the stern sheets and steering, in blue uniform and three cornered-hat; too grand a gentleman to recognise our Ensign, although John had danced the night through in the Schuylers' famous white ball-room on the eve of marching from Albany, and had flung packets of sweetmeats into the nursery windows at dawn and awakened three night-gowned little girls to blow kisses after him as he took his way down the hill from the Schuyler mansion. That was a month ago. To John it seemed years since he had left Albany and its straight sidewalks dappled with maple shade: but the patroon's face was the same, sedately cheerful now as then when he had moved among his guests with a gracious word for each and a brow unclouded by the morrow.

Men like Philip Schuyler do not suffer to-morrows to

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perturb them, since to them every morrow dawns big with duties, responsibilities, risks. John caught himself wondering to what that calm face looked forward, at the lake-end, where the forests slept upon their shadows and the mountains descended and closed like fairy gates. For John himself Fame waited beyond those gates. Although in the last three or four weeks he had endured more actual hardships than in all his life before, he had enjoyed them thoroughly and felt that they were hardening him into a man. He understood now why the tales he had read at school in his Ovid and Homer—tales of Ulysses, of Hercules and Perseus—were never sorrowful, however severe the heroes' labours. For were they not undergone in just such a shining atmosphere as this?

His mind ran on these ancient tales, and so, memory reverting to Douai and the seminary class-room in which he had first construed them, he began unconsciously to set an old repetition-lesson to the stroke of the oars.

> Angustam amice pauperiem pati
> robustus acri militia puer
> condiscat et Parthos feroces
> vexet eques metuendus hasta:
>
> Vitamque sub divo et trepidis agat
> in rebus . . .

—and so on, with halts and breaks where memory failed him. *Parthos*—there would be the Indians—Abenakis, Algonquins, Hurons, whomsoever Montcalm might have yonder in the woods with him. *Dulce et decorum est*—yes, to be sure; in a little while he would be facing death for his country; but he did not feel in the least like dying. A sight of Philip Schuyler's face sent him sliding into the next ode—*Justum et tenacem non voltus instantis tyranni.* John à Cleeve would have started, you may be sure, had the future opened for an instant and revealed the face of the tyrant

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Philip Schuyler was soon to defy: and Schuyler would have started too.

Then John remembered his cousin's letter, and pulled it from his pocket again. . . . "And if Abercromby's your Cæsar—which is as much as I'll risk saying in a letter which may be opened before it reaches you—why, you have Howe to clip his parade wig as he's already docked the men's coat-tails. So here's five pounds on it, and let it be a match—Wolfe against Howe, and shall J. à C., or R. M. be first in Quebec? And another five pounds, if you will, on our epaulettes: for I repeat to you, this is Pitt's consulship, and promotion henceforth comes to men as they deserve it. Look at Wolfe, sir—a man barely thirty-two—and the ball but just set rolling! Wherefore, I too am resolved to enter Quebec a Brigadier-General, who now go carrying the colours of the 17th to Louisbourg. We but wait for General Amherst, who is expected daily, and then yeo-heave-ho for the nor'ard. Farewell, dearest Jack. Given in this our camp at Halifax, the twelfth of May 1758, in the middle of a plaguy fog, by your affect. cousin—R. Montgomery."

John smiled as he folded up the letter, so characteristic of Dick. Dick was always in perfect spirits, always confident in himself. It was characteristic of Dick, too, to call himself Romulus and his friend Remus, meaning no slight, simply because he always took himself for granted as the leading spirit. It had always been so even in the days when they had gone birds'-nesting or rook-shooting together in the woods around John's Devonshire home. Always John had yielded the lead to this freckled Irish cousin (the kinship was, in fact, a remote one and lay on their mothers' side through the Ranelagh family); and years had but seemed to widen the three months' gap in their ages.

Dick's parents were Protestant; and Dick had gone to Trinity College, Dublin, passing thence to an ensigncy in the 17th (Forbes') Regiment. The à Cleeves, on the other hand, had always been Roman Catholics, and by consequence had

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lived for generations somewhat isolated among the Devon gentry, their neighbours. When John looked back on his boyhood, his prevailing impressions were of a large house set low in a valley, belted with sombre dripping elms and haunted by Roman Catholic priests—some fat and rosy—some lean and cadaverous, but all soft-footed; of an insufficiency of light in the rooms; and of a sad lack of fellow creatures willing to play with him. His parents were old, and he had been born late to them—twelve years after Philip, his only brother and the heir. From the first his mother had destined him for the priesthood, and a succession of priests had been his tutors: but— What instinct is there in the sacerdotal mind which warns it off some cases as hopeless from the first? Here was a child, docile, affectionate, moody at times, but eager to please and glad to be rewarded by a smile; bred among priests and designed to be a priest; yet amid a thousand admonishments, chastisements, encouragements, blandishments, the child—with a child's deadly instinct for sincerity—could not remember having been once spoken to sincerely, with heart open to heart. Years later when, in the seminary at Douai, the little worm of scepticism began to stir in his brain and grow, feeding on the books of M. Voltaire and other forbidden writings, he wondered if his many tutors had been, one and all, unconsciously prescient. But he was an honest lad. He threw up the seminary, returned to Cleeve Court, and announced with tears to his mother (his father had died two years before) that he could not be a priest. She told him, stonily, that he had disappointed her dearest hopes and broken her heart. His brother—the Squire now, and a prig from his cradle—took him out for a long walk, argued with him as with a fractious child, and, without attending to his answers, finally gave him up as a bad job. So an ensigncy was procured, and John à Cleeve shipped from Cork to Halifax, to fight the French in America. At Cork he had met and renewed acquaintance with his Irish cousin, Dick Montgomery. They had met again in Halifax, which they reached in separate transports, and had

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passed the winter there in company. Dick clapped his cousin on the back and laughed impartially at his doubts and the family distress. Dick had no doubts; always saw clearly and made up his mind at once; was, moreover, very little concerned with religion (beyond damning the Pope), and a great deal concerned with soldiering. He fascinated John, as the practical man usually fascinates the speculative. So Remus listened to Romulus and began to be less contrite in his home-letters. To the smallest love at home (of the kind that understands, or tries to understand) he would have responded religiously; but he had found such nowhere save in Dick—who, besides, was a gallant young gentleman, and scrupulous on all points of honour. He took fire from Dick; almost worshipped him; and wished now, as the flotilla swept on and the bands woke louder echoes from the narrowing shore, that Dick were here to see how the last few weeks had tanned and hardened him.

The troops came to land before nightfall at Sabbath Day Point, twenty-five miles down the lake; stretched themselves to doze for a while in the dry undergrowth; and re-embarking under the stars, rowed on through the dawn, and reached the lake-end at ten in the morning. Here they found the first trace of the enemy—a bridge broken in two over the river which drains into Lake Champlain. A small French rear-guard loitered here; but two companies of riflemen were landed and drove it back into the woods, without loss. The boats discharged the British unopposed, who now set forward afoot through the forest to follow the left bank of the stream, which, leaving the lake tranquilly, is broken presently by stony rapids, and grows smooth again only as it nears its new reservoir. Smooth, rapid, and smooth again, it sweeps round a long bend; and this the British prepared to follow, leaving a force to guard the boats.

Howe led, feeling forward with his light infantry; and the army followed in much the same disposition as they had held down the lake; regulars in the centre, provincials on either flank; a long scarlet body creeping with broad blue wings—or

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so it might have appeared to a bird with sight able to pierce the overlacing boughs. To John à Cleeve, warily testing the thickets with the butt of his staff and pulling the thorns aside lest they should rip in its precious silken folds, the advance, after the first ten minutes, seemed to keep no more order than a gang of children pressing after blackberries. Somewhere on his right the rapids murmured; men struggled beside him—now a dozen redcoats, now a few knowing Provincials who had lost their regiments, but were cocksure of the right path. And always—before, behind and all around him—sounded the calls of the parade-ground:—"Form sub-divisions—left front—mark time! Left, half turn! Three files on the left—left turn—wheel!—'files to the front!" Singular instructions for men grappling with a virgin forest!

If the standing trees were bad, the fallen ones—and there seemed to be a diabolical number of them—were ten times worse. John was straddling the trunk of one and cursing vehemently when a sound struck on his ears, more intelligible than any parade-call. It came back to him from the front: the sharp sound of musketry—two volleys.

The parade-calls ceased suddenly all around him. He listened, still sitting astride the trunk. One or two redcoats leaped it, shouting as they leaped, and followed the sound, which crackled now as though the whole green forest ahead were on fire. By-and-by, as he listened, a mustachioed man in a short jacket—one of Gage's light infantry—came bursting through the undergrowth, capless, shouting for a surgeon.

"What's wrong in front?" asked John, as the man—scarcely regarding him—laid his arms on the trunk to vault it.

"Faith, and I don't know, red-coat; except that they've killed him. Whereabouts is the General?"

"Who's killed?"

"The best man amongst us: Lord Howe!"

A second runner, following, shouted the same news; and the two passed on together in search of the General. But already the tidings had spread along the advancing front of

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the main body, as though wafted by a sudden wind through the undergrowth. Already, as John sat astride his log endeavouring to measure up the loss, to right and left of him bugles were sounding the halt. It seemed that as yet the mass of troops scarcely took in the meaning of the rumour, but awoke under the shock only to find themselves astray and without bearings.

John's first sense was of a day suddenly grown dark. If this thing had happened, why then the glory had gone out of the campaign. The army would by-and-by be marching on, and would march again to-morrow; the drill cries would begin again, the dull wrestle through swamps and thickets; and in due time the men would press down upon the French forts and take them. But where would be the morning's cheerfulness, the spirit of youth which had carried the boats down the lake amid laughter and challenges to race, and at the landing-place set the men romping like schoolboys? The longer John considered, the more he marvelled at the hopes he and all the army had been building on this young soldier —and not the army only, but every colony. Messengers, even now, were heading up the lake as fast as paddles could drive them, to take horse and gallop smoking to the Hudson, to bear the tidings to Albany, and from Albany ride south with it to New York, to Philadelphia, to Richmond. "Lord Howe killed!" From that long track of dismay John called his thoughts back to himself and the army. "Howe—dead!" He, that up to an hour ago, had been the pivot of so many activities, the centre on which veterans rested their confidence, and from which young soldiers drew their high spirits, the one commander whom the Provincials trusted and liked because he understood them; for whom and for their faith in him the regulars would march till their legs failed them! Wonderful how youth and charm and gallantry and brains together will grip hold of men and sway their imaginations! But how rare the alliance, and on how brittle a hazard resting! An unaimed bullet—a stop in the heart's pulsation—and the star we followed

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has gone out, God knows whither. The hope of fifteen thousand men lies broken and sightless in a forest glade. They assure us that nothing in this world perishes, nor in the firmament above it: but we look up at the black space where a star has been quenched and know that something has failed us which to-morrow will not bring again.

It was learnt afterwards that he had been killed by the very first shot in the campaign. Montcalm, the evening before, had thrown out three hundred rangers under Langy to feel the British advance: but so dense was the tangle that even these experienced woodmen went astray during the night, and, in hunting for tracks, blundered upon Howe's light infantry at unawares. In the moment of surprise each side let fly with a volley, and Howe fell instantly, shot through the heart.

The British bivouacked in the woods that night. Toward dawn John à Cleeve stretched himself, felt for his arms, and lay for awhile staring up at a solitary star visible through the overhanging bows. He was wondering what had wakened him, when his ears grew aware of a voice in the distance, singing—either deep in the forest or on some hillside to the northward: a clear tenor voice shaken out on the still air with a *tremolo* such as the Provençals love. It sang to the army and to him:—

Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre:
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre:
—Ne sais quand riviendra!

CHAPTER II

A BIVOUAC IN THE FOREST

THROUGH the night meanwhile, Montcalm and his men had been working like demons.

The stone fort of Ticonderoga stood far out on a bluff at the head of Lake Champlain, its base descending on the one hand into the still lake-water, on the other swept by the river

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which the British had been trying to follow, and which here its rapids passed, disembogues in a smooth strong flood. It stood high, too, over these meeting waters; but as a military position was next to worthless, being dominated, across the river on the south, by a loftier hill called Rattlesnake Mountain.

Such was Ticonderoga; and hither Montcalm had hurried up the Richelieu from the northward to find Bourlamaque, that good fighter, posted with the regiments of La Reine, Béarn, and Guienne, and a few Canadian regulars and militia. He himself had brought the battalions of La Sarre and De Berry—a picked force, if ever there was one, but scarcely above three thousand strong.

A couple of miles above the fort and just below the rapids, a bridge spanned the river. A saw-mill stood beside it: and here Montcalm had crossed and taken up his quarters, pushing forward Bourlamaque to guard the upper end of the rapids, and holding Langy ready with three hundred rangers to patrol the woods on the outer side of the river's loop.

But when his scouts and Indians came in with the news of the British embarking on the upper shore, and with reports of their multitude, Montcalm perceived that the river could not be held; and, having recalled Bourlamaque and broken down the bridges above and below the rapids, withdrew his force again to Ticonderoga, leaving only Langy's rangers in the further woods to feel the enemy's approach.

Next he had to ask himself, Could the fort be defended? All agreed that it could not, with Rattlesnake Mountain overtopping it: and the most were for evacuating it and retiring up Lake Champlain to the stronger French fort on Crown Point. But Montcalm was expecting Lévis at any moment with reinforcements; and studying the ridge at the extreme end of which the fort stood, he decided that the position ought not to be abandoned. This ridge ran inland, its slope narrowed on either side between the river and the lake by swamps, and approachable only from landward over the *col*, where it broadened and dipped to the foot-hills. Here, at the entrance

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to the ridge, and half a mile from his fort, he commanded his men to throw up an entrenchment and cut down trees; and while the sappers fell to work he traced out the lines of a rude star-fort, with curtains and jutting angles from which the curtains could be enfiladed. Through the dawn, while the British slept in the woods, the Frenchmen laboured, hacking and felling. Scores of trees they left to lie and encumber the ground: others they dragged, unlopped, to the entrenchment, and piled them before it, trunks inward and radiating from its angles; lacing their boughs together or roughly pointing them with a few strokes of the axe.

In the growing daylight the *chevaux-de-frise* began to look formidable: but Bourlamaque, watching it with Montcalm. shook his head, hunched his shoulders, and jerked a thumb towards a spur of Rattlesnake Mountain, by which their defences were glaringly commanded.

Montcalm said, "We will risk it. Those English Generals are inconceivable."

"But a cannon or two, my General——"

"If he thinks of them! Believe me, who have tried: you never know what an English General will do—or what his soldiers won't. Pile the trees higher, my braves—more than breast-high—mountain-high if time serves! But this Abercromby comes from a land where the bees fly tail-foremost by rule."

"With all submission, I would still recommend Crown Point."

"Should he, by chance, think of planting a gun yonder, I feel sure that notion will exclude all others. We shall open the door and retreat on Crown Point unmolested."

Bourlamaque drew in a long breath and emitted it in a mighty *pouf!*

"I am not conducting his campaign for him," said his superior calmly. "God forbid! I once imagined myself in his predecessor's place, the Earl of Loudon's, and within twenty minutes France had lost Canada. I shudder at it still!"

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Bourlamaque laughed. Montcalm had said it with a whimsical smile, and it passed him unheeded that the smile ended in a contracting of the brows and a bitter little sigh. The fighter judged war by its victories; the strategist by their effects. Montcalm could win victories; even now, by putting himself into what might pass for his adversary's mind, he hoped to snatch a success against odds. But what avails it to administer drubbings which but leave your foe the more stubbornly aggressive? British Generals blundered, but always the British armies came on. War had been declared three years ago; actually it had lasted for four; and the sum of its results was that France, with her chain of forts planted for aggression from the St. Lawrence to the Ohio, had turned to defending them. His countrymen might throw up their caps over splendid repulses of the foe, and hail such for victories; but Montcalm looked beneath the laurels.

The British, having slept the night in the woods, were mustered at dawn and marched back to the landing-place. Their General, falling back upon common sense, after the loss of a precious day, was now resolved to try the short and beaten path by which Montcalm had retreated. It formed a four-mile chord, with the loop of the river for arc, and presented no real difficulty except the broken bridge, which Bradstreet was sent forward to repair.

But though beaten and easy to follow, the road was rough; and Abercromby—in a sweating hurry now—determined to leave his guns behind. John à Cleeve, passing forward with his regiment, took note of them as they lay unlimbered amid the brushwood by the landing-stage, and thought little of it. He had his drill-book by heart, relied for orders on his senior officers, and took pride in obeying them smartly. This seemed to him the way for a young soldier to learn his calling, and, for the rest, war was a game of valour and would give him his opportunity. Theoretically he knew the uses of artillery, but he was not an artilleryman; nor had he ever felt the temptation to teach his grandmother to suck eggs. His cousin Dick's

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free comments upon white-headed Generals of division and brigade he let pass with a laugh. To Dick, the Earl of Loudon was "a mournful thickhead," Webb "a mighty handsome figure for a poltroon," Sackville "a discreet footman for a ladies' drum," and the ancestors of Abercromby had all been hanged for fools. Dick, very much at his ease in Sion, would have court-martialled and cashiered the lot out of hand. But John's priestly tutors had schooled him in diffidence, if in nothing else.

His men to-day were in no pleasant humour, and a few of them—veterans too—grumbled viciously as they passed the guns. "Silence in the ranks!" shouted the captain of his company, and the familiar words soothed him, and he wondered what had provoked the grumbling. A minute later he had forgotten it. The column crawled forward sulkily. The shadow of Howe's loss lay heavy on it, and a sense that his life had been flung away. They had been marched into a jungle and marched back again, and with nothing to show for it but twenty-four wasted hours. On they crawled beneath the sweltering July heat; and coming to the bridge found more delays.

Bradstreet and his men had worked like heroes, but the bridge would not be ready to carry troops before the early morning. A wooden saw-mill stood beside it, melancholy and deserted; and here the General took up his quarters, while the army cooked its supper and disposed itself for the night in the trampled clearing around the mill and in the forest beyond. The 46th lay close alongside the river, and the noise of Bradstreet's hammers on the bridge kept John for a long while awake and staring up at the high western ridges, black as ink against the radiance of a climbing moon. In the intervals of hammering, the swirl of the river kept tune in his ears with the whirr-r-r of a saw in the rear of the mill, slicing up the last planks for the bridge. There was a mill in the valley at home, and he had heard it a hundred times making just such music with the stream that ran down from Dartmoor and past

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Cleeve Court. His thoughts went back to Devonshire, but not to linger there; only to wonder how much love his mother would put into her prayers could she be reached by a vision of him stretched here with his first battle waiting for him on the morrow. He wondered, not bitterly, if her chief reflection would be that he had brought the unpleasant experience on himself when he might have been safe in a priest's cassock. He laughed. How little she understood him, or had ever understood!

His heart went out to salute the morrow—and yet soberly. Outside of his simple duties of routine he was just an unshaped subaltern, with eyes sealed as yet to war's practical teachings. To him, albeit he would have been puzzled had any one told him so, war existed as yet only as a spiritual conflict in which men proved themselves heroes or cowards: and he meant to be a hero. For him everything lay in the will to dare or to endure. He recalled tales of old knights keeping vigil by their arms in solitary chapels, and he questioned the far hill-tops and the stars— What substitute for faith supported *him?* Did he believe in God? Yes, after a fashion: in some tremendous and over-ruling Power, at any rate. A Power that had made the mountains yonder?— Yes, he supposed so. A loving Power—an intimate counsellor—a Father attending all his steps? Well, perhaps—and, if so, a Father to be answered with all a man's love: but, before answering, he honestly needed more assurance. As for another world and a continuing life there, should he happen to fall to-morrow, John searched his heart and decided that he asked for nothing of the sort. Such promises struck him as unworthy bribes, belittling the sacrifice he came prepared to make. He despised men who bargained with them. Here was he, young, abounding in life, ready to risk extinction. Why? For a cause (some might say), and that cause his country's. Maybe: he had never thought this out. To be sure he was proud to carry the Regimental Colours, and had rather belong to the 46th than to any other regiment. The honour of the 46th was

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dear to him now as his own. But why, again? Pure accident had assigned him to the 46th: and as for love of his country he could not remember that it had played any conspicuous part in sending him to join the army. The hammering on the bridge had ceased without his noting it, and also the whirr of the saw. Only the river sang to him now: and to the swirl of it he dropped off into a dreamless, healthy sleep.

CHAPTER III

TICONDEROGA

At the alarm-post next morning the men were in high spirits again. Every one seemed to be posted in the day's work ahead. The French had thrown up an outwork on the landward end of the ridge; an engineer had climbed Rattlesnake Mountain at daybreak and conned it through his glass, and had brought down his report two hours ago. The white-coats had been working at it like niggers, helped by some reinforcements which had come in over-night—Lévis with the Royal Roussillon, the scouts said: but the thing was a rough and ready affair of logs and the troops were to carry it with the bayonet. John asked in what direction it lay, and thumbs were jerked towards the screening forest across the river. The distance (some said) was not two miles. Colonel Beaver, returning from a visit to the saw-mill, confirmed the rumour. The 46th would march in a couple of hours or less.

At breakfast Howe's death seemed to be forgotten, and John found no time for solemn thoughts. Bets were laid that the French would not wait for the assault, but slip away to their boats; even with Lévis they could scarcely be four thousand strong. Bradstreet, having finished his bridge, had started back for the landing stage to haul a dozen of the lighter batteaux across the portage and float them down to Lake Champlain filled with riflemen. Bradstreet was a glutton for work—but would he be in time? That old fox

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Montcalm would never let his earths be stopped so easily, and to pile defences on the ridge was simply to build himself into a trap. A good half of the officers maintained that there would be no fighting.

Well, fighting or no, some business was in hand. Here was the battalion in motion; and, to leave the enemy in no doubt of our martial ardour, here were the drums playing away like mad. The echo of John's feet on the wooden bridge awoke him from these vain shows and rattlings of war to its real meaning, and his thoughts again kept him solemn company as he breasted the slope beyond and began the tedious climb to the right through the woods.

The scouts, coming in one by one, reported them undefended: and the battalion, though perforce moving slowly, kept good order. Towards the summit, indeed, the front ranks appeared to straggle and extend themselves confusedly: but the disorder, no more than apparent, came from the skirmishers returning and falling back upon either flank as the column scrambled up the last five hundred yards and halted on the fringe of the clearing. Of the enemy John could see nothing: only a broad belt of sunlight beyond the last few tree trunks and their green eaves. The advance had been well timed, the separate columns arriving and coming to the halt almost at clockwork intervals; nor did the halt give him much leisure to look about him. To the right were drawn up the Highlanders, their dark plaids blending with the forest glooms; and, in the space between, Beaver had stepped forward and was chatting with their colonel. By-and-by the dandified Gage joined them, and after a few minutes' talk Beaver came striding back, with his scabbard tucked under his armpit, to be clear of the undergrowth. At once the order was given to fix bayonets, and at a signal the columns were put in motion and marched out upon the edge of the clearing.

There, as he stepped forth, the flash of the noonday sun upon lines of steel held John's eyes dazzled. He heard the word given again to halt, and the command "Left, wheel into

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line!" He heard the calls that followed—"Eyes front!" "Steady," "Quick march," "Halt, dress"—and felt, rather than saw, the whole elaborate manœuvre; the rear ranks locking up, the covering sergeants jigging like dancers in a minuet—pace to the rear, side step to the right—the pivot men with stiff arms extended, the companies wheeling up and dressing; all happening precisely as on parade.

What, after all, was the difference? Well, to begin with, the clearing ahead in no way resembled a parade-ground, being strewn and criss-crossed with fallen trees and interset with stumps, some cleanly cut, others with jagged splinters from three to ten feet high. And beyond, with the fierce sunlight quivering above it, rose a mass of prostrate trees piled as if for the base of a tremendous bonfire. Not a Frenchman showed behind it. Was *that* what they had to carry?

"The battalion will advance!"

Yes, there lay the barrier; and their business was simply to rush it; to advance at the charge, holding their fire until within the breastwork.

The French, too, held their fire. The distance from the edge of the clearing to the abattis was, at the most, a long musket-shot, and for two-thirds of it the crescent-shaped line of British ran as in a paper-chase, John à Cleeve vaulting over tree-trunks, leaping over stumps, and hurrahing with the rest.

Then with a flame the breastwork opened before him, and with a shock as though the whole ridge lifted itself against the sky—a shock which hurled him backward, whirling away his shako. He saw the line to right and left wither under it and shrink like parchment held to a candle flame. For a moment the ensign-staff shook in his hands, as if whipped by a gale. He steadied it, and stood dazed, gulping at a lump in his throat. Then he knew himself unhurt, and, seeing that men on either hand were picking themselves up and running forward, he ducked his head and ran forward too.

He had gained the abattis. He went into it with a leap, a dozen men at his heels. A pointed bough met him in the

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ribs, piercing his tunic and forcing him to cry out with pain. He fell back from it and tugged at the interlacing boughs between him and the log-wall, fighting them with his left, pressing them aside, now attempting to leap them, now to burst through them with his weight. The wall jetted flame through its crevices, and the boughs held him fast within twenty yards of it. He could reach it easily (he told himself) but for the staff he carried, against which each separate twig hitched itself as though animated by special malice.

He swung himself round and forced his body backwards against the tangle; and a score of men, rallying to the colours, leapt in after him. As their weight pressed him down supine and the flag sank in his grasp, he saw their faces—Highlanders and redcoats mixed. They had long since disregarded the order to hold their fire; and were blazing away idly and reloading, cursing the boughs that impeded their ramrods. A corporal of the 46th had managed to reload and was lifting his piece when—a twig perhaps catching in the lock—the charge exploded in his face, and he fell, a bloody weight, across John's legs. Half a dozen men, leaping over him, hurled themselves into the lane which John had opened.

Ten seconds later—but in such a struggle who can count seconds?—John had flung off the dead man and was on his feet again with his face to the rampart. The men who had hurried past him were there, all six of them; but stuck in strange attitudes and hung across the withering boughs like vermin on a gamekeeper's tree—corpses every one. The rest had vanished, and, turning, he found himself alone. Out in the clearing, under the drifted smoke, the shattered regiments were re-forming for a second charge. Gripping the colours he staggered out to join them, and as he went a bullet sang past him and his left wrist dropped nerveless at his side. He scarcely felt the wound. The brutal jar of the repulse had stunned every sense in him but that of thirst. The reek of gunpowder caked his throat, and his tongue crackled in his mouth like a withered leaf.

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Some one was pointing back over the tree-tops toward Rattlesnake Mountain; and on the slopes there, as the smoke cleared, sure enough, figures were moving. Guns? A couple of guns planted there could have knocked this cursed rampart to flinders in twenty minutes, or plumped round shot at leisure among the French huddled within. Where was the General?

The General was down at the saw-mill in the valley, seated at his table, penning a despatch. The men on Rattlesnake Mountain were Johnson's Indians—Mohawks, Oneidas, and others of the Six Nations—who, arriving late, had swarmed up by instinct to the key of the position and seated themselves there with impassive faces, asking each other when the guns would arrive and this stupid folly cease. They had seen artillery, perhaps, once in their lives; and had learnt the use of it.

Oh, it was cruel! By this time there was not a man in the army but could have taught the General the madness of it. But the General was down at the saw-mill, two miles away; and the broken regiments re-formed and faced the rampart again. The sun beat down on the clearing, heating men to madness. The wounded went down through the gloom of the woods, and were carried past the saw-mill by scores at first, then by hundreds. Within the saw-mill, in his cool chamber, the General sat and wrote. Some one (Gage it is likely) sent down, beseeching him to bring the guns into play. He answered that the guns were at the landing-stage, and could not be planted within six hours. A second messenger suggested that the assault on the ridge had already caused inordinate loss, and that by the simple process of sitting still Montcalm could be starved out in a week. The General showed him the door. Upon the ridge the fight went on.

John à Cleeve had by this time lost count of the charges. Some had been feeble; one or two superb; and once the Highlanders, with a gallantry only possible to men who are past caring for life, had actually heaved themselves over the parapets on the French right. They had gone into action a

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thousand strong; they were now six hundred. Charge after charge had flung forward a few to leap the rampart and fall on the French bayonets; but now the best part of a company poured over. For a moment sheer desperation carried the day; but the white-coats, springing back off their platforms, poured in a volley and settled the question. That night the Black Watch called its roll; there answered five hundred men less one.

It was in the next charge after this—half-heartedly taken up by the exhausted troops on the right—that John à Cleeve found himself actually climbing the log-wall toward which he had been straining all the afternoon. What carried him there—he afterwards affirmed—was the horrid vision of young Sagramore of the 27th impaled on a pointed branch and left to struggle in death-agony while the regiments rallied. The body was quivering yet as they came on again; and John, as he ran by, shouted to a sergeant to drag it off: for his own left hand hung powerless, and the colours encumbered his right. In front of him repeated charges had broken a sort of pathway through the abattis, swept indeed by an enfilading fire from two angles of the breastwork, slippery with blood and hampered with corpses; but the grape-shot which had accounted for most of these no longer whistled along it, the French having run off their guns to the right to meet the capital attack of the Highlanders. Through it he forced his way, the pressure of the men behind lifting and bearing him forward wherever the ensign-staff for a moment impeded him. He noted that the leaves, which at noon had been green and sappy, with only a slight crumpling of their edges, were now grey and curled into tight scrolls, crackling as he brushed them aside. How long had the day lasted, then? And would it ever end? The vision of young Sagramore followed him. He had known Sagramore at Halifax and invited him to mess one night with the 46th—as brainless and sweet-tempered a boy as ever muddled his drill.

John was at the foot of the rampart. While with his

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injured hand he fumbled vainly to climb it, some one stooped a shoulder and hoisted him. He flung a leg over the parapet and glanced down a moment at the man's face. It was the sergeant to whom he had shouted just now.

"Right, sir," the sergeant grunted; "we're after you!"

John hoisted the colours high and hurrahed.

"Forward! Forward, Forty-sixth!"

Then, as a dozen men heaved themselves on to the parapet, a fiery pang gripped him by the chest, and the night—so long held back—came suddenly, swooping on him from all corners of the sky at once. The grip of his knees relaxed. The sergeant, leaping, caught the standard in the nick of time, as the limp body slid and dropped within the rampart.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

SEPTEMBER 1903

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NAVAL INTELLIGENCE AND THE RUSSIAN PROGRAMME

[*To the Editor of* THE MONTHLY REVIEW]

SIR,—In the January number of THE MONTHLY REVIEW for this year, there appeared an article by the present writer on the Naval Intelligence Department. It was followed by an increase of the Department of about 25 per cent., and by a "categorical" denial on the part of Lord Selborne of the writer's references to Treasury obstruction. "I am glad," said Lord Selborne, "of this opportunity of stating categorically that this conception of the attitude of the Treasury has no foundation in fact, and that it is equally erroneous to suppose that the Board of Admiralty do not give their whole support to the Director of Naval Intelligence in his all-important task." Those who read my article, with its numerous instances of misleading official assurances, will estimate this latest utterance at its proper value, especially when they find that a vast improvement in our relations with foreign Powers synchronised with this sudden increase in the department. Even then, however, the Government refused to appoint a naval attaché to St. Petersburg, and continued to accredit Captain Calthorpe to both Rome and St. Petersburg. It was not until the agitation in connection with the Russian shipbuilding programme had begun, in June, when our double-barrelled naval attaché was on leave in England

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that the Government found that they could afford to appoint an officer to St. Petersburg. So callous had the Government become in the way of official assurances that, like certain officers when not on oath, they considered themselves justified in issuing a Return of Fleets to Parliament, which omitted all mention of the Russian shipbuilding programme of six battleships, while at the same time they issued a confidential return to the fleet in which these six battleships were included! To expose the jugglery of these figures it is sufficient to mention that two of the Russian battleships excluded from the Parliamentary Return are already building, while three British battleships included will not be laid down until the end of the year.

The chief contention of my article was that the altogether inadequate intelligence-work at the Board of Admiralty had resulted in such squandering of money in the Army and Navy as might go far to cost us our maritime supremacy. Necessarily the functions of the Army, and the expenditure connected therewith, are dominated by naval considerations. No better instance can be given than the earliest one which marks the coming storm. The refusal of the Government to respond to the Russian shipbuilding programme, or to follow the precedent of 1898, and the subterfuges to which they have resorted to avoid this necessity, are the first indications of the Nemesis which has overtaken our past extravagance on unessential fads.

In connection with these subterfuges, I do not know why it should have been held a crime in a private member, like the late Mr. Parnell, to mislead the House of Commons, and yet be quite in the natural order of things for the official representative of the Admiralty in the House of Commons to make, for instance, the following statements: On March 17, 1908, the Financial Secretary of the Admiralty said that the shipbuilding programme which he introduced "corresponded to the facilities which our private and Royal dockyards present for the construction of armoured and

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unarmoured ships." Let us put this statement to the test of facts in connection with the only important elements of fighting power, viz., the armoured ships:

	Battleships	Armoured cruisers
Building on April 1, 1903	11 ...	19
New programme	3 ...	4
	—	—
	14 ...	23
To be completed 1903–4	6 ...	11
	—	—
Building on April 1, 1904	8 ...	12

This marks a decrease of three battleships and seven armoured cruisers between April 1, 1903, and April 1, 1904, so that it is perfectly evident that, although there is depression in the shipbuilding trade, our resources are not to be utilised to anything like their full extent. In March 1901, we had fourteen battleships and twenty armoured cruisers under construction, or six battleships and eight armoured cruisers more than will be the case in March 1904. Since 1901, it should be noted that we have added building slips at Chatham and Devonport, and increased our resources for the making of engines, guns and armour.

A second curious example of official procedure is afforded by the following statement of the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty as recently as August 4: "The fact that the building of these two ships was contemplated by Russia was known to, and taken into consideration by, the Admiralty when framing the programme submitted by them to Parliament." In this case it is only necessary to refer to the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty's speech to the House of Commons on May 14, or about three months ago. He said then, in justification of our programme of three battleships, that "the number of battleships of these two countries (France and Russia) being built or about to be built were three more than the battleships of this country." Had he included the two battleships referred to above as building in Russia, he would

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have said, "five more than the battleships of this country." No member of a government has ever been so neatly hoisted by his own petard. The public will await with some curiosity the Admiralty's explanation as to whether it was in May or in August that they were misleading the public. The most that can be got out of them at present is an attempted covering of their retreat by a promise that whoever is at the Admiralty in April 1904 will propose to lay down three battleships at once instead of waiting, as hitherto was the case, until the end of the financial year. In fact, on their death-bed, the Government have made a will that their successors shall atone for their sins. One can almost forgive them any amount of tergiversation for the sake of this fine stroke of humour!

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.,

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

Our correspondent raises questions which are of vital importance to the people of these islands, and to the Empire at large; questions which must not be lost sight of even in the excitement of Government Inquiries into the elements of Fiscal Policy. The appointment of a British Naval Attaché at St. Petersburg would seem to be for the present a sufficient reply to Mr. Bellairs' criticism on that part of the subject, but it must be remembered that it will be of no use for the Board of Admiralty to be in possession of the most complete information as to the strength of foreign Powers, unless they are also in a position to act up to the necessities of the situation, as revealed by their inquiries. In other words, they must have money as well as information at their disposal.

As to the present instance of the new Russian Naval Programme, it may be as well to set down the facts so far as they are known to us. It is hardly necessary to say that we have no direct sources of information on this subject; the following particulars are derived from the public press.

In December 1902, the Russian Naval Technical Committee

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ordered plans for a battleship of 16,000 tons, to be built at St. Petersburg.

In the same month the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution* gave particulars of nine Russian battleships building. One of 12,585 tons was building at Nicolaieff, but was not yet named; no mention is made of this vessel in the Admiralty Return of Fleets, May 1908.

The same journal mentioned five other Russian battleships projected; no mention is made of these vessels in the Admiralty Return, though it does include the three British ships of the 1908–4 programme, projected but not yet laid down.

The Admiralty Return of 1902 gave the following eight Russian battleships as building: *Isbyabya, Knyaz Potemkin, Tsesarevitch, Borodino, Imperator Alexander III, Orel, Knyaz Suvaroff, Slava.*

The same vessels figure in the Admiralty Return of 1903, without any addition of ships projected.

In March 1908 the Odessa correspondent of the *Standard* announced that five Russian battleships of 16,000 tons each, and three cruisers, were to be laid down in 1908. This information was given as semi-official. The same correspondent also stated that "all the resources and appliances of the Baltic yards will be requisitioned for the execution of the orders to be immediately placed in them." The statement of the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution* as to the actual building of a ninth battleship would appear to have been derived from the *Kronstädski Viestnik*, and to be confirmed by an announcement in *Le Yacht* of the laying down of a battleship after the eight above mentioned.

The Russian Naval Programme of 1908 was, as we have seen, not referred to by the Admiralty in their Return for 1908; nor was it mentioned by the Government in the speeches introducing the Navy Estimates.

But on June 28, 1908, Mr. Arnold Forster, in reply to a question, made the following statement in the House:

> It is believed that it is the intention of the Russian Government to lay

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down the battleships referred to (*i.e.*, to lay down forthwith two new battleships). . . . So far as the Admiralty are aware, the number of battleships and first-class cruisers which are laid down, or are about to be laid down, is six.

This was followed by the appointment of a separate Naval Attaché to Russia.

In the debate in the House of Commons on July 2, 1908, Mr. Arnold Forster, replying on behalf of the Admiralty, said:

The hon. member for Chester had made a smart attack on the Admiralty under an entire misapprehension. He represented that the Admiralty were lamentably uninformed in regard to what was going on in other countries, and that they required to be told by the newspapers what was taking place in foreign dockyards. There was no foundation for that statement. The hon. member had called attention to the omission from the return, which had been presented to the House on the motion of his right hon. friend the member for the Forest of Dean, of any of the projected Russian ships. The explanation was perfectly simple. They had followed the precedent which had been followed on previous occasions. Ships were inserted in the list which were actually announced as projected in constitutional countries, or for which money had been voted, or with which progress had been made. None of those conditions applied to these Russian ships, and for those reasons they were not included. But the Committee must not suppose that the Admiralty was not as well informed as the hon. member's informant as to what was contemplated with regard to Russian shipbuilding. All the facts and all the rumours to which the hon. member had referred were perfectly well known to the Board of Admiralty. With regard to the large programme which the hon. member attributed to Russia, these ships had not been laid down, and he might be certain that when any progress was made the Admiralty would be informed. The whole of these ships which were contemplated had been taken into account by the Admiralty in framing the programme which they had submitted to the House. It was conceivable that the programme which they were led to believe was contemplated by Russia might be accelerated in a way they did not contemplate. There might be some great development in the rapidity of Russian shipbuilding, there might be some expansion of the Russian yards, of which at present they saw no signs, which would upset their calculations; but he could assure the hon. member that the House of Commons would not be left long in ignorance of the fact if such a fact did arise.

Lastly, we have the statement made in the House on August 4, 1908, and referred to by Mr. Bellairs.

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The fact that the building of these two ships was contemplated by Russia was known to, and taken into consideration by, the Admiralty when framing the programme submitted by them to Parliament.

We have stated these facts in order to make a case, not against the Admiralty, but against the ideas and the system which have hitherto made it possible for the Admiralty to be driven to extremes of sophistry by lack of money. It is, to say the least of it, probable that Mr. Arnold Forster's statements in the present instance have all been made in perfectly good faith; they may even be reconcilable with one another if we only knew all the facts. But it cannot be denied that the man in the street, if he had to put the most obvious interpretation upon them, would be strongly tempted to find a verdict for Mr. Bellairs; the more so as he has not yet forgotten the sequence of events in 1898, to which the present circumstances have an unfortunate resemblance. "First of all," he would say, "we had newspaper information a long way ahead of the official, the first intimation then, as now, being in the *Cronstadt Gazette*. Then, as now, the civilian authorities at the Admiralty refused to state whether their naval advisers were satisfied with the shipbuilding programme. Then, as now, we were put off with vague answers. We were first told in 1898 that the Russian programme was fully met; then on May 3 it was acknowledged that "one or at most two battleships" were to be built by Russia. On May 4, 1898, it was acknowledged that three Russian battleships were to be built, and on May 12 it was acknowledged that four battleships were to be built. Then, in the manner of Mr. Arnold Forster to-day, Mr. Goschen said that "the attention of the Board of Admiralty was constantly and fully directed to the proposed large increase in foreign navies." On July 22 he owned to knowledge of six battleships."

A little further investigation would show him that on July 22, 1898, the supplemental programme was at last introduced with these words:

I stand by the principle we have followed, and intend to follow, that we

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must be equal in numbers to the fleets of any two Powers. That is the principle, as I say, that we have acted upon from the first, and now, in consequence of the action of another Power, the same principle *compels us* to take further action by a supplemental programme. . . . I regret that it should be my misfortune to have to introduce the name of any foreign Power, but it is impossible to conceal the fact that it is the action of Russia, and the programme on which she has entered, which is the reason for our strengthening our fleet and taking parallel action with her. . . . Russia has a perfect right to look to her own interests, and to build such a fleet as she thinks that her position in the world requires. But, deeply as I regret that we should be forced into that position, we must take parallel action ourselves with what other Powers do. . . . We know of six Russian battleships to be laid down this year, including one already laid down. We have now verified where those six ships are being built. Of those I took two into account in my original estimate, so that the balance against us is four. Accordingly, I must ask the House to sanction four more battleships beyond my original estimate. From the latest information, the new Russian programme provides for four cruisers to be commenced this year, and we propose to commence an equal number of cruisers.

The battleships which redressed the balance on that occasion were the *Duncan*, *Cornwallis*, *Exmouth* and *Russell*.

The events of 1898 then would tend—possibly quite unfairly—to prejudice the ordinary layman against an implicit faith in the statements of the Admiralty in the present case. So, we must confess, would Mr. Arnold Forster's limitation of the scope of our Naval Intelligence to "constitutional countries." It is no doubt more difficult to find out what ships are projected—as distinguished from *building*—in a country like Russia; but it can probably be done, and it is indisputably of the greatest importance that it should be done. It has never been maintained that the Government were under no obligation to keep themselves informed of the military preparations of the Transvaal because of the secretive methods of Mr. Kruger's Administration.

And now that it has been done? Now that in one way or another, by newspapers or attachés on their own initiative or on the motion of a private member, the Admiralty are in possession of the Russian shipbuilding programme, what will

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the country expect of them? We have for our comfort two definite statements by Lord Selborne: first, that the Director of Naval Intelligence has the whole support of the Board of Admiralty; secondly, that the conception of obstruction on the part of the Treasury has no foundation in fact. We accept these two statements readily: they accord with what seems to us to be the true and fairly obvious explanation of Mr. Arnold Forster's speeches above quoted. The Admiralty know that we are falling below the standard we have set before ourselves as a minimum—the two-Power standard: they know that we are building at least one battleship less than Russia and Germany combined. They know, also, that the Treasury would accede to any demands they deliberately pressed as vital to the supremacy of our Navy. But it is the opinion of the Admiralty and Treasury that the nation, as represented by the House of Commons, is not prepared for a Supplementary Naval Programme, with its natural incidents of alarmist rhetoric, financial difficulties and peace-at-any-price hysterics. Better, they feel, to trust to the delay or non-fulfilment of the Russian programme, and to our own powers of purchase or rapid building if these hopes should be disappointed. They may be right: certainly if ever a Board could be trusted for sound judgment and energy it is the present one. But we cannot help remembering with sympathy the remark of Sir Charles Dilke in the debate in 1898, of which we have spoken: "We would sooner give up the whole of the expenditure on the Army than give way upon this naval programme." It is time that the reorganisation of the Defence Committee should take practical effect; it is time that we should prepare to follow to its logical conclusion the indisputable doctrine that the Navy is not merely our first, but our only real line of defence. There are many things which we could not do without an army; but the thing that is impossible for us without a supreme navy is existence itself. It follows that, in all deliberations on national and imperial defence, the needs of the Navy must be considered first and satisfied in their

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entirety. When we admit that in the present instance the Admiralty may have had reasons for not laying down more ships in answer to our rivals, we are excusing them but condemning the system. There ought to be no reasons whatever to be weighed in such circumstances against the paramount claims of national insurance. The action of the Board in keeping the fleet well up to the two-Power standard should be absolutely automatic, hindered by no considerations of expediency or economy.

In saying this we are not contending that a strong Army is undesirable or unattainable, or that the time has come for giving up Mr. Brodrick as a luxury not strictly necessary to our well-being. The last dip into John Bull's pocket was a deep one, but it showed that he has still a margin to play with. Still, for a man of business, looking to a creditable past and an uncertain future, his present income and expenditure account is one that cannot be justified. The keenest advocate would hardly contend that the Army is as vital to us, or gives as good value for the money spent upon it, as the Navy, yet the estimates for each stand at the same amount, viz., £34,000,000, and if the Indian account is included the Army total reaches more than £51,000,000. In any case this would be discreditable to our powers of management; but when it means that our naval supremacy is not being adequately ensured, it looks like a premonitory symptom of that paralysis of which nations die.

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ON THE LINE

Robert Browning. By G. K. Chesterton. "English Men of Letters." Macmillan. (2*s.* net.) Browning, who had Thackeray's deep hatred of publicity, secured himself against biographers by three negations: he kept no diary, he secured the burning of a large number of his letters, he never gave himself away in talk. It is, therefore, as difficult to write a Life of him as he intended that it should be. Nothing daunted, Mr. Chesterton dashes at the task with a fire and an impetuosity which almost make one feel that he has accomplished it. Dazzled, delighted, and confused, the reader races from page to page, and only the tiresome third, mature reflection, convinces him, an hour after he has finished, that the real Browning has no more been caught than the real Socrates was buried. Mr. Chesterton's Browning is a puppet which moves and speaks according to the wire that he pulls. The puppet is a clever puppet and mimics admirably, but the real Browning has walked off. He never meant to be put into any books except his own; he never will be.

It is possible, it is indeed highly probable, that we shall never read a better Life of him than this. Mrs. Orr's conscientious record is, of course, the storehouse from which materials must be drawn, but it is curiously flat, dead and discreet, the kind of book that cannot do any good because it cannot do any harm. Other attempts are not worth mention, except the vivid Boswellian sketch begun by Mr. Gosse,

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three-fourths of which Browning himself destroyed, no doubt because it was too good. Mr. Chesterton possesses many qualifications. He is young, uncompromising, full of wit, paradoxical, given to originality for its own sake, and he is, as every one who would write successfully about Browning should be, a little in love with Mrs. Browning. He is as much pleased with his cocksure solution of Browning's character as a critic of the old school who has discovered a house where Milton lived. He darts upon the fact of Browning's profound reverence for convention, shows with a sense of personal triumph the adventurous courage that led him to brave it once, and only once; shows with still greater triumph the intimate connection berween this deed and the feeling that made Capousacchi the hero of his great work. "Why did you never see this before!" says he. "Here's a fine thing, and a very fine thing!" And he is right. It is the central fact; the other facts fall into line—birth and breeding in that higher middle-class to which Ruskin's Tennyson also belonged—hatred of spiritualists, Bohemians, pitying contempt of those who, when the time comes, "make the great refusal"—intense conviction that they who play the man can never be defeated.

Never since Dante, and perhaps never before him, was any poet of equal power so completely dominated by the influence of one woman. There are but three poems, exclusive of the dedication of "The Ring and the Book," and of a few stray references, which make mention of her directly; yet Petrarch and other sonneteers who devoted themselves in public to the glorification of one name alone, remain cold, solitary, unimpassioned, compared with him who loved his wife well enough to risk everything, in her life and in his own, to set her free from the tyranny of a father who preferred her death in his way to her recovery in any one else's. Before he met her he left love severely to itself, except in his first poem, "Pauline," which he was brought to own with difficulty in later years. He took unaffected pleasure in the rest of his work, but to "Pauline" he was unjust. He could no more

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see the beauty of it than Romeo could have seen the beauty of his addresses to Rosaline after he had met Juliet. Yet Rossetti, who had the most delicate sense of what is exquisite, finding it in the British Museum, copied the whole from pure admiration while its authorship was yet unknown—Swinburne proclaimed its glories as with the sound of a trumpet—and Mr. Chesterton has, in this instance, too carelessly endorsed Browning's own view without Browning's instinctive reason. In "Paracelsus," in "Sordello," in "Strafford," love is nowhere. Then comes the change. With admirable humour it is pointed out to us that we may more readily think to understand the most intricate passage in any of these works than the simplest statement in these Love Letters about the publication of which people made such a stir. They are their own safeguard. When two people hear each other's thoughts, a listener might as well be deaf for all that he can gather from their words.

After the culminating-point of "The Ring and the Book" the Life decreases in value. The writer carries his prejudice in favour of the strange before the beautiful too far. He is too busy pointing out why some of the oddest of Browning's poems ought to be liked the best to take any notice of some of the best at all. The subject of the Lines to Fitzgerald is painful, but it should have been added that Browning, the first fit of fury over, regretted their publication. In the earlier part of the book also there ought surely to be some account of the famous supper-party when Talfourd proposed the health of the youngest English poet, Robert Browning, and the oldest English poet, William Wordsworth, rose to reply. Omissions like this, however, are rare. In general, Mr. Chesterton omits as wisely and as well as he includes. His brilliant little work, if here and there it darkens counsel by a kind of perverse journalism, throws flashes of light on much that was obscure.

Strange past all comparison, beautiful beyond all words to praise, is **The Descent of the Sun.** (F. W. Bain. Parker.

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5s.) The earlier Hindoo story, **A Digit of the Moon** (*8s. 6d.*), translated by the same accomplished scholar, is the only work that can be set beside it. Even "The Arabian Nights," to which it bears a superficial resemblance, are hollow, showy, mere cleverness, by contrast. Here is drama reduced to its first elements, here is the stuff of which all songs are made. "Simple, sensuous, passionate"—if these words describe indeed the highest effort of man at his highest, here is a treasure-house of emotion. Behind it, over, under, and round it, lies a religion that begins in laughter—for the whole world was made for the sport of one god—and ends in perfect silence. That marvellous creed by which every human life is the Heaven or the Hell of a life that preceded it, rounds off the conclusion with tragic irony. Scattered hints of the power of such a belief are, among English books, as one in a thousand. Shakespeare, in the fifty-ninth sonnet, looked it in the face, but failed before it, and let it go. To come to lesser people and later days (for there would seem to be little in between) a beautiful but almost unknown translation by Sir Francis Doyle, of a poem by Théophile Gautier, shows the faint reflection of it in the mind of a man who had succumbed to the spell. "The Finest Story in the World" suggests the hidden force; but one of the finest story-tellers now living in the world did not make that story his finest. Browning, who comes nearer to the Eastern mind in the reduction of Time to a single instant, the annihilation of Past and Future in the eternal Now of two that lose their life to find it, stops short at *this* point. He does not hear what the old Hindoo heard.

> And at that very moment the curse came to an end. Then those two erring lovers regained their immortal natures. And they looked at one another, dazed and bewildered, for they thought that they had awoken from a dream. And their spirits rose out of those mortal bodies which they had abandoned, and soared away to their heavenly home, locked in each other's arms.
>
> But Maheshwara, from his seat on Kailás, saw them go. And perceiving all, by the power of his mystical intuition, he said to himself: "There are those two foolish lovers rejoicing to have awoken from a dream; not knowing

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that it was but a dream within a dream, and that they are still asleep." And he laughed aloud: and the thunder of the shout of his laughter rolled and reverberated, and rattled in the blue hollows of Himálaya, like the sound of a drum.

The manuscript of both stories fell into Mr. Bain's hands on this wise. In the time of the plague at Poona, he had rendered some service, which he considered very slight and the recipient very serious, to an old Maratha Brahman. The Brahman thanked him warmly, became yet more expansive when he found that his benefactor knew and admired Sanskrit, and tried again and again to say—something that he could not say. The plague deprived him of his wife and children; and at last he sent for the Englishman to come and see him where he lay dying in a segregation camp.

He produced what the uninitiated might have taken for a packet of ladies' long six-button gloves, pressed together between two strips of wood about the size of a cheroot box, and tied round with string; but which, from experience, I knew to be a manuscript. He handed it to me, observing that it had been in the possession of his family from a time beyond memory, and that nothing would ever have induced him to part with it, had any of that family remained to possess it; but as they were all gone, and as, moreover, it would certainly be burned by the plague authorities as soon as he was dead, it was mine, if I cared to accept it. If not, he said, with an effort to smile, no matter: it could, like a faithful wife, enter the fire on the death of its owner: yet that would be a pity, for it was worth preserving. I accepted his present, and he bade me farewell.

Some doubt has been thrown upon the incident; for ourselves we see no reason to think that it is untrue. Translations are none the less translations because they have been written by men of genius and might take rank as original works. After all, Fitzgerald translated—he did not invent—*Omar Khayyam*. However, it matters little, excepting to antiquarians. If Mr. Bain be indeed the author, he is a Hindoo re-incarnate.

The Moon story is perhaps even more perfect in construction than that which deals with the going down of the Sun. In "Love's Labour's Lost" Shakespeare made the men hide

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from the ladies; in "The Princess" Tennyson made the ladies hide from the men; but here the old device of wit and beauty teazing love becomes even more piquant because there are only two actors, and because the lady, not, like the Sphinx, content with asking a single riddle herself, insists that she will only marry if, within the limit of twenty-one days, her lover succeeds in asking a question that *she* cannot answer. Never was such a test proposed, except perhaps by the mythical young lady who declared that she would wed no one if he did not understand every word of "Sordello." All day the poor King languishes in a lovely garden. His condition is the more lamentable in that ere he saw the picture of the beautiful Princess (at sight of which he instantly fainted) he was at first so indifferent to women that even celestial loveliness made no more impression on him "than a forest leaf falling on the back of a wild elephant," and after that, so hostile that every woman had to be kept out of his way on pain of banishment. Luckily he is possessed of a charming friend, a kind of Tusitala or Robert Louis Stevenson, "being, as it were, a very ocean of stories in human form." This friend goes with him, and night after night he tells the Princess a story leading up to some hard question that she must answer. Night after night she answers well and wisely. Night after night she wears a different dress, and every dress shines fairer than the last. Night after night she goes out of the door after a different fashion, leaving the King a little more hopelessly in love than before. They are all quite happy. The friend enjoys telling the story, the Princess enjoys listening to it, the King enjoys looking at the Princess. Some of the stories are full of fun, others are beautiful exceedingly; one or two could not be told to any Princess of Europe. At last the twenty-one days come near their end. The friend withdraws from the contest, "for my absence will do you more service to-day than my presence did before." He offers to tell the King a story in support of this assertion. But the King grows desperate. "My friend, this is no time for stories, even

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though told by you." He will ask the nineteenth question himself.

Lady, there was once a King who became suitor to a Princess, lovely like thyself, on this condition, that if he could ask her a question that she could not answer, she should be his. Now, tell me, O thou lovely incarnation of wisdom, what should he ask her?

Wild horses will not drag from us what it was that the princess said then.

The Descent of the Sun is quite different. Humour counts for less than in the earlier tale, and we are not allowed to see so much of the symbolic luxury of outward adornment. It is like the blue grotto, blue everywhere, wherever we may turn our eyes.

And as he went he looked before him, and suddenly he saw a woman floating on a pool of white lotuses, in a boat of sandal, with silver oars. And her glances fell on those snowy flowers and turned their tint to blue, for her eyes were lowered.

This lovely lady and her husband, out of sheer innocent vanity in the colour of her eyes, laid a plot to ruin the peace of an ascetic, who cursed them slowly. "When one of you shall slay the other," said he, "the curse shall end." The lovers die, and are born again as a new man and woman, far away in distant lands, remembering not what went before. And yet the fair Princess will not be married—no one can make out why. And yet the mighty Prince will not be married—no one can make out why. The intense, dream-like horror of seeing a person who is, and who is not, the same, should be compared with the western handling of the same theme in that awful moment of the *Nibelungenlied* when the loved one yields to her lover, armed with her lover's talisman, in the guise of another man. The end, having been told once, cannot be told again.

To read these stories is to look at the sea until all feeling of the one is lost in the oneness of all things—until death

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becomes no more a natural sleep, a danger, a crisis, a hope, a certainty of joy, but merely another change in the eternal changing of the whole visible and invisible world.

The Mediæval Stage. By E. K. Chambers. (Clarendon Press. 25*s.* net.) Mr. Chambers has written a remarkable book on a subject so little known, even to antiquaries, that this may be looked upon as almost the first attempt to collect under one head all that is known of the facts relating to it. The list of authorities alone extends to forty pages; and one has only to turn to the foot-notes to find that many more books besides those in the list are cited there. Such an apparatus, in the case of a veteran, might be the accumulation of many years' discursive reading; but Mr. Chambers is a young man, and this is his first serious work.

Mr. Chambers sets himself "to state and explain the pre-existing conditions which by the latter half of the sixteenth century made the great Shakespearean stage possible." "The story" (he goes on to say) "is one of a sudden dissolution and a slow upbuilding." The Graeco-Roman theatre was destroyed by the combined influence of Christianity, or rather monasticism, and German barbarism, a combination which destroyed classical literature, learning and art; the players became reciters, not actors; what remained of drama was to be found in the village festivals, pagan not classical, and only dramatic because the mimetic tendency is irrepressible. If the heathen spirit could not be altogether exorcised from these observances, it might be made less harmful by being brought into church. "The church became the focus of the riot." The old husbandman's calendar was turned into a church calendar. Well-dressing became *benedictio fontium;* Midsummer fires *benedictio ignis;* the sacrifice of the human victim became the election of the May King, harvest lord or mock-Mayor; the festivals which began the winter season were transferred to Christmastide or consecrated by the name of St. Martin. The church performances had their secular counterpart in morris-dances,

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mummings and guisings at Christmas and other seasons; and at the end of the mediæval period these took the form of "moralities" and "pageants," which found themes in the vast literature of romance, not dramatic in itself, but furnishing subjects for drama, as the stories of gods and heroes were the foundation of the Greek drama. Then came the revival of learning, and from the new study of Terence and Plautus the modern stage arose.

Mr. Chambers's object has been to show the relation and interaction of these different elements—the drama proper, the mimetic feasts and games, the art of minstrels, jongleurs, and troubadours, and the church plays, which began with a mere variety of liturgical recitation, and proceeded by degrees to the full development of the Ober-Ammergau Passionspiel. The mediæval literature of Chansons de Gestes, Fabliaux and Romans furnished a *nidus* from which drama might some day be born again; but beyond that it had nothing to do with drama; and the revival of the stage in the fifteenth century is as sudden as its cessation in the fifth. There are innumerable strands in the tangled web, and to attempt to unravel all would be both impossible and misleading; for liturgy, folk-lore, fetichism, mumming, epic and romantic song, and direct representation are all present at different times and in different proportions, so that it is impossible to say where one begins or another ends.

The first capital fact in the history is the hostility of Christianity and the indifference of the German conquerors to the drama. "The bishops and the barbarians triumphed." The stage disappeared with all its traditions, and what remained was folk-song and the rude sagas of heroes and gods. Among our ancestors existed a class of singers called *scópas*, *gleemen*, and so on, and with the Conquest *minstrels* and *jongleurs* came in from the continent with their train of mountebanks and tumblers. The Church did not like them, but allowed a working compromise, as in other things; discredit came upon the clergy by reason of the *goliardi* or vagrant

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clerks, who turned their knowledge of letters to a convivial use.

> Some of these were . . . disfrocked clerks; others were scholars drifting from university to university, and making their living meantime by their wits; most of them were probably at least in minor orders. . . . They were the main intermediaries between the learned and the vernacular letters of their day (i. 60).

The craft of merry-making extended from the royal or noble *trobaire* down to the tumbler and fire-eater, and singer of loose ballads; it is useless to draw fine distinctions in so wide and various a field, and as a matter of fact we find eminent minstrels boasting of the extent and variety of their accomplishments.

> Il set peschier, il set chacier,
> Il set trop bien gens solacier,
> Il set chançons, sonnes et fables,
> Il set d'eschez, il set des tables.

These were the days when beards wagged in the feudal Hall. The habit of private reading destroyed that of listening in public; and the minstrel went out with the Middle Ages, leaving the tumbler and juggler to survive him, and delight the servants.

Minstrelsy, however, was not the property of a class only, but had a popular side also. The *ludi* of the folk, May games, King-and-Queen games, carols, wrestlings and summer games, Maypoles and midsummer bonfires, had their roots in the earliest traditions of the Teutonic nations. There is thus everywhere a popular element, apart from religion and literature.

The Feast of Fools, the Feast of Asses, the ceremony of the Boy Bishop, whatever their origin, have all of them a dramatic character. Sacred and profane were not clearly distinguished, decorous and indecorous; and the Middle Ages could not do without horseplay. As for the ass himself, it seems doubtful whether he belongs to Balaam, or to the flight into Egypt, or to the holy *praesepe*, or whether he is a variation

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of the hobby-horse. So vague are the guesses when we search into origins. And the origin of the Boy Bishop is, if possible, more obscure still. It is the saturnalia of the choir-boys, chiefly connected with the Feast of the Holy Innocents, though also with St. Nicholas' Day, and was celebrated in all countries.

Merrymakings at scotales and churchales, morris-dances and sword dances have a dramatic side, the personages represented becoming more numerous and more individualised. The Fool, the Hobby Horse, the Doctor, the Devil, the Ploughman, are constant. Other characters come in from the pastoral, chivalric, or heroic cycles, Robin and Marion, Robin Hood, St. George, Alexander, the Seven Champions, Guy, King Alfred (even coming down to "bold Bonaparte" and Nelson).

Christmas brought with it much "disguising," mumming and dancing. The tendency of declining chivalry was to express itself in pageantry. We read of magnificent processions on the occasion of royal progresses, at weddings and tournaments, figures representing allegorical personages, gods and goddesses, Popes, Cardinals, legates and devils, beasts and birds. Every town, every guild of merchants and craftsmen had its pageant; and for variety, splendour and ingenuity of invention these reached their height in the allegorising times of the Tudors. The early maskers appear to have acted in dumb show, but John Lydgate or some other introduced songs and orations, which led on to the fully developed Masque of the Tudor and Stuart times.

One of the chief elements in the development of drama (as we have seen) is the ecclesiastical. The history of that development is one of many elements, and we must be careful not to assign too much to one or another of them. Early liturgical forms in all religions are to some extent dramatic; and Christian symbolism soon expressed itself in action. The reading of the Passion in Holy Week was "resolved into a regular oratorio," and is so given in all Roman Catholic churches to this day. The washing of the feet, the *Tenebrae*

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service and the Lenten veil are in the same category. Such antiphonal services as the *Quem quæritis in sepulcro?* with its *dramatis personæ* of holy women, the angel and *angelicæ voces* come very near to dramatic and choric action. The sepulchre at Easter and the manger at Christmas became a regular part of the ceremonies proper to these seasons, and the scenes enacted were more and more elaborated into realistic action. Mr. Chambers enumerates some twelve complete Epiphany plays, under such titles as *Rachel*, *Herodes*, *Pastores*, *Stella*. As the *Unguentarius* in the *Quem quæritis* and the devil in the Judgment plays, so Herod is the comic character here. Other liturgical plays are *Prophetæ* (introducing Balaam and his ass—

> Quid moraris, asina,
> Obstinata bestia?)

Daniel, *Suscitatio Lazari*, &c.

These plays, liturgical in origin, had become spectacular and popular by the end of the thirteenth century. Some of them are called *interludes—i.e.*, dialogues, and were acted by strolling companies or players in the pay of great lords. The development of the fully furnished Miracle-play, performed by lay actors, from the simple dialogue introduced in the course of the church services is well brought out by Mr. Chambers, but we can only notice it in passing. Pageants and Moralities go together. Sometimes the symbolism is dumb show, combined with song or rhetorical address, as in Scott's *Kenilworth*; sometimes, as in *Everyman*, it is expressed in words and forms a complete drama. When we get so far as this, the world is ready for Terence and Plautus again, and *Ralph Roister-Doister*, modelled upon the *Miles Gloriosus*, "the first light laugh of the sun-lit stage," introduces the stately procession of Elizabethan drama, and side by side, though not in the same sequence, the comedy of Italy, Spain and France.

The House of Seleucus. By Edwyn Robert Bevan. (Arnold. 30s.) This book fills a gap in our historical literature,

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and fills it in a thorough and workmanlike way. Since the worthy Dean Prideaux, in the reign of Queen Anne, devoted the enforced leisure of ill-health to the task of writing his "Connexion of the Old and New Testaments," our English scholars have devoted but little attention to the story of the kingdoms founded in the East by the successors of Alexander. Of late Professor Mahaffy has by his fresh and vigorous writing done something to recall to our attention that period, so important in the history of human civilisation; but as he has dealt chiefly with Egypt and Greece, with the story of the Ptolemies and the Philips, there was plenty of room for such a work as this in which the author describes the fortunes of the great kingdom founded in Western Asia by the Macedonian general, Seleucus; a kingdom which at one time reached from the Hellespont to Afghanistan, though its power soon withered at the extremities, and for the greater part of its life it was little more than a Syrian kingdom centred at Antioch on the Orontes.

The main thought, and a most inspiring one, in Mr. Bevan's book is the lesson taught by the history of the Seleucidæ as to "the eternal conflict between East and West." For, as he points out, the whole significance of the position of Alexander's successors in Asia and in Egypt consists in the fact that they were the champions of the Hellenistic, that is of the European, spirit against the immobile change-resenting despotisms of the Eastern world. This was the real import of the meteoric career of Alexander the Great. The cities which he founded in every corner of his empire were so many centres of Hellenic influence, spreading the art, the literature, the philosophy and the commerce of the Greeks among the "barbarous," that is the otherwise-civilised, natives of Asia. It was more or less to maintain these conquests of Hellenism that the Seleuci and the Antiochi fought on the slopes of Taurus, and in the great central deserts of Persia. They failed in the end, but Rome took up the conflict: it was as the great defenders of Hellenism that Roman consuls and emperors

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faced the peril of the flying Parthians: it was to Rome as the representative of Greece that the men of Nisibis so passionately, but so vainly, appealed for protection when they found themselves abandoned to the Parthian king at the death of the Emperor Julian.

And this same conflict of Europe against the Orient, or rather the same undetermined trial of strength between the Western and the Eastern habit of thought, is what we Anglo-Saxons have inherited in our relations with the people of India. It goes on from century to century, from millennium to millennium, and neither world seems to produce much real change in its antagonist: and yet, as Mr. Bevan points out, it is a mistake to represent the "changeless East" as absolutely unaffected by the quick-witted Hellene and his later representatives. As one conspicuous instance to the contrary, it was, he considers, the impact of Alexander's conquest that drove together the petty "particularist" principalities of India, causing them to consolidate into the one great kingdom of Chandragupta who "as a boy had seen Alexander the invincible splendid man from the West: who later on, when he became a great king, worshipped Alexander among his gods." Thus did a new power arise in India out of the ruins of Alexander's empire. But—and here is the important point—it was Chandragupta's grandson Asoka who by his adoption of the Buddhist philosophy "gave to what had been only the doctrine of one of the innumerable Indian sects, a position of world-wide importance." He was, indeed, the Constantine of the new teaching, and his action changed the spiritual aspect of India, in a sense we may say of the world.

The following paragraph will give our readers a fair specimen of Mr. Bevan's style, the freshness and brilliancy of which is happily not extinguished by the mass of materials which he has laboriously accumulated. For his manner of dealing with that which will be to most readers the most interesting of all the questions that come before him, the attempt of Antiochus Epiphanes to Hellenise the Jewish

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nation, and the successful resistance to that attempt made by Judas Maccabaeus and his brethren, we must refer our readers to the book itself.

King Asoka was ardent to propagate the (Buddhist) Doctrine in all the earth. In the Greek cities of the West, as far as Cyrene and Epirus, one might have had glimpses of dark men with the monkish tonsure and the long yellow robe, who were come to roll onward even here the wheel of the kingdom of righteousness. Perhaps the kings themselves—the wine-sodden Antiochus II., the literary and scientific dilettante Ptolemy Philadelphus, the grave Stoic Antigonus—were summoned by the envoys of Asoka to walk in the Eightfold Path—right belief, right will, right word, right deed, right life, right effort, right thought, right self-withdrawal—and to receive the Four Truths concerning the pain in the world and its taking away. "Open your ears, ye kings, the redemption from death is found!" The record of the sending out of these missionaries is established by Asoka himself, graven on the rocks of India: it is a pity that we have no Western account of the impression which they made. They must have trodden the same roads which three hundred years later were trodden by the apostles of another Faith and another Redemption.

Travels in Southern Europe and the Levant, 1810–1817. The Journal of C. R. Cockerell, R.A., edited by his son, Samuel Pepys Cockerell. (Longmans, 10*s.* 6*d.* net.) Mr. Cockerell's edition of the journal kept by his father during his travels in the Levant between eighty and ninety years ago must fill the modern excavator with envy; for he can only with painful diligence hope to glean after the harvest of the last century. No jealous laws or antiquarian fancies then hindered the enterprising discoverer from possession of the treasures which he found at his feet "only three feet below the soil"; there were firmans to be got, pashas to be bribed, delays to be endured, risks to be run from brigands, pirates, privateers, and French men-of-war; but the business of digging was both more exciting and more repaying than it has been for many years, or is likely to be again, unless some enlightened millionaire should turn the stream of wealth in that direction, and lay bare new Cretes and Olympias in Asia Minor and Magna Graecia. Cockerell is best known in connection with

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the marbles of Aegina and Phigaleia; his great book on Greek art, which was to have been "the complete and final authority on Greek architecture and the grand result of his seven years of travel," did not get published for nearly fifty years; and in the meantime "his collection of inscriptions was picked over by Walpole," and Bronstedt, Stackelberg, Wordsworth, and others helped themselves to the contents of his letters, note-books, and portfolios. Not much remains to tell that has not been told already. But there is an interest in the time, which takes in the most exciting period of the great war, and we are glad to meet Stratford Canning, who was to make so much noise in the world forty years later, majestic and over-bearing even then, though sometimes unbending; the "three Graces," daughters of Mrs. Macree, one of whom was the "Maid of Athens"; and Byron himself with Hobhouse.

> As we were sailing out of the port in our open boat we overtook the ship [carrying the Elgin marbles] with Lord Byron on board. Passing under her lee stern we sang a favourite song of his, on which he looked out of the windows and invited us in. There we drank a glass of port, with him, Colonel Travers, and two of the English officers. . . . We did not stay long, but bade them "bon voyage" and slipped over the side (p. 50).

A vivid touch.

> The facilities of travelling nowadays [says the editor] have made us calmly familiar with the scenes of the past; but, in 1810, to stand on classic ground was to plant one's feet in a fairyland of romance. . . . When Cockerell was pointed out the tomb of Patroclus, he took off his clothes, and, in imitation of Achilles, ran three times round it naked.

He consoled himself for the discomforts of travel, bad food and lodging, fevers, Turkish insolence, by reading Pope's Homer. He had resources in himself too. Young, adventurous, handsome (as his picture by the faithful hand of Ingres assures us), and with an agreeable address, he found friends and goodwill everywhere, and had the practical tact which enabled him to rob the Turks of their treasures in Athens, Aegina, Phigaleia, and Candia, without getting into serious difficulty. As an artist and pioneer Cockerell did

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good service in bringing to light the Aegina marbles, and indicating the existence of many such treasures at Olympia, Bassae, and other sites, as well as in rearranging in their right order the marbles composing the Niobe group of Florence. The story is told in a lively manner without pretence of style, and with a cheerfulness and enthusiasm which must have made Cockerell a pleasant travelling companion.

One of the strongest impressions conveyed by the book is that of the horrible condition of the Christian lands then ruled by the Turks. Turks are not worse than other men; but no men can be virtuous who have arbitrary power over subjects whom they regard as dogs, who are taught from childhood all the ways of debauchery, and who can only succeed in life by bullying the weak and bribing the powerful. Stratford Canning had much to answer for when he persuaded his countrymen to back that very "wrong horse."

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A VIEW OF THE FISCAL CONTROVERSY

IT may be useful, in the breathing-space between the close of the Parliamentary Session and the campaign with which we are "threatened" in the autumn, for a Unionist who believes that the proper object of a Customs Tariff is to raise revenue, to set out what appear to him to be the main points in the present fiscal controversy. Such an attempt must necessarily include many arguments now familiar to the public, and, in the absence of a definite plan, discussion must to a great extent be conjectural; but it may be possible to clear away some incompatible propositions and exaggerated statements, and to focus in some degree the issues presented to the nation.

The Prime Minister stated, at the Constitutional Club on June 26, the subjects to which the Goverment inquiry is being directed. They were:

(1) That the provision of capital for carrying on great modern industries is imperilled by the fact that foreign nations, under their protective system, are able and willing to import into this country objects which are largely manufactured in this country, at below cost price, either in the country of origin or the country of importation.

(2) That negotiation, in the true sense, with regard to tariffs is rendered impossible by the present position of our tariff (there being nothing else for us to give).

(3) Whether, if our Colonies desire to give us preferential treatment, we should permit foreign interference in our domestic concerns?

(4) That there should be, if possible, some arrangement made with the self-governing Colonies which should unite us together in fiscal bonds.

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I will try to limit myself to the policy to which these statements may reasonably be considered to point, noting some of the principal difficulties, and especially those matters on which further light is certainly required.

The two subjects first named by Mr. Balfour are closely allied, and the demand for their examination rests on the fear that some of our great industries—such as the iron trade and the textile industries—are being destroyed by the illegitimate cheapness of goods imported from protectionist countries, and by the increasing stringency of their "wall of tariffs" against our exports. The plain man can only hope for an impartial light upon this matter from the Board of Trade, including such points as the proportion which our import of these goods bears to our home consumption, and a fair comparison of our export trade with that of the leading protectionist countries; for he may well be puzzled by the conflicting statistics which have been hurled at him in the Press. For example, can it be true that our iron trade is being ruined if the profits of it assessed to Income Tax have increased from £1,840,850 in 1896-7 to £5,880,418 in 1900-1? The statement that our import of raw wool for manufacture increased from 598 million lbs. in 1886 to 715 million lbs. in 1901 seems incompatible with decay in our woollen manufactures; while if we can send more than £70,000,000 worth of our cotton manufactures abroad, and find that in 1901 our exports of cotton-piece goods and yarn were more than in 1872, though values then were more than double the average of present prices, the policy of fighting hostile tariffs by free imports can hardly be pronounced a failure in the cotton industry. But supposing it could be proved that the existence of some great British industry was threatened by trusts or syndicates deliberately selling foreign goods here below cost price under the ægis of a protective tariff in order to secure a monopoly, and Mr. Balfour considered that national interests justified us in risking, in its defence, increased prices to our consumers, and the demands for similar treatment which would be certain

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to come from other industries depending upon, or connected with, the industry to be defended—I should imagine that any such case would, in his opinion, be one for exceptional treatment. I am not aware that he has ever suggested that our manufacturers should be protected against foreign competition of the ordinary kind, or given any countenance to protectionist proposals for a new tariff embracing hundreds of articles and imposing *ad valorem* duties on all manufactured goods. Such proposals could only be made by those who have failed to consider how many of our best-paid industries flourish by subjecting the "manufactured goods" of lower industries to further processes of manufacture; and no Government is likely to adopt them. Again, is it likely that Mr. Balfour's desire for some means of bargaining for the reduction of foreign tariffs would lead him to propose to Parliament such a change as the general substitution of maximum and minimum tariffs for our present revenue tariff? I do not think that, even with our existing tariff, we are so helpless in this respect as he suggests. No one who approves of the policy of Cobden's French treaty could object to its utilisation for this purpose through any reductions of existing duties that may be possible; and, if it be true that foreign exporters paid any part of the corn and meal duty, I do not know why some negotiations of this kind were not attempted with the United States, for example, before it was repealed. But assuming that our increasing expenditure forbids further reductions, Mr. Balfour's object might in some measure be aided by a rearrangement or increase of Customs duties, without loss, perhaps even with a gain, to the Exchequer, and without any such change in our fiscal policy as would require a fresh mandate from the country—though, of course, in any such case it would have to be considered whether the new duty would not do more harm than good to ourselves.

Mr. Balfour's third proposition hardly requires discussion. The general preference given to us by Canada, the results of which have been described by Mr. Chamberlain as "altogether

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disappointing," was, I believe, proved at the Colonial Conference to be of much less value to our trade than the alternative suggestion of lowered duties on the particular articles with which we can supply Canada. If such duties were lowered to all, Canadian consumers would be benefited, and no foreign difficulty could arise; while our manufacturers surely stand to lose more in foreign trade as the result of Colonial preference, than they would lose by a "fair field and no favour" in their competition with foreigners in our Colonial markets. But assuming that the Colonies adhere to their desire to give us a preference in some form, I entirely agree that we could not permit foreign interference in our domestic concerns. Lord Lansdowne, as the mouthpiece of the Cabinet, appears to have dealt quite satisfactorily with this point in his despatch to Germany of June 20. He said: "Should the German Government persist in the attitude which they have taken up (towards Canada) and, further, extend to the products of other British Colonies—and even to those of the United Kingdom, whose tariff is at this moment based upon the most liberal principles—the discriminations which they have enforced against Canada, a very wide and serious issue must inevitably be raised involving the fiscal relations of this country and the German Empire."

It must be noticed that this despatch by no means threatens that we would take part in the Canadian dispute with Germany by imposing retaliatory duties on German goods; nor does it appear that Canada has asked for any such action on our part. On the contrary, the Colonial Conference unanimously decided that in such a case as that which has occurred "the Colonies have an effective remedy in their own hands." Canada has since applied that remedy; and the British and German Governments have agreed to "an exchange of ideas in regard to the means of obviating the present difference." There is no reason, as matters now stand, for any new departure on our side. The Government have affirmed a principle which commands general support; and Mr. Balfour has rightly declined

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to pledge himself beforehand either for or against any particular mode of carrying it out.

The Colonial Conference of 1902 urged on us the expediency of granting in the United Kingdom preferential treatment to the products and manufactures of the Colonies, either by exemption from or reduction of duties now or hereafter imposed. This undoubtedly necessitates the careful examination here of the fourth subject named by Mr. Balfour. Mr. Chamberlain has assured us—and no one who has looked into the matter can doubt—that if we are to give the preference asked for we must put a tax on food. He suggested that the yield of such a tax might provide for old-age pensions, and would increase our home food-supply by indirectly protecting the British farmer; so that it was naturally supposed that the tax would be high. It is now clear that no higher duties are at all likely to be suggested than would be necessary to protect, not our own farmers, but Colonial farmers, against foreign competition. All the talk, therefore, about "bringing back into cultivation thousands of acres of derelict land," or "stopping the decline of our rural population" may be dismissed as irrelevant, together with any similar exaggerations on the other side. On the other hand, if last year's grain and meal duty would have sufficed for Colonial preference, it is difficult to understand why the Cabinet abandoned it, pending the inquiry (to which they had all agreed) into the possibility of preferential duties; for it would have been obviously easier to utilise an existing duty for that purpose than to impose a new one. All we can say at present is, that this policy necessarily involves duties high enough to give a real advantage in our market to Colonists against foreigners: and that any readiness on the part of the Colonies to accept a small duty at first is certainly no proof that the object of the new policy would be satisfied by such a duty; for the adoption of the principle would practically pledge us to any subsequent increase of duty that might be found necessary to carry out the object of protection. Nor is it merely a question of a corn duty, from which Canada would reap by far the

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most benefit. We could not show special favour to the Colony which Mr. Chamberlain has described as "the most backward of all in contributing to the common defence," and which already sells most to us, and buys least from us, in proportion to her size. Equity to our other self-governing Colonies would compel us to impose duties on all kinds of live and dead meat, fish, fruit, butter, cheese, eggs, vegetables, and many minor food imports, involving interference with trade by the addition of many scores of articles to our tariff; while, if Mr. Balfour was right in holding that the price of feeding-stuffs was increased by the 1*s.* corn duty, it is certain that a larger duty would bring demands from our milk-producers here for a duty on foreign milk. We are told that the new policy could not extend to taxes on raw materials, and no one imagines that such taxes would be proposed in the first instance. But they have already been suggested by those interested in Canadian timber and in the wool and skins sent us by Australia; and how long could South Africa, which sends us hardly any food, and large quantities of raw materials, be satisfied without them? And what is to happen to our Crown Colonies and possessions, including those where, as in India, great commercial interests have been developed on a basis of virtual free trade? If we adopt the principle of protection in our dealings with India, do we not suggest to her its adoption, on behalf of her own industries, against our goods? Yet could we grant preference to the self-governing Colonies, and refuse it to those who already admit our exports on far better terms than any that the self-governing Colonies are at all likely to give us? Could we protect Canadian wheat against Indian wheat, Australian wine or Canadian spirits against West Indian spirits? Could we even refuse to the tea, the cocoa, the rice, the fruit that comes to us from India and the Crown Colonies the same protection against the foreigner that is asked for by the self-governing Colonies for their food products? However these questions may be answered, it is clear that the effect of the new policy must be considered not merely on the

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self-governing Colonies, or even on the United Kingdom, but on the Empire as a whole.

Our primary concern, however, is to inquire what the people of the United Kingdom would gain, or lose, by this policy. Our exports to the self-governing Colonies are increasing rapidly under our present system; without preference we command, to a great extent, the Australasian and South African markets; the increased imports of food which, in any case, must come to us from Canada, cannot but increase our trade with her. Surely it cannot be suggested that, if we decline to give a preference to their products, our Colonies will treat the Mother Country worse than they treat foreign countries. Whatever preference they gave us against the foreigner we could only capture part of their foreign trade, because we could not supply them with much of what they now obtain from foreign countries. For example, no preference would enable us to supply Canada with food or raw materials, such as cotton, hides, oil, wood, or tobacco. Nor would our trade with them be advantaged by the increased duties on foreign goods, coupled with rebates on our goods, to which the Australasian Colonies appear to lean. The high protective tariffs, intended to protect Colonial industries against all outside competition, including our own, are the real obstacles between us, and we have been plainly told by all that this protection must be retained. It is therefore impossible to see how we could gain from the Colonies any great increase of trade, or any large measure of free trade in manufactured goods, which are the only articles of importance we could send them. But what trade may we lose? If a mutual preference succeeded in its aim of transferring some foreign trade to inter-Imperial trade, the change would affect us more than the Colonies, for we send a much greater proportion of our exports to foreign countries than they do. High foreign tariffs have only injured our trade in some cases; there are not a few foreign countries, as in North Europe and South America, with whom we do a progressive trade. The more

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we reduce our purchases from them, the more they will reduce their purchases from us. Will that help our exporting manufacturers in their competition in neutral markets with rival exporters in Germany and the United States? And there is a kind of trade with foreign countries by the loss of which we should be specially injured, for it is, so to speak, British on both sides. The Argentine Republic is a foreign country. But it has been created by British capital; its exports of meat rival those of New Zealand; its public debt, its banks, its farms, its mills, its freezing establishments and canning factories, the railways that bring its produce to the ports, are largely owned by Englishmen—the same is true, in a less degree, in not a few other foreign countries. Such investments may be denounced as unpatriotic, and many may feel that it would have been better if they had been made in our Colonies; but public opinion, and even the action of our Government and Legislature, has long encouraged them, and the fact of their existence cannot be ignored. I will not dwell on the injury that might be done to our trade if foreign countries raised their tariffs against us on account of our giving a preference to our Colonies, because I cannot tell how far they might think it in their interest to take any such action. But it has yet to be shown that the adoption by us of the principle of Colonial preference is compatible in practice with the process of bargaining with foreign countries for a reduction of their duties which Mr. Balfour desires. And how far will the interests of our home industries allow us to go in favouring Colonial products? Sir Gilbert Parker may ignore the feelings of many who depend on agriculture at home when he supports a policy of taxing them, among others, to stimulate the growth of corn in Canada, by the assurance that it will lessen the price of corn here. But what if our iron industry, which now loudly complains of German "dumping," was threatened by imports of Canadian steel and iron, stimulated, as now, by Colonial bounties? Would he apply retaliation to Canada? or would he administer

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to our iron manufacturers the consolation he has addressed to our farmers? The truth is that any treaty binding us to admit the Colonies to our markets, as now, on equal terms with our own producers, while they will not admit our producers to their markets on equal terms with their own, is so unfair in principle that it must soon become unworkable in practice. You cannot base a fiscal policy for the Empire on the two opposite principles of Free Trade and Protection.

But the objection to the new policy which has been most widely felt is undoubtedly that which is based on the fear that the price of food will be raised by the proposed taxation. The Colonies will run no such risk; their workers will retain the advantage of cheapness of the main necessaries of life. Though the fluctuations of demand and supply, and other causes, may for a time conceal the effect of a tax, it is hard to see how it can be denied that new taxes on all the various kinds of food already referred to, sufficient in amount to give any real advantage to the Colonies over their foreign competitors in our market, must, *cæteris paribus*, raise the price of the articles on which they are imposed, and therefore reduce the margin between the poorest classes and want, and diminish the purchasing power of the people, with the risk of injury to that internal trade which is infinitely larger and more important than our export trade. Mr. Chamberlain has suggested that any loss to the poor from this cause might be made good by remissions of taxation on tea, sugar, and tobacco. The suggestion that the remission of existing duties would be a gain is in itself an admission that the imposition of new duties would be a burthen; but tobacco may be dismissed at once; for a large part of the population, specially women and children, are non-smokers, and all must eat. And, if Sir R. Giffen's calculations of the effect of the new preferential or protective duties in raising the price of our untaxed home and colonial food-supply to the price of our taxed foreign supply are at all correct, it must be admitted that the burthen of such duties on the people would be far more than their yield to the

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Exchequer; probably so much more that even the total abolition of the tea and sugar duties would not nearly make up for it, even if cheaper tea and sugar could compensate the very poor for dearer bread and bacon. But if India and the Crown Colonies are to be included in Colonial preference—and this could hardly be refused—some duty on tea and sugar must be retained. The sugar duty might, it is true, be repealed for five years, owing to the provisions against Colonial preference in the Brussels Convention. But at the end of that time the West Indies might be trusted to demand a duty on foreign sugar, just as the Indian and Ceylon planters would demand it at once on foreign tea. Their tea, on equal terms, has already gone far to drive foreign tea out of our market; so that any preference would probably enable them, by raising their prices, to deprive consumers here of no small part of the benefit of any reduction of taxation.

The more this subject is considered, the more it will appear that the step we are invited to take means far more to us than it does to the Colonies. For half a century the trade and industries of the United Kingdom have adapted themselves to a system of free imports and non-protective revenue duties, with a tariff list confined to very few articles. Under that system our population has enormously increased, and we have changed from an agricultural to an industrial nation, producing a comparatively small part of our food at home. To a tariff based on these principles we are asked to add a long list of new duties on the simplest kinds of food, which it is now more than ever necessary that our people should be free to obtain in the best and cheapest markets. To our protectionist Colonies a preferential tariff is easy and natural; to us it would be the beginning of a change from the principle of free imports to the principle of protection, involving also the fortunes of great populations in our Empire for whom we are specially responsible, and to whom we have given a fiscal system akin to our own. And this is not merely a question of enacting duties which could be repealed in a year at our own free will, but one of agreements

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with our great Colonies, which could only be terminated with their consent, based on a principle which has been already tried and abandoned.

Mr. Chamberlain, in advocating this policy, has asked by what alternative process those who desire the closer union of the Mother Country with the Colonies hope to secure it. Such a union can only come slowly—but has no progress been made towards it, under our present fiscal system, within the last few years? Are there no signs of its growth in the 50,000 Colonial troops who fought for the Empire side by side with our soldiers in South Africa and in the recognition by the Colonial Conference of the principle of common obligation for Imperial defence? The ties of sentiment, thanks largely to Mr. Chamberlain himself, were never so strong as now. I differ from him in thinking that, in an Empire so scattered as our own, and varying so greatly in the circumstances and interests of its component parts, these ties are safer than fiscal bonds. Increased trade may doubtless tend to closer union. We may welcome any facilities for this that the Colonies are disposed to give, either, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier said in 1897, as a token of gratitude for the best and most open market in the world for Canadian produce, or, as I believe Mr. Seddon suggested last year, by way of a contribution to Imperial defence. It is said that we ought to show our appreciation of any such action on their part by making some practical return. The Colonial Premiers, in discussing this matter at the Conference last year, recognised how difficult it would be for us to make such a return by preferential treatment. The representatives of Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, and Natal expressed the opinion that the preference to British goods which they were prepared to recommend to their respective Parliaments might be given without any reciprocal concession of the same kind by the Mother Country; while Sir Wilfrid Laurier admitted that it would be most difficult for us to impose new duties in order to make such concessions, and merely asked whether they could not be made on duties already existing on our tariff if

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the preference already given by Canada were made more complete and effective. It is true that the Finance Minister of Canada has since stated that if we could not grant Canada a preference she would be free to take her own course, and consider whether it would be wise in her interests to modify or change her preferential tariff. But the Colonial Premiers never said anything to justify the idea that the grant by us of preferential treatment to the Colonies is essential to the continuance of the Empire, or to any hope of closer union. There are other ways in which we can, and do, make a return to our Colonies. Is it nothing that we bear, almost alone, the enormous burthen of protecting the trade of the whole Empire? In much smaller, but still important, matters, have we not made large contributions to telegraph cables, mail contracts, and military works, which were more important to the Colonies than to the United Kingdom; and have we not recently increased the advantages long offered to Colonial loans in our market, by including them among trustee securities, perhaps somewhat to the detriment of our own Consols? Even the suggestions now being made in favour of joint action with the Colonies in the promotion of emigration or agricultural education show the desire that is felt to give practical proof of sympathy with their needs. The Colonies recognise this, and will not misunderstand our attitude if we are unable to accept the scheme now proposed. Nor can those Unionists be fairly charged with a want of desire to promote the unity of the Empire who believe that in this matter, to use Mr. Chamberlain's words, it is their "primary obligation to consider above all the condition of the majority of our population, and do nothing which may interfere with the prosperity, the happiness, and the contentment of the whole of our fellow countrymen." Let all who believe in this "primary obligation" do their best to see that it is fulfilled.

M. E. Hicks-Beach.

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THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

THERE has seldom been a more sudden or a more startling change than that of the Tory Government in its Irish policy from the too familiar path of coercion, on which it had once more entered, to conciliation with a great subvention at the expense of the people of the United Kingdom. This alternation of scourging and embracing in the treatment of the Irish problem is not entirely new, but there had never before been so striking an example of it.

To the caress and the gift of the Government and Parliament has now been added the compliment of a Royal visit. This undoubtedly was a wise measure. It would have been wiser still had it been embraced at an earlier day and when its object might have been less apparent than it is now. The Irish are notoriously more open to the influence of persons than they are to that of institutions. About the only thing in the early period of Anglo-Irish history which made a favourable impression was the presence of Royalty in the person of Lionel, the son of Edward III. Between John, who as King paid a flying visit, and William III., no King of England set foot in Ireland except Richard II., whose Irish expedition was not likely to inspire imitation, since it cost him his English crown. Ireland in Plantagenet and Tudor days was far more remote than it is in these days of steam, and Plantagenets, instead of devoting their attention to the consolidation of the

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island kingdom, made chimerical raids on France, while the Tudor sovereigns had enough on their hands in England. Between William III., who appeared as a conqueror, and the late Queen, no British monarch visited Ireland except George IV., who, amidst all the mud with which his statue is covered, may claim a little credit for one wise and gracious act. The late Queen, when she visited Ireland at the beginning of her reign, was perfectly well received. Once again, and only once, she touched, and then but just touched, the Irish shore. Why she should have refused to repeat an act politic, gracious, and, it might have been supposed, not unpleasant, seems never to have been explained. Danger to her Majesty's person there could be none. Irishmen may shoot landlords and their agents; but no Irishman would shoot a lady. One explanation was the prejudice of Prince Albert, who was said to identify the case of the Irish with that of the insubordinate Poles. But for this there seemed to be no foundation beyond the fact that the Prince, in a letter which unluckily became public, had coupled the Irish with the Poles. There could have been no great sacrifice in a brief exchange from time to time of Balmoral or Osborne for the Phœnix, the most beautiful of Parks.

Mention of the Phœnix reminds me of a little incident which seemed to show that her Majesty, though inflexible on this subject, was not insensible. It occurred in connection with the meeting of the Social Science Section of the British Association at Dublin. On the last morning the Zoological Society, I think it was, gave us a breakfast in the Phœnix Park. In returning thanks for hospitalities, a speaker referred to the scene of the breakfast, saying that its beauty made it as worthy to be the occasional residence of royalty as Osborne or Balmoral. At a banquet at the Mansion House in the evening this sentiment was repeated by the Lord Mayor, and after him, but with much more point and emphasis by Prince Teck, who dared to express his surprise at the failure of royalty to visit Ireland. Dublin papers, of course, next

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morning joyously echoed the sentiment of the Prince, who, it was believed, felt at once that he had made a false step. But the thunderbolt of royal displeasure fell not on him, but on the speaker aforesaid, in the shape of an editorial, manifestly inspired, taking him to task for having found fault with royalty, which he had not really done, while the Prince, who really had done it, was allowed to escape punishment in public, whatever may have happened to him behind the scenes.

All that could be done by grace of manner and the personal qualities which win the hearts of the people Queen Victoria's successor was sure to do. His will not be the fault if the impression is not deep or lasting. Whether it is destined to be deep and lasting time alone can show.

That the Irish have never seen the power by which they are governed is a fact which may account for a good deal of coolness towards that power on the part of an imaginative and emotional people. The real power, however, is now not the King but Parliament, and it was suggested that a good effect might be produced on Irish sentiment if a special Session of Parliament for the settlement of the Irish questions could be held at Dublin. The suggestion, it is believed, was taken into consideration, but the inconvenience was deemed too great.

Those who have studied the annals of Irish woe, now stretching over seven centuries, will generally admit that the main subject of contention has been the land. Catholic emancipation failed to satisfy the people, as Macaulay and statesmen in general assumed that it would. So far, and so far only, was there truth in Melbourne's saying that Catholic emancipation was a question in which all the clever fellows were on one side and all the d——d fools on the other, and all the d——d fools were right. Nor did disestablishment, though most wise and righteous in itself, prove the panacea which it was expected to be. On the other hand, the repeal agitation of O'Connell, not being connected with the agrarian movement, came to nothing; as, still more ignominiously, did that of Smith O'Brien and the Young Ireland party in 1848. The strength of Par-

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nell's movement lay in its combination of the agrarian with the political agitation. Whether a faint tradition of tribal ownership has lingered among the peasantry it would be difficult to say. What is certain is that British protectionism having in former days killed Irish manufactures and trade, nothing remained to the people whereon to live but the land, to which accordingly they clung with the desperate grasp of famine, waging an agrarian war of outrage and assassination, most deadly and savage, with the landlord and the agent of his extortion, the middleman.

It is important, however, to observe that the immediate source of Irish misery was not the double ownership of land, which is not peculiar to Ireland, but over-population, with hunger and sometimes famine as its result. For this protectionism and social helotage were answerable more than the defects of the land law. English protectionism, calling itself patriotism, and suborning the English Parliament, killed the cattle trade of Ireland, killed the wool trade, and even maimed the linen trade by bonusing the English manufacturers. Deprived of profitable industry, and thus excluded from industrial civilisation, while it was condemned by the penal code to political and social helotage, the Irish were lost, as hopeless misery is apt to be lost, to all those considerations of economical prudence and social respect by which reckless multiplication is restrained. For over-population the only remedy was depletion either by famine or by emigration.

The pressure of population on the land for subsistence, other industries having been destroyed, and the desperate competition for holdings which ensued, exposed the tenant to the rapacious tyranny of the land-owner, thus making the double ownership a great evil. But the causes of the pressure on the land were the destruction by English protectionism of other industries, and the natural disregard by the Irish in their depraved state of the economical and social restraints on over-multiplication.

In the form of famine the remedy for over-population most

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tragically came in 1846, when the potato failed, and though England did her utmost in the way of relief myriads of starving Irish were driven to the United States, where, while their political influence was bad and they became the tools of Tammany, their labour was very welcome to the Americans, who do not, as a rule, themselves handle pick and shovel or go into domestic service. The transportation of such multitudes of Irish, largely at their own cost, from their native land to the United States was a wonderful work, and evinced incidentally great strength of family affection.

The main grievance in the way of land tenure consisted of the insecurity of the tenure-at-will and the tenant's liability to the confiscation of his improvements by the landlord. This grievance, it would seem, might have been redressed without cost to the British taxpayer by legislation extending to the Irish tenant-at-will the same security which custom, recognised by the courts, had given to the copyholder in England. Nor, apparently, would such a measure have been too violent, considering what the conduct of the Irish landlords towards the peasant tenantry, with some honourable exceptions, had been. It might even practically have disturbed the general faith of contracts less than this course of violent and fiercely-contested, yet not thoroughly effective, legislation through which the agrarian question has gone. To make the British taxpayer pay for the purchase of freehold for the Irish was hardly just or safe. To the Encumbered Estates Act no exception on any ground, either of economical principle or of justice, could be taken. It swept away a proprietary which, largely through its own improvidence, had become bankrupt and incapable of performing its duty to the people. Unfortunately the result, as we are told, was not the creation of a new, solvent, and beneficially active body of proprietors, but the engrossment of the land by speculators more alien to the people and less beneficent even than the proprietary which had been swept away.

Ireland, however, can hardly ever be made a country of

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peasant proprietors. Its climate generally is too wet for grain. It is a grazing country, and grazing farms must be large. Nor would the abolition of the double ownership and the annihilation of the Irish gentry certainly prove a social, even if it were an economical, gain. The Irish people, in their present stage of development at least, are specially in need of social leaders. By the destruction of the gentry they would be left leaderless, and they and their country might fall into the hands of the money-lender and the priest.

The moral purity of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland is strongly attested by the best Protestants, and they have a really noble record of service rendered to the people in its dark hour of helotage, when, ill-educated and somewhat coarse as the priests were, they were the sole teachers of the Catholic peasant, and by their ministrations alone saved him from sinking to the level of the brutes. But the author of "Priest and People," though manifestly a bitter enemy of the priest, is probably right in saying that they absorb for uneconomical purposes a great part of the earnings of the people.

The Unionist Government no doubt expects that this vast largess will put an end to the political as well as to the agrarian agitation, and that no more will be heard of Home Rule. But is this hope perfectly well founded? Mr. Chamberlain says that Home Rule is a snake scotched but not killed. There can hardly be a doubt that hitherto the agrarian movement has been the strong movement, and that the political movement by itself has been weak and come to nothing. But in the course of their long struggle a feeling of nationality and of antagonism to Great Britain has been developed in Ireland and inflamed by trans-Atlantic Fenianism. This may not pass away though the object of the agrarian movement has been gained. It may even be fortified and made more hopeful of success by a concession, which the British Government regards as a largess, but which the Irish may be led by enemies of the Union to regard as extorted tribute. Nothing could be more violently and offensively hostile than the bearing of the Irish,

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in Ireland and out of it, towards Great Britain during the South African War. It is not unlikely that many of them may ascribe Mr. Wyndham's measure less to the generosity of the Tory Government than to the straits into which England had been brought by the war.

Seven centuries since the landing of Strongbow have been spent in settling the political relation of Ireland to England, and the question is not yet at rest. For this there was a combination of causes: the different characters of the races; the incompleteness of the Anglo-Norman conquest, which instead of giving birth to a national aristocracy destined in course of time to unite with the people like the Norman aristocracy of England, produced a Pale, the Channel and the Welsh mountains blocking the approach to it from England; the distraction of the forces of the English monarchy by wars in France or baronial and dynastic wars at home. Presently the division of religion in Ireland was added to that of race and the rival claims to the land. There ensued murderous wars at once of race and of religion. As the ultimate outcome of those wars Ireland was reduced to the condition of a dependency, and the long revolt against that condition followed, ending in the murderous outbreak of '98. The first relation between the English crown and the Pale was something like the relation between the Governments after the repeal of Poynings' Act and the Act of George I., affirming the right of the British Parliament to legislate for Ireland. There were two kingdoms, or rather a kingdom and a lordship or sovereignty (*dominium*), each with a feudal assembly, afterwards developed into a Parliament under the same crown. But the erratic character of the Irish Parliament led to the passing of the Poynings' Act which subjected its legislation to the control of the English Council. The Irish tribes, occupying far the greater part of the island, remained outside the effective rule of the English crown altogether, and in a state of perpetual war with the Parliament, which raided upon them as British Colonies at the present day raid upon

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native races with punitive expeditions, though the wild life of the Irish was catching, and it was deemed necessary to make laws against degenerate assimilation. Tudor conquest, massacre, and devastation having brought Ireland generally under English power, and supplanted the Brehon by English law, James I. called a Parliament of all Ireland, Catholic as well as Protestant. But that Parliament, the only semblance of a really national assembly that Ireland was destined ever to see, ended in a ridiculous brawl. Strafford's despotism was exercised under a Parliamentary form. Then came the insurrection and massacre of 1641, followed by a civil war of friends; then Cromwell and the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland. It is difficult to see why the reality of the two unions and of "the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland" should be called in question, though the representation of Scotland and Ireland may not have been at once settled. In the Barebones Parliament, it is true, the representation of Ireland was little more than nominal. But the Instrument of Government provides for the assignment of a real representation. That Scotland prospered greatly under the Union and the Protectorate is positively attested by Burnet. That Ireland also prospered is not less positively attested by the Protector's great enemy Clarendon, who says that the settlement was completed "within little more than two years, to that degree of perfection that there were many buildings raised for beauty as well as use, orderly and regular plantations of trees, and fences and enclosures raised throughout the kingdom, purchases made by one from the other at very valuable rates, and jointures made upon marriages, and all other conveyances and settlements executed, as in a kingdom at peace within itself, and where no doubt could be made of the validity of the titles." ("Life" I, 887.) It is true that Clarendon adds that "few were contented." But with peace and prosperity contentment would have come, and the veil would gradually have fallen over the horrors of the past. It is difficult to understand how in face of such evidence and of

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every possible proof of good intentions on the part of the Protector and of his son and vicegerent, historians can treat him as the grand enemy of Ireland. He could not, even if he had desired, have reversed the victory of the Saxon and the Protestant. He could no more, after the massacre of 1641, and the war of races and religions which followed, have given up Ireland to the vanquished Celt and Catholic than a British ruler after Cawnpore could have given up India to the sepoy. He could not permit the celebration of the Mass which, the relations of Rome and her powers to Protestant Governments being what they were, meant not only idolatry but rebellion. But he did proclaim liberty of conscience, which was more than Catholic Governments allowed. The free trade with England, which the Union assured, was a priceless boon. It would have opened to the Irish the industrial sources not only of wealth but of civilisation. Had his policy endured, with such modifications as the growth of tolerance and political light would have brought, all might long ago have been well.

The Restoration broke the Union and reduced Ireland again to the condition of a dependency, and not of an ordinary dependency but of one hated by English and Scotch Protestantism on account of the Romanism of the native population, despised as barbarous and overshadowed by the dark memories of 1641. Conquered and dependent Ireland was to the English ruler and trader a wash-pot like Moab and an Edom over which he cast his shoe.

The brief up-rising of the native and Catholic Irish under James II., not for the Stuart but for independence and the land, having been suppressed by the Saxon and Protestant sword, was followed by the hideous era of the penal code, a reign of iniquity and cruelty almost inconceivable till we look round and see what was going on then and long after that time in Catholic Europe. The native and Catholic race sank into prostration and despair, their material condition at the same time being such that Swift, with ghastly irony, advised them to eat their babies. The subjection of Ireland to English

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power and of her interests to those of her masters was completed by the Act of George I., asserting the power of the British Parliament to make laws for Ireland.

But now the Saxon and Protestant oligarchy began to feel galled by the yoke of dependence, which grew heavier with the suppression of Irish trade, while Irish office and the Irish pension list were made a privy hoard for British corruption. At the time of the union with Scotland Protestant Ireland had expressed a wish for a similar union. But, heartrending to relate, English protectionism had succeeded in repelling the advance. At length the oligarchy struck for Parliamentary independence, which it succeeded in wresting from Great Britain when she was embarrassed by the war with the American colonies, and Ireland being denuded of troops the oligarchy raised an army of volunteers.

The Government which followed was still that of the Protestant oligarchy, excluding from power five-sixths of the population, and at the same time a Parliament of rotten boroughs. It was controlled and prevented from breaking loose from the Parliamentary government of Great Britain by Castle patronage and corruption. The end of this came when the French Revolution broke out and fired two mines: that of revolutionary sentiment, largely due to the influence of the State Church hierarchy in Belfast; and that of agrarian and Catholic discontent in other parts of the island. In '98 the Protestant and oligarchical government of Ireland went down in a cataclysm of blood. Then Pitt took necessity by the hand and carried Parliamentary union, on which, no doubt, his heart had long been set, though to accuse him of furtively favouring rebellion with a view of bringing it about is the most ridiculous injustice.

Mr. Lecky, whose name must always be mentioned with respect, is now himself a Unionist. But as a historian he casts discredit on the Union. The moral inference which an Irish reader would be apt to draw from his pages is that the measure was a wrong done to the Irish nation by force and corruption,

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against which Irish patriotism is bound for ever to protest. But in the first place there was no Irish nation. There was a Protestant and Saxon obligarchy on one side and a race of Celtic and Catholic helots on the other, the two being united by no real bond and having just collided in murderous war. Government had perished. An appeal to the country by a general election, which Mr. Lecky thinks should have been made, would have been futile when five-sixths of the people were still incapable of being elected for Parliament, and might have provoked disturbance such as would have caused a fresh outburst of the civil war. The Union was not carried by corruption. The indemnities for nomination boroughs were given by Act of Parliament alike to supporters and opponents of the Union, and were perfectly in accordance with the notions of the time about property in boroughs; nor can any other fund be named out of which the supposed bribes could have been taken. As little was there resort to military force. Pitt held out informally to the Catholics the hope of emancipation. That hope he did his best to fulfil. He was prevented by the influence of the heads of the Established Church playing on the morbid conscience of the king. But the pledge was redeemed before a generation had passed away. The Union has been followed at intervals, unfortunately too long, not only by Catholic emancipation, commutation of tithes, and ultimate disestablishment, grants to Maynooth, and national education, but at last by very strong and sweeping measures of land law reform; while Irish industry has had free access to the British market, and Irishmen have fully shared all the advantages and prizes of the Empire. Steam has drawn the two islands together, and intercourse has dissipated the prejudice once felt by the exclusive Englishman against the Irish character. The Irish adventurer, in former days the object of much unjust suspicion on the part of Englishmen, has long since passed out of existence.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that through this protracted struggle for one reform after another, a national

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and separatist spirit has been evoked in Ireland, at least among the Celtic and Catholic Irish, which it may now be very difficult to allay. Hatred of England and desire of setting Ireland free from her yoke have found unrestrained and passionate expression among the Irish on the other side of the Atlantic. Fenianism and the Clan Na Gael, acting from their head-quarters in the United States, have lent fresh force and a more rancorous spirit to the political agitation, besides largely aiding it with funds. American sympathy, the profession of it at least, has been enforced by the Irish vote, the influence of which was great enough to deter Congress from paying a tribute of gratitude to the memory of John Bright, the mighty champion of the American cause in England in the dark hours of the Republic. The political agitation may almost be said to have had its soul and centre in the United States. The influence of the Irish vote in American politics, it is true, has of late been growing less, partly perhaps owing to the influx of other races, but principally owing to a change in the sentiments of the American people themselves, since they have been infected by Imperialism, and have made for themselves an Ireland in the Philippines.

There are five possible relations of Ireland to England: independence, dependence, union of crowns without union of parliaments, legislative union, and Home Rule—that is, an Irish parliament separate, but subordinate, to the Parliament of the United Kingdom. Something has been said about federation; but that system is manifestly inapplicable to the case of a pair of States, one of them far larger and more powerful than the other. The experiment has been tried in the case of Sweden and Norway, and the result has been perpetual discord, the lesser State always suspecting that it was being wronged, and that its independence was threatened by the greater. Some have actually talked of reducing the whole United Kingdom to its elements, in order to furnish the group of States to which the federal system is applicable. But the idea is not likely ever to be seriously entertained. If anything

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of the kind were to be done, it would be better to restore the Heptarchy, and extend the break-up to Scotland and Ireland, than by re-awakening the slumbering nationalities of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland to set them once more by the ears. The daughters of Pelias found it easier to cut up their father and throw his limbs into the magic cauldron than to put the limbs together again and infuse into them a new life.

Dependence, such as it was during the period covered by the operation of the Poynings' Act and the Act of George I., nobody would now propose to revive. Nor would anybody propose to revive the system which prevailed after the repeal of those Acts, when there were two parliaments independent of each other under the same crown, and legislative disruption was averted from hour to hour by Castle influence, combined with that of the Anglican episcopate, and by systematic corruption. Parliament being now supreme two parliaments would mean two nations.

Home Rule means a statutory or vassal parliament for Ireland, with powers conferred and limited by the Parliament of the United Kingdom. It is hardly possible to doubt that the temper of the Irish and their attitude towards Great Britain being what they are, there would speedily follow a struggle on the part of the Irish parliament for equality and emancipation. Irish leaders, some of them at least, indeed, while they vote for Home Rule, hardly affect to deny that they cherish an ulterior design. Rebellion and the invocation of foreign aid, if ever Great Britain should be in distress, would be a not unlikely result. The sequel would probably be re-conquest and a renewal of government by the sword. Matters really local may, of course, to an indefinite extent be delegated to local authorities, but national questions such as those with which parliaments have to deal, including questions of peace and war, are not susceptible of delegation. Of all conceivable schemes of Home Rule, the most extreme, not to say the wildest, was that at last proposed by Mr. Gladstone, giving Ireland a parliament all her own and at the same time full representation in

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the Parliament of Great Britain. Yet this scheme passed the House of Commons by a majority of forty-three. Many of those who voted for it no doubt did so in the assurance that it would be thrown out in the House of Lords. But whatever may have been the motive, the Bill passed the Commons, and implied a recognition of the claim of Ireland to a parliament of her own, which is not easily cancelled or effaced.[1]

Legislative union or independence; between these two the choice apparently lies. Can the Irish delegation be made, what it has not hitherto been, or shown any sign of becoming, an integral and loyal element of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, sincerely deliberating with the rest for the common interest; or is it destined to remain an alien and intrusive force, with separate objects of its own, playing British parties against each other and recklessly disturbing British councils? In the first case, legislative union, with a due measure of local self-government, is undoubtedly the settlement to which the common interest of the two islands points. In the second case, there seems to be nothing for it but Independence, which, in the end, with help of free trade, friendly intercourse of all kinds, and the need of mutual support in time of danger, might ultimately bring back the union.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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THE BLAZE IN THE BALKANS

THE Balkans are ablaze again, and the much vaunted Turkish reforms have proved to be as ineffectual as any one who has travelled among any of the Balkan peoples knew they would. Is it likely that the Turks, who have hopelessly mismanaged the enslaved races for five centuries, would suddenly find out how to remedy the accumulated evils of all these years because Austria and Russia told them they must? Is it not a case of "physician heal thyself"? With their notoriously corrupt system of government, how can any sane person believe that the Turks, even if willing, are capable of spreading sweetness and light in this unhappy land? Whether the present uprising prove abortive or not is not the question. The point to consider is that as long as the Turk is permitted to "govern" these peoples at all so long will there be "trouble in the Balkans," and the story will be written in blood, and in more blood, until the end. The population may be crushed into a semblance of quietude temporarily, but there will be no peace, no progress, no civilisation; and it must be remembered that nothing ever stands still. Things that do not progress slip backwards, and the longer these people remain under Turkish power the more demoralised do they become. Those who now denounce them as savages should remember that they have had five centuries of Turkish rule. During those five centuries West Europe has advanced but the Near East has rotted, hopeless and helpless. West

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Europe has lately shuddered, and rightly, at the assassination in Servia, and in its horror forgets the school that Servia was educated in. Servia became a Turkish province in the fifteenth century, and was not freed till the nineteenth. None of the nations who helped to retain the Turk in power have a right to throw stones. I do not wish to deny the Turk any good qualities. He possibly did the best he was capable of according to his lights. But his greatest admirer must admit that, as an administrator and as a trainer and teacher of subject races, he has failed most dismally.

I have but a fortnight ago returned from the Balkan Peninsula. It was my fifth visit. I have a good many acquaintances of various nationalities, and they talked freely to me, more freely, indeed, than was really at all prudent. They told me, among other things, that as soon as the harvest was in, which would be about the middle of August, a widespread uprising would take place, and that it was all fully organised, and they warned me if I were staying out there not to travel by train on Turkish territory, or, at any rate, in no train that carried Turkish troops. Just at the time that I was told this I received a copy of the *Times*, in which I read that the outlook in Macedonia was brighter and things were quieting down. I mentioned this to a Bulgarian, and he smiled grimly: "Your people don't know anything about us. Tell them so when you go back." Another man told me, laughing, that the newspaper correspondents had all left Uskub, and that most of them had returned to their respective lands. "They think it is all over," he said, "and it is now really going to begin!" And the belief that it was to be the beginning of the end was widespread among all classes and nationalities. Servian, Bulgarian, Montenegrin, and Christian Albanian alike jeered at the reforms, and asked me if my people really thought them possible. The only reform possible, they agreed, was to remove the Turk altogether from Europe. There are few points upon which the Bulgarian, the Servian, and the Albanian do agree, but upon this point they are at one. Moreover, the situation is so

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bad that they all think almost any change would be for the better, and they believe that the change is about to take place. Some of the town Christian Albanians, who suffer considerably from the savagery of their mountain brethren, even expressed a desire to be "taken" by somebody. "By whom?" I asked. "Oh, by Austria, or Italy, or you, or anybody. It could not be worse than it is now!"

There is another point on which all the Balkan peoples agree, and that is in their hatred of all Germans, the "dirty Schwabs" as they call them. The Sultan is believed to have obtained up-to-date artillery from Germany though unable to pay for it, and the Emperor is held responsible. "He is a holy Christian man," they say, "and supports the Mahommedans." There was a good deal of Anglophobia in Germany a little while ago; but I doubt if it can have exceeded in bitterness the feeling against the Germans in the Balkan peninsula. And this feeling in the majority of cases includes the Austrians.

I am always most kindly received, but I am told "Your people have acted very wrongly throughout. Of course we know they had their political reasons, but they acted wrongly, and in the end will get no good by it." On arrival in a new place, though all my relations consider me aggressively British I am invariably taken for a Russian, so I make a favourable first impression. And when I ask the reason for this mistake in my nationality I am always told, "because thou comest as our friend," or "because no one else would take so much trouble for us!" Both of which replies are illuminating. Most of the people seem to consider England's position with regard to the Near Eastern questions due to ignorance and not to wilful wickedness such as they ascribe to the Germans. This, however, may be out of kind consideration for my feelings.

The idea of English ignorance is very general. An Albanian one day, to whom I had been talking for quite half an hour, asked me what land I came from. "I'm

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English," I replied. "English!" he cried with amazement, "that is impossible." "Why?" "Because the English don't know anything!" This is an alarmingly sweeping statement. Nevertheless it is quite true that few English people are aware of the immense strides that have been made in the lands released from Turkish rule in 1878. It is no exaggeration to say that in that short space of time more has been done towards improving all the conditions of life than in the previous four centuries. There are good roads, well-appointed schools, the towns have been largely rebuilt, and they are clean and tidy; far cleaner than those, for example, of Normandy. The free Balkan States are supposed by the average Briton to be wild and dangerous places. I can only say, from experience, that both Servia and Montenegro have treated me exceedingly well, and that to go from either of them into Turkey is to plunge from safety and civilisation into danger; from the twentieth century into the Middle Ages; off the pavement into the sewer.

Owing to local influential friends and a chapter of lucky accidents, too long to relate here, I succeeded but a few weeks ago in penetrating a dark and little known corner of that Turkish province known as "Old Servia." I entered it over a frontier that was lately bleeding, by a pass opened by recent fighting and untraversed for some years by any traveller from the West of Europe. I have no space here to recount the journey along a track marked with murder stones into this helpless, hapless land. I started upon the expedition with gay light-heartedness; but I was conscious almost as soon as I had crossed the frontier that there was horror in the air. Every one of the Christian population was afraid of an indefinite something which might happen any minute; there was a curious sensation of mistrust everywhere. I had started with the idea that there was no danger, and was somewhat surprised when every one said "Fear not. To-day it is safe." By way of cheering me some women said, "The Turks are afraid of your friends across the frontier. They will not dare touch

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you for they know you would be nobly avenged." This latter, of course, was nonsense, but they believed it. The local point of view was illustrated with peculiar vividness by the conversation of the women. They were extremely ignorant; England was a mere name to them that conveyed no idea at all. Beyond their own immediate surroundings, indeed, they *had* no ideas, and their whole mental horizon was bounded by Turks. "Turks" I must here state emphatically means throughout the Balkan Peninsula "Mahommedans." A Mahommedan of any race calls himself and is called a Turk. These women used to come in to interview me, for I was a stranger and quite a new sight. My hat alone was sufficient attraction, for I was the only woman in the land that possessed one. Whence I came from, my relations, and many highly personal details were an unfailing source of interest. Truth to tell, these conversations, when one arrives tired after a long day's ride, are wearisome to the last degree, but in travelling in these lands there is only one road to success, and that is not to lose patience with the people under any circumstances. Omitting many personal questions about myself, both inside and outside, the conversation was always on this pattern.

"Have you a father?" "No." "Did the Turks kill him?" "No." This seemed to cause surprise. Then, "Have you any brothers?" "Yes." "Glory be to God! How many Turks have they killed?" My expedition was looked on as a rather sporting event, consequently my male relatives were credited with a passion for the battlefield, which they are far from possessing. There was always some disappointment when I said they had slain none, and a feeling that the family was not up to sample. The next question would be, "Is thy villayet (= province) far off?" "Yes; very." "Five days?" "More." "God help thee! Are there many Turks in thy villayet?" "No; none." "No Turks! Dear God, it is a marvel"; and so on, and so on. "The Turks," said a man to me, "shot my father before my eyes when I was fifteen." His wife gave a cry of alarm, and rushed to shut the window

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lest she should be overheard. And all these things are trivial details, but little straws show which way the wind blows. To me they were more eloquent than columns of unauthenticated atrocities in the papers.

The land, until lately terrorised and plundered by the Mahommedan Albanians, was being eaten up by a large army of occupation, and hay and corn were dear. I saw quantities of soldiers. Some 80,000 Nizams were encamped in the neighbourhood of one town and 50,000 in the next district, so I was told. The people were in terror of the Nizams; but they were in even greater terror of the Mahommedan Albanians. "When the Nizams go the Albanians will attack us again. The 'reforms' are nothing." Poor Stcherbina, the Russian consul, who was murdered at Mitrovitza, was looked on as a martyr who had died to save them, and I was shown his photograph. "Till he was shot the Government would do nothing to protect us. Then Russia made them."

Every one was hopeless and incredulous of reforms, and has ceased to look for help to any Power but Russia. I can best describe the way in which the Christian population regards the Mahommedan by saying that they would not allow me to go into the town of Ipek with less than five men, and that the head of the monastery, at which I was lodging, himself went with me. Whether these precautions were necessary I cannot say. I only know that the people of the monastery were horrified when I proposed going alone with my guide, and begged me not to do it. The town itself is a frowsy hole, too squalid for picturesqueness, a striking contrast to the clean, tidy little towns of Servia and Montenegro.

The fat and fertile plains around, which undulate away as far as Kosovo, could produce much, but, owing to the fact that they are liable to constant raiding and to the other fact that what is not plundered by Albanians is taken by tax-gatherers, they are sparsely inhabited and but scantily cultivated. The houses, which are few and far between, have the appearance of block-houses, and have tiny loophole-like windows. Houses here

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must be capable of sustaining an attack. The Turkish officials provided me with two mounted gensdarmes, and I rode to the lonely monastery of Decani. Here I met with the most striking example of the Christians' opinion of the Nizams. The church, a relic of the days of Servia's glory, is a very fine structure of white marble, and the monastery was one of the richest in the country. Now it is very poor, for the Albanians have swooped upon its lands. Twenty Nizams were quartered in the monastery under the command of a young Turkish lieutenant, for the neighbourhood was accounted dangerous. I was not allowed to go outside the monastery without the gensdarmes. When evening came and I wished to go to bed I was approached by a young theological student who was attached to the monastery and who had been told off to look after me. He was a gentle, very civil young fellow of Servian blood, who had lived most of his life in the neighbourhood, and had a timid, subdued air. He looked anxious and whispered to me, "Lock your door to-night. The Nizams are from Asia. They are very bad. They will probably come to your room, and they are devils." I had, of course, intended locking the door, Nizams or no Nizams, and I thought he was nervous, so I thanked him and said, "Good night," without paying much attention to his fears. Just as I was about to fasten the door my guide appeared. He had been recommended to me as a most reliable man, and I had every confidence in him. He came softly down the corridor, entered my room, and tried the iron bars at the windows. Finding them strong, he then examined the lock on the door and the large staple the bolt shot into, and ascertained that the key would turn twice. Then he said, "Lock your door and turn the key twice. The Nizams will come in the night. They are very bad. They come from Asia. They all have long knives. They will come in the night, and they will do—so!" he drew his finger across his carotid, dropped his head on one side, and gave a clicking gasp that was horribly realistic and must have been studied from nature; "they will kill you for what you have in your

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saddle-bag; they will say the Christians have done it, and the officer will believe them."

He waited outside till I had double-locked the door, said "sleep safely," and left me. I had no weapon of any kind with me, so I reflected that surgical operations, of the above violent description, were better done under chloroform, and went to sleep. As I was very tired I slept through till morning, and I shall never know if that door was tried. I fancy the danger was exaggerated, as most people are governed by expediency, and the game would not have been worth the trouble. I tell the episode as it happened, to show the estimation in which the army of the reformers is held. Next morning I made the acquaintance of the officer. He was much exercised about me and agog with curiosity. To judge from the embarrassment it caused him, I think it must have been one of the first times he had interviewed an unveiled lady. He was a civil, gentlemanly young fellow, and very anxious to talk with me. Unluckily he spoke nothing but Turkish, of which I know no word, and the conversation was interpreted by one of the gensdarmes. I cannot therefore vouch for the truth of it. It was reported thus: He came from Stamboul, and was in this part of the Empire for the first time. He asked if I knew Stamboul, and on learning that I did not, said he was very sorry that I should not have been there first. There all peoples and all religions lived together in peace, "as they do in your land"; all was good and happy. Here it was not so. He himself was amazed to find it so wild. He had not known there were such savages in the land. The Albanians were a great surprise to him. Here some one intervened and told him that they were by no means new to me, and that I had previously been in Albania. Thereupon he asked for my opinion on them and the political situation. I left the political situation alone, and said, "The Albanians are very brave and have plenty of intelligence, but they know nothing, and they live like animals." He agreed at once, and said with emphasis, "They must be taught, they must have schools; schools in

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every town and in every village; schools everywhere." I reflected that, as the Turks have held Albania for quite four hundred years, it was a pity they had not thought out some plan of this sort a little earlier in the day, but I merely remarked that schools were certainly required.

I was then told that the lieutenant was much pleased with my views, and said that the English understood Turkey. He was kind enough to add that the Sultan, the King of England, and the Emperor of Germany were the only sovereigns in Europe who had intelligence. My feelings at the company that was allotted us were too deep for words, but I believe the gendarme filled the gap with something that expressed the joy that I was supposed to feel. By the influence of these three sovereigns, said the lieutenant, order would be brought about throughout Turkey. He seemed to be blissfully unaware that

> All the king's horses and all the king's men,
> Can never put Humpty Dumpty together again.

He was very sanguine about the "reforms," and seemed to think they were well on the way to completion. And all the time the Christians of the monastery sat round and said nothing, and all the time I thought of the outbreak which I had been told was preparing. And the lieutenant babbled on. In order that I might see for myself how reformed the country was, he proposed that I should go yet further afield. "Take as many of my Nizams as you wish and go to Gusinje," he said, "instead of returning the way you came." Now this was a very tempting offer, for Gusinje has the worst reputation of all the towns of North Albania, and few people from the West have succeeded in penetrating it. But the officer did not offer to accompany me, and I remembered the warnings of the night before. Moreover, to prevent my further explorations the Pasha at Ipek had detained my passport, and to be caught up-country, minus a passport, by a Turkish official might lead to very unpleasant consequences. But I badly wanted to go. I

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looked at my guide's face for the casting vote, and the haggard anxiety of it decided me at once. I politely declined the offer and he breathed again. Safe back in England I feel as though I had thrown away an opportunity, but, excepting that young Turkish officer, every one, including even the gendarme who escorted me back to the frontier, assured me that it would have been an expedition from which I should never have returned. I have not sufficient experience of Nizams to offer an opinion.

The lieutenant very politely escorted me back to Ipek, this time with five mounted gensdarmes. He pointed out how well I was being taken care of, and begged that I would tell my people of the improved state of the country. I must therefore enphasise the fact that it was possible, protected by five armed men, to ride for three hours without being shot at, for this was the fact he so greatly admired.

Briefly, the "reforms," as far as "Old Servia" is concerned, consist of a large army of Nizams, of which the inhabitants are terrified, and for which they have to pay. This has, by force of arms, temporally ejected the Mahommedan Albanians. These soldiers, I was told, were unpaid and insufficiently fed. And even some of the Christians spoke of them with more or less pity on this account, much as they disliked and feared them. In Albania, so far as I could learn from the Albanians, nothing that is likely to lead to any future improvement has been effected. Without making war upon them the Turks cannot disarm the wild mountain tribes. Moreover, in the event of a war with Bulgaria, Turkey would require these same men as soldiers, and, as the bulk of the unruly ones are Mahommedans, would probably obtain them; but such is the strained situation that this is not quite certain. So valuable, indeed, have they always been as fighting men, that the Turkish Government has hitherto allowed them every licence in order to keep on good terms with them, and nothing but Austro-Russian pressure has brought about even a pretence at keeping order. The Albanians are a fiercely independent

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people, and have hitherto tolerated Turkish "government" only because it is unable to govern them. They have formed, hitherto, the flower of the Turkish army in Europe, and in return for their services have been allowed to do as they please. I found many people who believed that in the event of a general war it was possible that the Albanians would elect to play a game of their own, and not to support a dying cause. Some, including Albanians, even spoke of "the Albanian king that is soon to be." I cannot say that I see any likelihood that this wild scheme will be carried out. Nevertheless, I was surprised to find many Serbs in favour of it. They believed that all Albanian atrocities were instigated by the Turkish Government, and that, left to themselves, the Albanians would develop into a fine people. That they have many fine qualities is undoubtedly true. Whether they are capable of self-government is quite another thing. To this I was always given the old reply, "things could not be worse than they are now."

As far as Old Servia and Albania are concerned the reform scheme is a mere farce; neither has it been more successful in Macedonia. The "reforms" are offered many years too late in the world's history, and all the Balkan peoples know how much Turkish promises are worth. In fact, when one is in the Balkan Peninsula, all plans for a reformed and peaceful Turkish Empire in Europe, no matter how well they read on paper in England, resemble nothing so much as attempts to solder up a volcano in eruption.

"Europe," said a man to me, "knows nothing about us, cares nothing, understands nothing. If no one will help us we must help ourselves. The organisation in Macedonia is complete. We have, and have had for years, agents in every town, in every village. We are fully armed. The people are ready to die for the cause. All is ready, and we shall begin."

This was in July, and they have begun. If the rest of the schemes that I got wind of are carried out with the same

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punctuality a good deal of "history" is hurrying up. I have seen too much of the Balkan people to offer any solution of their difficulties, for there is "a lion in every path." But I have found them honest, kindly, generous and hospitable, and I wish them well.

M. Edith Durham

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THE TIPSTER AND HIS TRADE

IS betting morally wrong? The Select Committee do not look upon it "in itself" as a crime. It seems a nut for casuists to crack. Attempts to establish an answer in the affirmative have met with but poor success. The Decalogue can only be compelled to condemn it by the unmerciful stretching of two or three commandments upon the rack of inference; the Golden Rule hits the Stock Exchange at least as hard as the Turf, besides flying straight in the face of the whole spirit of modern commerce. But be it right or be it wrong, it is quite certain that men will continue to offer sacrifices to Fortune and that the "lawfulness" of their doing so in any given way must ultimately depend upon its "convenience." If the goddess worshipped at this particular shrine is Ruin, masked under the attributes of Fortune; if the approaches to the temple are so beset by leprous hangers-on of the accredited priesthood that votaries can hardly return home without carrying with them the germs of loathsome disease; if the maintenance of the whole cult falls ultimately upon the shoulders of people who do not willingly support it and who get nothing from it but misery—if all this is demonstrable, it would be no more than reasonable to demand that its "immorality" should be held to be constructively proved and that those who live by it should be regarded as outside the social pale. This is the very heart and kernel of the matter. If they are not so regarded, legislation is powerless.

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It is hard to get the subject taken seriously. Humorous allowance is made for the manners and customs of what we accept as a borderland between legality and illegality. We are pretty well aware that the inhabitants "seek the beeves that make their broth" in either country. The tricks and counter-tricks of touts and trainers, the astuteness of a racing peer, or the profound dissimulation with which a great book-maker masks until the last moment the battery which is to scatter ruin among the unwary who have been tempted within range—it has all the attraction for an idle mood of the history of Reineke Fuchs. We look upon the betting world as Charles Lamb would have us look upon the Comedy of Congreve. In that atmosphere, morals are *de trop*. Our borderers are not to be judged by common laws. Do they live, cuckoowise, on the industry of honest people? We know it and smile indulgently. It used to be held that the heat of the sun was maintained by comets constantly falling into it. If fools will play the part of fuel to the sacred fire ministered to by the tipster and the tout, so much the worse for them. Their fate may serve as a corrective to folly. We are proud of the scale upon which our great national sport is maintained, and extensive betting is a *sine quâ non* to its magnificence. After all, it takes all sorts to make a world. The police do quite enough in the way of repression to satisfy the national conscience.

So the man in the street. His eyes are opened every now and then for a moment, perhaps, by authoritative utterances like Mr. Justice Grantham's recent denunciation of "cursed tipsters," to the character of the pressure brought to bear by systematised scoundrelism upon people incapable of protecting themselves. But he is not his brother's keeper. What is every one's business is no one's business. And so the meshes of the net cast over England grow closer and closer. For a long time it only aimed at the capture of sizable fishes. But the betting interest has learnt, like the railways, that the third class pays better than the first and the second together. And it is not only the towns that are worked. The agency system

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is exactly as well understood by the bookmaker as it is by the Brummagem jeweller. If the book-your-bets "traveller" does not yet call for orders at the cottage door, he is only round the corner. He is to be heard of at the public. The trade of betting in all its branches is swelling as its lucrative character is more widely known. And country villages offer the only possible field for the expansion of its business.

And why not? Why should not the peasant and the mechanic have the same distraction to the weary monotony of their lives as the club-man in all his varieties? Two practical reasons dispose of the theoretical equality of the cases. The first is obvious. When the profit of a highly intelligent class depends upon the extent to which natural appetites can be stimulated among those very much their inferiors in intelligence, the latter are certain to suffer. The savage will barter his land for beads, the slum-dweller will sell his very soul for drink. All the better for the trader and the slum-sucker, but decidedly the worse for their customers. And the appetite in this case is not only stimulated but depraved. Betting now, among the poor, means something perfectly different from what it did even fifty years ago. I will give an instance. I was told once with pride by an elderly man of the labouring class, a local preacher of exemplary character, that in the days of his strength he had backed himself for ten shillings to mow a particular field in a day and won his bet. I heard the other day of a man of the same class sending the same sum to an advertising tipster for two horses, *i.e.*, for the names of any two horses that could be recommended as an investment for money to be put on through a commission agent. Betting is indigenous to English soil. It counts in the scanty flora of the grudgingly tolerated hedge-rows in which the dull plough-land of working life is framed. It is a "simple," useful for bringing folly-swollen swagger to a head, upon which the lancet of pecuniary loss can advantageously operate. But cultivated for profit as a crop it is every whit as deleterious as the poppy. And its victims are not Chinamen but Englishmen.

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The second reason is even stronger. Everything connected with the particular sort of betting which it is the business of the tipster and the commission agent to push among the poor is more or less of a debasing character. Its local centres are public-houses where landlords make professional betting men welcome for the sake of the custom they bring. The two trades play into one another's hands. Below a certain level in society betting *inevitably* implies increased drinking. The publican is an ally who must have his share. Winning means treating, losing a consolatory glass, probably at the expense of the generous betting man who stimulates enterprise by the narration of his own successes and is always good for "four-pennorth." *Ground baiting is thoroughly understood.* What the atmosphere of a betting public-house is I will not attempt to describe. Imagine the foul allusions of the lowest sporting paper expanded and expounded for the benefit of half-drunk rustics or mechanics by a man who has taken every degree the purlieus of the racecourse can confer, with no more restraint than is imposed by the presence of a landlord whose one wish is to stimulate the demand for drink.

We look down from a virtuous elevation upon countries in which the lottery or the *pari-mutuel* is a recognised institution. But neither can be charged with the two evils I have mentioned as inherent in betting as carried on among ourselves. It is no one's interest to thrust them down people's throats and they do not involve degrading association. It is quite possible to imagine a young couple, hand locked in hand across a cradle, combining a "Terno," with the numbers suggested by baby's first smile of recognition, and the young mother's happy dream and the name of its patron saint; and they will pinch themselves to get the five lire that are to make baby's fortune, and go down together, all three, to the little official shop where the all-important numbers are to be taken. There is no drink in the business and no foul talk and no necessary association with what I may fairly call the vilest product of modern civilisation,

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bar none, the reptile who gets his livelihood by tempting the poor to bet.

"I took a single captive," says Sterne. Let us follow, step by step, a single victim of the advertising tipster.

John Smith, 27, mechanic, wages 80*s.* a week, married, two children, ordinary type, not booky, not faddy, not political, not one of the few who can throw themselves into altruistic work. His time of life is one that craves for individual activity. He is unwittingly just at the critical period when work and wage have a hard tussle with aimless aspiration. But work and wage have powerful allies in wife and home. Chance tips the scale. As he comes out of the shop he sees a knot of his mates with their heads together over a small and grimy sheet of printed matter. He feels out of it somehow, and exclusion stings. He chucks a half contemptuous jibe at them as he passes. "Gunpowder plot, eh? Going to blow up the works with that ha'porth o' dirt?" "Sixpennorth, then," says one. "Let's have a look," says Smith, curious. "I ain't going to split on your little games. Sixpence for that lot! It don't look cheap at the money." *The Ebor Observer* is certainly not a good sixpennorth as far as looks go. Smith turns over the couple of pages it contains. Names of races and horses lettered and numbered on some mysterious system.[1] General advice in bold type not apparently to be unreservedly accepted without particular counsel by post or wire. "Gems" and "Special Gems," so much. Strict confidence to be depended upon. No names handed on. "*That's* the way the money goes, Pop goes the weasel," chants Smith with affected scorn, in reality somewhat impressed by his peep into another world. "Hello! What's this? Cowlthorpe!" The name of a horse in big letters catches his eye. "Why, that's the place my grandfather come from!" "Now if I'd got a tip straight out o' the sky like that," says one of the men, impressively, "I'd back it if it was my last shirt

[1] *The Wiltshire Opinion.* Published at Marlborough. Only to be had by post. Price 7*d.* Much taken in the country villages.

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I sold to do it." "Back it then," says Smith; "you're welcome for me." And off he goes to his dinner. All the same it was odd, he thinks. *Haeret lateri.* "I'd put half a crown on Cowlthorpe if I knew how to do it." He does not know. The whole thing is a mystery into which initiation is indispensable. This is a necessary consequence of the present state of the law. Betting agents in the full practice of their business hardly know themselves the exact limits of their legal protection. They will not do business with a stranger. The confidence system is an integral part of the trade. Laws and by-laws are impotent to crush it, but they have succeeded to a certain extent in driving it underground, and the entrance of its catacombs is guarded by sign and password. Smith turns to a mate he is chummy with in work hours. "Want to put a trifle on Cowlthorpe? Mr. Roper's your man. 'The Rising Star' is one of his houses. You look in with me to-night." "Bring the money with me, I s'pose?" "Ay, and bring the police down on the house! Roper ain't such a fool as that. You come along with me and I'll make it all right." Smith doesn't much like it. "The Rising Star" is low, and the missus is all for respectability. Still—for once. The place is crammed with men of all classes from the clerk and the small tradesman to the hawker of boot-laces. Smith is dazed for a moment with the reek and the fume, and the unrestrained clatter of excited voices. He is not strait-laced, but every second word rasps on his ear like a file on iron. The pair push their way to the bar and Smith pays. "Wait a bit," says his mate; "the landlord's son will be round in a minute. You offer him a glass for the good of the house." A young man of sporting aspect comes up and exchanges a glance of intelligence with the speaker. "Friend o' yours? Glad to see him. We shall have Roper here in a minute." Smith does the "proper thing," and has to do it again for self and partner before the great man appears. A genial, personable man, very well dressed, with the air of a superior who has looked in to enjoy himself among the good fellows he knows

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outside. His very presence is reassuring. He diffuses respectability. A word from a man like that seems as good as a licence. His talk, which dominates everything, is of course racing, general views with particular reticences strongly emphasised, but nothing like business. By-and-bye he comes up, glass in hand, to where Smith is standing. "Glad to see you among us," he says heartily, and insists on standing a drink. "Old place to-morrow then, Mr. Roper?" asks Smith's mate. "That's the spot," says the great man cheerily. "Our friend Bluman happens to have a particular engagement at 12.30." As they go homeward Smith is enlightened on practical details. "You put down your name, and the horse, and the event, and what you back him for, on a bit of paper with the money inside and go down Primrose Street at 12.30. You'll see him at the corner. Just put it into his hand as you pass. You'll find a hundred others on the same lay as likely as not. You fall in along of 'em and pass in your turn." "But how about it if I win?" asks Smith. "I don't want the money sent to my place. The missus——" "Oh, don't you be afraid. You go up to him the day after the race and he'll hand over the coin. He'll know you right enough. There ain't no fools in his business. Or you just look in to-morrow and tell the landlord to take it for you. Roper 'll take his word that it's all right with you. All on honour here."

Two more four-pennorths, thinks Smith, as he goes home. He is rather late, sober enough but reeking of smoke and spirits. His little-practised imagination provides him with no more plausible excuse than—"Met an old friend." A conjugal difference inaugurates his *début* as a racing speculator.

Cowlthorpe does not happen to win. Smith's mate condoles. "But whatever made you fancy a brute like that? In the *Observer?* Now, do you think as the *Observer's* likely to put you up to a good thing without your paying for it? *Roper* would 'a told you better 'n that, if you'd asked him. It ain't nothing to him what you back. Now you just listen. You join with me and a couple of others and we'll send a sovereign

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for three of Mr. Wrigley's horses for the Leger. It's going to be an outsider's race. Roper let out as much as that when he'd got a drop aboard and was telling of the footman and butler as he used to keep when he owned a string o' nags his own self." "Who's Wrigley then?" asks Smith, ashamed of his ignorance. "Chap with offices in Princes Street. Name on a brass plate on the door. See him sometimes in a carriage and pair, looking like a duke. He finds the information for the *Observer*. And he finds the money. Roper runs it, but he's got Wrigley at his back. And the money goes on with him. Ten years ago (very impressively) that man was lying on his belly behind a bush on the Downs, with the chance of a horsewhip across his shoulders if any of 'em twigged him. And you look at him now!" "Tout?" asks Smith, with a touch of disgust. "That's about the size of it. Employs 'em now, half over England. There ain't much goes on in a stable as Wrigley don't know. He's at the top o' things now, and it pays him to be straight. He can't afford to send out a bad thing, not among his 'specially recommended' uns. Now we'll put a pound apiece on his selection o' three. There'll be one of 'em at pretty long odds, and that'll most likely be the winner. But if one o' the others wins that'll see us through with a pound or two to the good. And we'll get it on with Roper." Smith has a glass with his mate on the strength of their proposed partnership. Things look rosy. There's a pound or two to his name in the Post Office. He'll risk it.

Does he win? Does he lose? It makes little difference. His interests are transshipped henceforward from the good ship "Home" into a bark whose crew, captain, owners and charter-party are all equally villainous. In a story-book he would be speedily ruined and left begging at a street corner, with the possibility of reform and a new start just glimpsed upon the road. No such luck. "Thou art to continue" is the sentence generally passed by Fate upon him and his like. Very likely his house is *not* broken up, his furniture is not sold, his wife and children never see the inside of the work-

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house. He is degraded, that is all, and his descent is progressive. He is pinched for money now and grudges every penny spent upon the home. Sicknesses are doctor-starved and little family pleasures disappear. None of the winnings find their way into the home exchequer. The wife knows he bets and suffers the deadly anxiety of fear deferred. He has always the vision of a big *coup* which will set everything right. She has not even this delusive consolation. She sees into the squalid future, right on to the time when the children will learn how it is that father comes home so late and is so cross when he comes. By-and-bye there will be the inevitable scene when father will have taken "a little too much" and the boys will know it—and the girls—and the street. And the fabric of social position she has built up for the children at the cost of infinite self-denial will be hopelessly in ruins. What is it all to him? What are his children's fortunes at the school, or his wife's discovery of an honest milkman, or a chapel where the Gospel is really preached? How flat it all is! Sometimes, as the drink dies off him, his eyes open for a moment and he sees far behind him a vision of the green pastures he has left, the little pleasures to be had like wild flowers for the stooping down, the baby's amazing pleasantries, and the little lad's joy at the top "dada" brought home for him in his pocket, the good wife's cry of delight when he chanced to come home five minutes earlier than he was due—all gone. He is in the desert now and must wade through the hot sand till he reaches —what? A diamond ring like Mr. Roper's, or Mr. Wrigley's carriage and pair? Perhaps—it is a rare case, for the professional rarely comes from the ranks of honest work—perhaps he may learn to use his brains in the exploitation of the sordid *débris* of society with which he is surrounded. He may become a confederate, a man who is in the real know, who is admitted behind the scenes and gets his share of the plunder. Poor fellow! I wish him anything but that. Better the extremity of misery into which a victim can fall than his transformation into a tipster or a commission agent, or (for

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there is a lower depth still) into the jackal to either, the "good fellow" who brings men like a crimp to the press-gang, and smooths the way to ruin, who is hail-fellow-well-met with wage-earning men, casually suggests their looking in for half an hour and hospitably stands a glass "just for the pleasure of seeing you amongst us." This is the man who "just for a joke, you know," takes Mr. Roper's place at the corner of the street when the police, for decency's sake, find themselves compelled to take some notice of that gentleman's public receptions, or who conveys information as to the change of venue.

I have been speaking of men. To trace the effects of betting among women of the wage-earning class, which is, we must remember, the great reservoir of England's strength, is a task almost too painful for an honest pen. Drink and unchastity almost inevitably follow in its train. Transpose recent high-life scandals into lower surroundings, with every suggestion of evil writ large and plain, and you will have a faint idea of the moral tone of a working man's home in which the wife has taken to following the example set her by her aristocratic sisters.

I have spoken principally of towns. But the plague is spreading into even the most countrified of country villages. It has its *untori*[1] in every public-house. The gold-mine of agricultural labour has not even yet been so thoroughly worked by the drink-seller, and the grocer, and the farmer, and the "traveller" who induces the wife to buy refuse on credit, but that something is still left for the last Hodge-crushing machine to grind into profit. This machine is the combination of tipster and betting agent, and the man who draws together little groups of working men and shows them how they can invest what money can be screwed out of the wife's anxious housekeeping and the children's scanty food, under his auspices, upon the horses recommended by the firm whose interest he represents.

[1] Plague-matter smearers.

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Is the business considerable enough to enable him to keep up a handsome appearance? He will have no difficulty in obtaining social recognition. Like the old woman in Tennyson's half-forgotten verses who, "Feeding high and living soft, Grew plump and able-bodied, Until the grave churchwarden doffed, The parson smirked and nodded," he will be a *persona grata* in every estate of which the entire village constitution is built up.

This may serve to introduce the moral of what I have written. The recommendations of the Select Committee which have just been published are no doubt in the right direction. But repression up to a certain point only makes evil "tiller."[1] If fines are increased or multiplied it only means the necessary extension of the business they strike at to a degree that will allow for their payment and for the lubrication of a greater number of palms. The betting man is a very Proteus, and no knot will bind him unless the cord is hauled on by Society. I am old enough and I have seen enough to be able to give without absurdity a word of solemn warning. England must do something to protect women or woman will make England rue with a vengeance. Look at country villages. Drinking is already almost as rife (some people say more rife) among women than among men. Now women are *not* naturally disposed to drink. Hopelessness and degradation and misery have made their husbands drunkards and they have—God knows with what heart-break—allowed themselves to be dragged into the slough by the rope of conjugal influence and example. The effects of this are beginning already to be manifest in the children they rear. Women in towns have already taken to betting to an extent only realised by the police and the slum missionary. Women in country villages so far are free. They still look upon the tipster and the betting man as the natural enemies of the home. Let any one imagine with what feelings a poor woman, who has got five shillings instead of ten from her husband on Friday night and looks

[1] Come up in more stalks.

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forward to a week of semi-starvation for herself and insufficient bread for the children for the next seven days in consequence, sees the cordial recognition given by the parson to the *respectable* parishioner who is so liberal to the church, the hearty greeting with which the farmers meet the good fellow who can give them the last news of the doings in the great stables, the deferential bows of the village tradesmen and the village publicans as their friend and ally goes along the street! What has been robbed from her and her children goes to swell his prosperity. "Is it *nothing* to you who pass by?" What possible hope is there that her husband should ever resist temptation backed by the whole respectability of the village? She has fallen low already. She will fall lower still if nothing is done to support her in resistance. And she will drag England with her.

I want to speak openly, and I can hardly find decent words. Take a story. A Rabbi in old time was offered in a dream his choice of three sins—intoxication, incest, murder. He chose the first. The other two followed. If our respectable betting man was *known* to get the money that maintains his eminent respectability from keeping what is euphemistically known as a "disorderly house," I suppose (*pace* Mr. Bernard Shaw, who I fancy thinks otherwise) that people in an ordinarily decent position would turn their backs upon him—would have no truck with him, as country people say. Parson, farmer, tradesmen, they all know that wherever the betting man's influence prevails, drink and vice and crime and destitution spring up exactly, as certainly, as if he dibbled them in. Participation cannot be proved against them, moral responsibility weighs no more upon them than the fly on the cart-horse. And until Society unites to stamp out a social evil, no possible legislation will do it. Let Society leaders set an example to Society, each in the circle and in the measure of his influence, and betting, *as a business*, will disappear. Nothing more is wanted.

D. C. PEDDER.

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THE POETRY OF WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

THE friends of a man of letters are often inclined to resent the estimates of him formed by those who have not known him. And nowhere has this been seen more plainly than in the case of the friends of William Ernest Henley. Nor will any one deny that such a feeling is natural enough; indeed, it is more than natural, it is, from one point of view, true and final. Literature is the art of self-revelation; but no man has ever learned it perfectly. Genius itself has not the power, nor, perhaps, the courage, to give itself quite whole and quite naked to the public. The very best of any man, and perhaps the very worst, if known to any human soul, is known only to those who have been nearest of all to him. The heart and the brain are not among the visible parts of the body; and no vivid play of the features, no brightness of the eye or mobile energy of the tongue, ever quite utters all their secrets. And so, if even those who are nearest do not see all, the public who are not near see only that small part of a man's thoughts and emotions which coincided with a mood of self-revelation, and found artistic form ready to answer to that mood. By that the public judges the man; and for the public it is the whole of him. But for his friends, to whom it is so much less than the whole, no judgment so formed can be final or even acceptable.

With that reservation on their part no reasonable person will wish to quarrel. But if the inner circle of believers claim

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their right to an esoteric faith, the growth of personal and private experiences, the creed of the church at large can only be based on the facts and documents that are open to all. If Boswell had not lived, it would have been to no effect that Johnson's friends spoke or wrote of him as the greatest talker that ever lived, and a man before whose strength and wisdom the wisest men of his day stood in awe. The fact would have been interesting as their opinion, but in the absence of proof of it we should be judging Johnson to-day by his printed writings alone, and in consequence be ranking him immeasurably lower. So with Henley. He may have been all his friends tell of him—as irresistible in talk, as magnetic in influence, as quick to wound and heal, as prompt and lavish in sympathy; and these are great things to be, some of them, perhaps, greater achievements than very loudly applauded performances on paper. But after all, the fact remains that, failing a Boswell, it is by his performances on paper that a man of letters must ultimately be judged. It is out of his own mouth that Henley will receive sentence of praise or blame. No jealousies of those who did not love him, no angry loyalty of those who did, will fix his place in English letters, but just his own few volumes of prose and verse. And practically all he stands by as a poet may be seen in two volumes—the "Poems" of 1900, a reprint of his earlier work, and the "Hawthorn and Lavender" of 1901.

The first impression left by his poetry is certainly the one he would of all others have wished to leave. We feel that we have been close to a man. Here is one who loved and hated, ate and drank, enjoyed and suffered; no dandler of nice phrases, no cloistered echo of old books, but a breather of God's air, a liver of man's life. To have created that impression is, for a man whose health was what Henley's was, itself a triumph. To have been able, out of struggle and pain and disappointment, to utter even for a moment the universal human thanksgiving for the goodness of life so admirably as he has uttered it now and then, is such a victory of the spiritual over the material as is not seen every day:

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Praise the generous gods for giving
  In a world of wrath and strife,
With a little time for living,
  Unto all the joy of life.

At whatever source we drink it,
  Art or love or faith or wine,
In whatever terms we think it,
  It is common and divine.

Matthew Arnold once praised Byron for the "splendid and imperishable excellence of his sincerity and strength." The words come up in the memory when one reads Henley's verse. Few poets have ever more entirely possessed sincerity; few have ever more passionately desired strength. And the tragedy was that that was the one gift the gods denied him. Strength is serene, and he who touched so many moods never touches serenity. Men to whom the physical life, with all its energies and joys, has come naturally as a thing of course, do not talk about it for ever as Henley did. Nor is it they, but the invalids who have never had their fill of it, who rank its pleasures with "art and love and faith." No one would wish to dwell unfairly on this side of Henley which, if it has its disagreeable, has certainly also its touching aspect. But it is a real part of the total impression he leaves as a poet, and cannot be passed over. He cried out in that fine little poem, as well known as anything he wrote:

I thank whatever gods may be
  For my unconquerable soul.

. . . . . .

It matters not how strait the gate,
  How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
  I am the captain of my soul.

But, alas! that is not true of any of us, except in the Stoic's sense; and Henley, whatever he was, was no Stoic. And so because he would ask what had not been given, and because, like a true invalid, he made a glory of his own want of self-

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restraint, he came to have a liking for words and phrases which seemed from his sick-room to have the sap and vigour of health, but sound differently to those who know that health is not a noisy, irregular torrent, but an even flowing, even sounding, almost silent stream. It is a question of taste rather than of morals. No one was freer than Henley from the creeping hot-house vileness of certain writers of verse who had better not be named. With him it was only that his sedentary weakness chose to assume a swashbuckler, dare-devil attitude which seemed to want to shock or frighten decent folk out for an airing. That "something of the Shorter-Catechist," which he so well noted in his greater friend, would have stood him in good stead on these occasions; and, even more, his friend's sternly watchful self-criticism, both as an artist and a man. It is for lack, especially of this last, that he falls into so disagreeable an illustration as that of the verses which begin "Madam Life's a piece in bloom"; and is so immoderately fond of phrases such as:

A tidal race of lust from shore to shore.

Such things as these will never taste quite right in healthy mouths whose palates have been formed on wholesome food. Plain speaking is one thing, practised not least by the greatest men, and always in the greatest periods; but this sort of tone, as of a deification of the merely physical in man, belongs neither to the greatest men nor even always to the greatest periods. It is a question of seeing life whole, and of not forgetting the whole in the part. No one was ever less mealy-mouthed than Shakespeare, and he was not the man to think that so big a fact in human life as human lust was a thing that could be left out of the picture by any one who aspired to paint the human portrait. But then he has looked all round it in the daylight, and seen it as it is, and not one side of it only; and that tremendous 129th Sonnet, even if it stood alone, would be a sufficient rebuke of Henley's strange attempt to give the ugly word a fair meaning. The younger poet is

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fond of the word, and never, I think, uses it without giving it a note of exultant and defiant joy; the older, the most perfectly healthy mind the world has known, never, I think, uses it without some touch of anger or disdain.

But there is no need to dwell on this. It must not blind any one to Henley's great qualities as a poet. He has always an eye in his head, and nearly always a throb of the heart in his voice. He draws on a rich store of words, and can make them move at his will, in rhythms which always dance if they do not always sing. At his sternest, as in "Out of the night that covers me," his words fall like the beat of a hammer of human will or inhuman fate, each mercilessly hard and straight on the destined spot. At his tenderest, as in "O, gather me the rose, the rose," he can pour his heart out in an unforgettable strain of love and music and regret. On some special themes his touch is unerringly sure: every word that he says of his wife and child is the right word, taking possession of us as the true poet's word does, and making us see with him, feel with him, love with him. It is the sheer simplicity of his sincerity, always his greatest gift, that works the spell. What can be better than his prayer for the unborn baby:

> Of Them Within the Gate
> Ask we no richer fate,
> No boon above,
> For girl child or for boy,
> My gift of life and joy,
> Your gift of love.

It is in these quiet places where his heart can love without remembering hate, and his mind can accept and put the eternal bravado of protest by, that he wins his completest successes. With one exception perhaps: there is one large field in which he is as entirely and harmoniously at home as he is in this walled garden of intimate privacies. Irreconcilable rebel as he is against so much of life, in the presence of death he is reconciled. Only once or twice does the angry protest make itself felt against her; for the most part he knows her as too

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almighty for resistance, too august for complaint. And then, the full surrender once made, and the fact of her as she is once accepted, as he never could accept the fact of life as life is, he can feel her to the full as the reconciler, the healer, the final consoler. Is he ever a greater poet than in the lines, "Margaritæ Sorori?"

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, grey city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

Here, after all, is the serenity, the mood of "shining peace," which is so rare in him as almost to make one deny its presence altogether. But the prevailing impression of him, the one left nearly everywhere, is rather that confessed in these lines about the sea:

The full sea rolls and thunders
In glory and in glee.
O, bury me not in the senseless earth,
But in the living sea!

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Ay, bury me where it surges
A thousand miles from shore,
And in its brotherly unrest
I'll range for evermore.

And no one who comes fresh from reading much of his verse will deny that he does, again and again, magnificently transform that negative "unrest," which belongs to the world of denial and rebellion, into the active and positive energy of motion which is the very sign of life. Still, the mood which makes Whitman and Mr. Meredith the most life-giving of poets far less often finds perfect utterance with him than with them; and that is natural, for with them it is built on a bedrock of faith in the ultimate rightness of life; with him it struggles for a foundation amid ever shifting sands of doubt and unquietness. But it is still there, and it is by virtue of it that Henley has been what he certainly has been, a voice of courage, of endurance, of valour, and almost of hope to the generation that has known him. It is true that from that lack of proportion which is the bane of ill-health he exaggerated one side of manliness till all the poet in his voice seemed at times to be lost in the bragging of some loud songster of the music-halls. He could so far forget that the soldier's business with hardness is brave endurance of it, not exultant infliction, as to call in his "Last Post" upon the British bugles:

Blow, you bugles of England, blow,
Though you break the heart of her beaten foe.

And there is an intellectual brutality, the only too fit parallel of this line, in the whole of the absurdly unhistorical estimate given in his "Song of the Sword" of the work done by war for the human race. But these are, once more, the exaggerations of a temperament that could not find its natural outlet.

Of his purely literary qualities there are some which it would be impossible to over-praise. His eye was not quicker to observe than his pen to find the recording word. And as what he saw, whether in men or things, was never the obvious,

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so the phrase which gave his picture of it was never the obvious either. In the portrait-sketch no poet of our day has equalled him, and very few have done finer landscapes. Only Carlyle could get a man more swiftly on the paper, and Carlyle did not write verse. It is all as instantaneous as a photograph, and as alive as the work of a man may be, and the work of a machine never. Direct, daring, a little brutal, a little external, it makes one think of Franz Hals or Velasquez. How either of them would have rejoiced to sign his *Life Guardsman!* That

> Joy of the Milliner, Envy of the Line,
> Star of the Parks, jackbooted, sworded, helmed,

has sat for his portrait to a master and need never sit again. The thing throbs with life, and every word has a pulse of energy beating behind it, so eagerly does it press to do its decisive work. That, in fact, is Henley's strongest point. He abounds in phrases whose virile orginality will not leave the memory. The "Mounted Policeman," with "right materialised girt at his hip"; the Barmaid "posing as a dove among the pots"; "Liza," whose "boots are sacrifices to her hats"; they are all "London types," done once and asking no more doing. They take their places in us, and are slow to quit them. And so also are things of equal freshness and finer quality: the blind fiddler whose "gesture spoke a vast despondency"; the London park which at night

> Turns to a tryst of vague and strange
> And monstrous Majesties,
> Let loose from some dim under-world to range
> These terrene vistas till their twilight sets:
> When, dispossessed of wonderfulness, they stand
> Beggared and common, plain to all the land
> For stooks of leaves!

And that other night landscape when the south wind blows

> With a still, soothing sound
> As of a multitude of dreams
> Of love, and the longing of love, and love's delight,

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Thronging, ten thousand deep,
Into the uncreating Night,
With semblances and shadows to fulfil,
Amaze, and thrill
The strange, dispeopled silences of Sleep.

How that last line gathers up and concentrates the whole impression! That is what it is with Henley: at his best he holds you and will not let you go. Whether it is the famous "valiant in velvet" portrait of Stevenson, or that reckless one of himself which makes of confession a kind of carouse, or his "good, fulfilling irresponsible May," or his death "holy and high and impartial," in his company one cannot choose but see, hear, and remember. Few men have been readier with the "épithète rare." That is, no doubt, "la marque de l'écrivain"; and a writer, both born and made, Henley unquestionably and invariably was; but is that gift enough to make the poet sure of his place? It gives, indeed, the freshness and interest which seldom fail us in Henley; but does not poetry, if it is to do its special business, ask a kind of harmony he too rarely has? Stevenson also is instinct with freshness; and what a different freshness! The one is that of a brilliant man of letters; the other that of a wonderful child. The one is the mood that demands; the other the mood that accepts. Here we feel a critical, forceful examination, always impatient at finding the world is not what it ought to have been; there a delighted curiosity always pleased at finding it what it is. After all, poetry is a form of music and must resolve its discords in the end. And, in estimating it, we cannot count only the artist's power but also his mood and his goal. In sheer force of intellect Aristophanes may have been as great as Æschylus; but that will never make the "Knights" as great a work as the "Agamemnon." One man may put as much talent into caricature as another puts into the highest sculpture, but that will not make the results of equal value to humanity. It is the positive which ultimately lives in all art, and never the negative. Even Dante's black anger at all he saw around him

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would have been ephemeral if it had not been written on the white page of his serene assurance of faith. And so Stevenson, by his greater body of positive poetic faith, will probably prove a more permanent poetic force than Henley. He is a more harmonious personality, and a greater and more essentially poetic artist. Henley was perhaps the larger man, and had the more abundant material in him; but it is by time, patience, and sweetness that the perfect fruit comes. How much more liberally Henley dealt in the tale of love than Stevenson; yet Stevenson's "Two by Two in Fairyland" will be walking and singing still when all Henley's love-poems are forgotten. Love asks for singing and Henley does not sing enough; poetry prefers suggesting to saying, and, except perhaps in that fine little lyric, "Beside the idle summer sea," Henley will say all his whole thought and feeling, every word of it.

Yet while not pretending to think his achievement higher than we honestly can, we shall all leave him with the sympathy due to a man who had much to bear, the admiration due to a man who bore it bravely, the gratitude and honour due to a poet who gave us, no large contribution indeed to the ultimate store of English poetry, but the impress of a great personality and some few perfect and final utterances of it. And with one of these, one of the very best, let him say for us his own last word.

Silence, loneliness, darkness—
  These, and of these my fill,
While God in the rush of the Maytide
  Without is working His will.

Without are the wind and the wall-flowers
  The leaves and the nests and the rain,
And in all of them God is making
  His beautiful purpose plain.

But I wait in a horror of strangeness—
  A tool on His workshop floor,
Worn to the butt, and banished
  His hand for evermore.

J. C. Bailey.

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THE AMERICAN EXCAVATIONS AT NIPPUR

AFTER some trial diggings at Niffer in 1851 Layard declared that he was inclined to question whether any important or interesting results would reward the excavation of the mounds. The work of the University of Pennsylvania's expedition has shown how mistaken was his opinion. Besides securing a valuable collection of antiquities for the Philadelphia Museum, the Americans have cleared several important buildings, thereby throwing much light upon the architecture of the various periods which are represented in the different strata of the mounds. They have traced the old walls of the sacred city, ascertaining the character of its gates and locating at least one of them; have discovered the library of Bel's Temple, and forced it to yield up thousands of precious documents; and concerning the sacred edifice itself they have already gathered sufficient data to demonstrate that the theories which have hitherto been generally accepted concerning Babylonian temples and their ziggurrats will need revision in many particulars.

The credit for the best achievements of the expedition must be accorded to Doctor Hilprecht, Professor of Assyriology in the University of Pennsylvania. He accompanied the first expedition to the site in 1889, and although his duties at the University, and his labours at the Constantinople Imperial Museum in reorganising its Babylonian section, afterwards

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prevented him from taking any part in the actual excavations until the close of the last campaign (1900), he has been the life and soul of the work since 1895. His efforts have made the results of the diggings intelligible, and from the crude material supplied by the excavators he has built up the history of the ancient city and sanctuary of Nippur. His predecessors worked enthusiastically and energetically, but energy, unbacked by a specialist's knowledge, is positively dangerous at such an intricate site as Niffer, where a carelessly laid trench or a tunnel driven blindly into the heart of a mound may do incalculable damage, and even the thoughtless placing of a dump-heap may cause infinite trouble at a later stage of the excavations. Since some of his critics have seen fit to hint that he has received an undue share of credit in connection with the expedition, it may be well to compare Hilprecht's methods with those of his rivals.

His services at Constantinople, which have earned most favourable treatment for the American expedition from the Turks, and his work in the study have already been mentioned, and it is needless to speak further of them. Of his work in the field, however, I have had ample opportunities of judging, and I am convinced that it would be impossible to over-estimate what he has done for the expedition.

His predecessors failed utterly to understand the topography of the mounds and to grasp the importance of anything except the finding of tablets and other articles which could be transported readily to the museums. The significance of burials, and even, in many cases, of remains of important buildings they appear to have ignored entirely. To the finding of tablets especially every other consideration was sacrificed. In pursuit of them walls and pavements were removed haphazard; tunnels and shafts were sunk in all directions; and, in the words of the first director of the work, "mounds were riddled with trenches." Indeed, some parts of the site now look as if a colony of Brobdingnagian rabbits rather than a party of scientific excavators had been at work upon them! Carried out to the bitter end, this style of thing would have made the American

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expedition the laughing-stock of the scientific world. Trenches and tunnels may be permissible in the first stages of excavations, but carried far they lead to disaster in every case. So generally recognised is this that I once received a rebuke from an irritated editor for mentioning that "the way to excavate is not to dig a lane or cut a trench through the chosen site." He caustically asked: "Who ever thought it was—for the last twenty years?" But he had not seen the Niffer mounds!

It is not necessary to enter into any history of the four expeditions which have been sent out from Philadelphia, and within the limits of such an article as this it would be impossible to give any but the very briefest account of their separate achievements. Doctor Peters, who directed the first two ventures, has written a lively account of his work ("Nippur," 2 vols., published by Putnam, 1897); and in the volume, "Explorations in Bible Lands during the Nineteenth Century" (English edition published by T. and T. Clark), which he has edited, Doctor Hilprecht gives a full account of the work to date. The first campaign of Doctor Peters was commenced in February of 1889, and carried on for ten weeks, when trouble with the Arabs brought it to an abrupt conclusion. The next season he was in the field some fifteen weeks. In 1893 Mr. Haynes was sent out to resume excavations at the mounds, and remained there until 1896, alone for the greater part of the time. In 1899 the fourth expedition commenced work, again under Mr. Haynes in the field. It was then arranged that Professor Hilprecht should visit the site as soon as possible; but it was not until March 1, 1900, that he finally reached Niffer.

He found the work in a state of apparently inextricable confusion, owing to the methods which had been followed by the excavators. Vast quantities of earth had been removed from various portions of the site; imposing dump-heaps bore witness to the energy of the diggers; and many interesting architectural features had been disclosed. But—intelligent records of parts of the ruins which had been removed were there none! It was a disheartening state of affairs, but he

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'Bint el Amir' and the Temple Mounds, Nippur

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wasted no time in useless lamentations. He threw himself into the work of saving as much as possible from the wreck, and, thanks to his exertions, it is now possible to present a picture of the mounds and their contents which, while it is by no means complete, is nevertheless accurate as far as it goes.

II

The mounds are divided into two almost equal portions by the bed of the Shatt en Nil, which was formerly one of the main arteries of the canal system of lower Babylonia, but now is choked with sand and the detritus of the mounds. Professor Hilprecht identifies this large canal with the "River Chebar in the land of the Chaldeans," upon the banks of which Ezekiel saw his vision of the cherubims. On its north-east side a depression marks the site of a branch canal which cuts off a triangular mound from the mass of the ruins, and to the north of this by-stream stands the highest point of the site, a mound known to the Arabs as *Bint el Amir*, or "The Daughter of the Sultan," beneath which lay the ziggurrat. As the ziggurrat was the most commanding feature of the great temple, this is naturally the most interesting portion of the site.

In the cuneiform records Bel is spoken of as the "Father of the gods," "Lord of the wind, or storms," and "King of the gods . . . and of the earth"; the Babylonians conceived of him as the ruler of the whole world, and therefore his temple must have been to them the most sacred spot on earth. Indeed, one inscription speaks of the ziggurrat as the "link of heaven and earth." How important the spot was considered, and how jealously it was defended, the excavations have already shown.

The whole area on the north of the branch canal, and to the north-east of the Shatt en Nil, was occupied by the buildings of the temple proper and its annexes, which may be regarded as constituting a "sacred city." It is not certain whether the side of this sacred city which lay upon the Shatt

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en Nil was guarded by a wall, or whether the water alone was considered a sufficient protection; but upon the other sides there ran a massive wall, and it is established almost beyond a doubt that outside of this wall lay a moat or ditch. Apart from the evidence of the trenches at this point, an inscription recovered from the temple area expressly states that "Samsu-iluna, the powerful king . . . when Bel had granted him to rule the four quarters of the world and placed their reins into his hand . . . raised the wall of Bel . . . and surrounded it with marshy ground," which at once suggests the idea of a moat.

Professor Hilprecht has identified the outer wall with the *Nimit-Marduk* ("the foundation of Merodach") of the inscriptions. It was pierced by a gateway, to which access over the moat must have been gained by a bridge—most probably of boats. Only a few traces of the foundations of this gateway remain, but happily they suffice to show clearly the character of the structure. In its centre, sloping upwards through the thickness of the wall, was a brick-paved roadway, and upon either side a narrow gallery, approached by short flights of steps, which were provided with balustrades on the sides next to the road, served for pedestrians. Although the gateway plainly belongs to the pre-Sargonic period, it shows the same stepped recesses which are a feature of gates of a much later period, so that at the head of the stairways the passages are narrower than at the bases. The bricks of which it is built are of a remarkable shape—flat on the lower side, but markedly curved on the upper, upon which also is usually a deep thumb-mark; and even alone they offer incontestable proof of the early date of the structure. Without going further into the matter, it may be mentioned that this interesting gateway had been rebuilt at a later (but still pre-Sargonic) period, and that the reconstruction affords clear evidence that the direction of the wall was altered by the second builder. But since the position of the later entrance coincided with that of the earlier one, it is a natural inference to draw that the spot was kept for the entrance to the city throughout the changes of its history;

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Fig. 1. Ancient Greek Painting

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and the very marked break in the mounds just here, backed by the many proofs which they elsewhere offer of the conservatism of the architects of Nippur, tends to strengthen the conclusion.

While the excavations show that the wall itself was always built with unbaked bricks, this pre-Sargonic gate was of burned brick, but below its front edge we discovered a foundation of rough blocks of gypsum laid in bitumen. The lower courses of the brickwork also were thickly coated with bitumen, which is additional evidence in favour of the theory of a moat outside the wall, if such support is required.

The gateway opened upon a great enclosure, in which were situated storehouses, magazines, servants' quarters, and even some shops and booths, while in all probability the palace of the *patesis* of Nippur and the quarters of the upper priests lay in the eastern section, which still awaits excavation. From this enclosure another gateway led to the second court of the temple, which, with the outer court, was enclosed by the inner wall of the inscriptions, *Imgur-Marduk;* but as this entrance was obviously only a secondary one, it will be advisable to turn to the principal gate of the temple proper, which was placed in the south-east façade, opposite the branch canal.

Some excavations were carried on at this point by Doctor Peters, and it appears that a low line of wall, which "seemed very like a quay front, or landing-stage," was then discovered just where it might be looked for; but unfortunately its site is at present covered by a formidable array of dump-heaps. In fact, the whole of this side of the mound is so cumbered with the rubbish cleared from the inner court, and emptied here, that until the next expedition makes a clearance of the ground the details of this section of the temple must be somewhat a matter of speculation; but the traces which it has been possible to examine leave little doubt as to its main outlines.

From the landing-stage just mentioned the principal gate led to the outer courtyard, where stood the "houses" or shrines of the gods (comp. "Ex. in Bible Lands," p. 480), including a small "chapel of Bel." Considering that the whole temple

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was dedicated to Bel it may appear strange at first sight that he should have a miniature chapel in this court; but according to Doctor Hilprecht the worshippers who flocked to the temple were seldom, or never, allowed within the second court, and therefore it was necessary to provide a shrine for them to worship at in the space to which they had access. If the cuneiform records are to be trusted on the point, there were twenty-four of these "houses of the gods" in the Nippur temple; but the outer court was spacious enough to hold them all, each of its four sides being about 260 feet in length.

Between the inner and the outer court ran a thick wall, its face broken up by shallow buttresses. It was pierced only by one gateway, which was situated opposite the outer one. Behind the ziggurrat there was a third gate, in line with the two others, which has been referred to above. These gates were of the type so well known in Babylonian architecture. Projecting considerably beyond both faces of the walls in which they were placed, they were decorated with series of narrow vertical panels, stepped and recessed; and in the thickness of their walling upon either side was contrived a small chamber for the guardians of the entrance. So little of their height remains that it is impossible to say how their tops were treated. Like the walls, they were built entirely of unbaked bricks laid in mud mortar, but the stone door-sockets on which the doors turned were set in burned brickwork. Inside the one which connected the two courts we found on one side traces of a column in burned brick and stone, which was seemingly an altar of some kind, while on the opposite side there was a tank, or box, of burned brick, of which the purpose remains undetermined.

In the inner court stood the ziggurrat, the "house of Bel," and a building mentioned in the inscriptions as "the house for honey, cream, and wine." It must be explained, however, that this storehouse has not yet been located by the excavations, unless, indeed, the title refers to a series of vaulted chambers which were placed against the wall. Scattered over the court were found numerous traces of brick-built watercourses, some

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The Ziggurat (south-western facade) and Inner Court of the Temple of Bel, Nippur

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of them provided with troughs of pottery; and wells and drains of brick and pottery were discovered at many different levels throughout its area. In the early days of the temple history the ground around the ziggurrat appears to have been used for purposes of burial, and in front of the stage-tower itself stood a crematorium, where the bodies were reduced to ashes before being placed in the jars in which they were buried in the holy ground. But later the place was purified, and the sacred city became "a pure place like Eridu," where burials were not permitted.

From cuneiform documents we learn that the Nippur ziggurrat was a tower of five stages, but the excavations have only defined the lowest stage quite clearly; the face of the second stage, however, may be regarded as fixed beyond doubt; the third is still very much undecided; and the fourth and fifth seem little likely to be determined, owing to the wear and tear to which the site has been subjected by weather and the operations of later builders. The lower stages at least were cased in burned brick at an early period, for Ur Gur has left a finely constructed facing-wall, and other builders have repaired and improved the structure with well-made bricks. The plan of the tower was an oblong, the longer sides being opposite the gates. On each of the shorter sides (S.-W. and N.-E.) there was a skilfully built water conduit, which carried off the surface drainage of the different stages. That upon the south-west side was certainly the work of Ur Gur throughout, and although the other appears at present to belong wholly to Ashurbanapal's construction, it seems reasonable to suppose that it only replaced one of the earlier builder.

The tower was crowned by a "shrine of Bel," but for the reasons given above no trace of this building remains. At the present moment the spot is occupied by a quite modern structure, built by Mr. Haynes to serve as a shelter from which to keep watch over the workmen and as a photographic dark-room! In the centre of the south-east face a stairway led from the level of the court to the top of the ziggurrat, thus

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affording access to the house of the god, which, being situated on the summit of "the link of heaven and earth," might be regarded as standing either upon the earth or in the heavens. The precise nature of the "shrine" is somewhat obscure. Professor Hilprecht points out that "the idea that a Babylonian god has his tomb" is "startling," yet by a convincing chain of argument he goes on to demonstrate that it is quite possible that this very pavilion was regarded as the veritable tomb of Bel by the Babylonians. If such were indeed the case the god's tomb and his residence were quite close to one another, for by the side of the ziggurrat stood the true "house of Bel." This edifice, and not the ziggurrat, would therefore be regarded as the most holy spot in the temple. Professor Hilprecht emphatically calls it *the* temple of Bel, in fact. In it Bel and his consort, Beltis, dwelt, and it served as a depository for the most precious votive offerings. The expedition has not yet been able to examine the place closely, on account of the remains of buildings of a late period which cover it; but its boundaries are traced, and it is ascertained that its interior was occupied by a number of rooms of varying dimensions. Its exterior walls were of burned brick, and were panelled in the same way as the later facing-walls of the ziggurrat. In the façade opposite the ziggurrat two doors have been discovered, of which the one to the south appears to be the principal entrance to the building, being over ten feet in width, while the other is five feet only. The antiquities unearthed in the immediate neighbourhood of this building all point to its importance, being of a finer character and usually better preserved than those from other parts of the court. There is proof that this house of the god existed as early as the days of Sargon I., but the principal remains certainly belong to a later period—apparently the Cassite dynasty. An inscription on the edge of one of the bricks of the facing-wall tells that Shagarakti-Shuriash, King of Babylon (*circa*, 1850 B.C.) was one of the many builders who took pleasure in improving the abode of the god.

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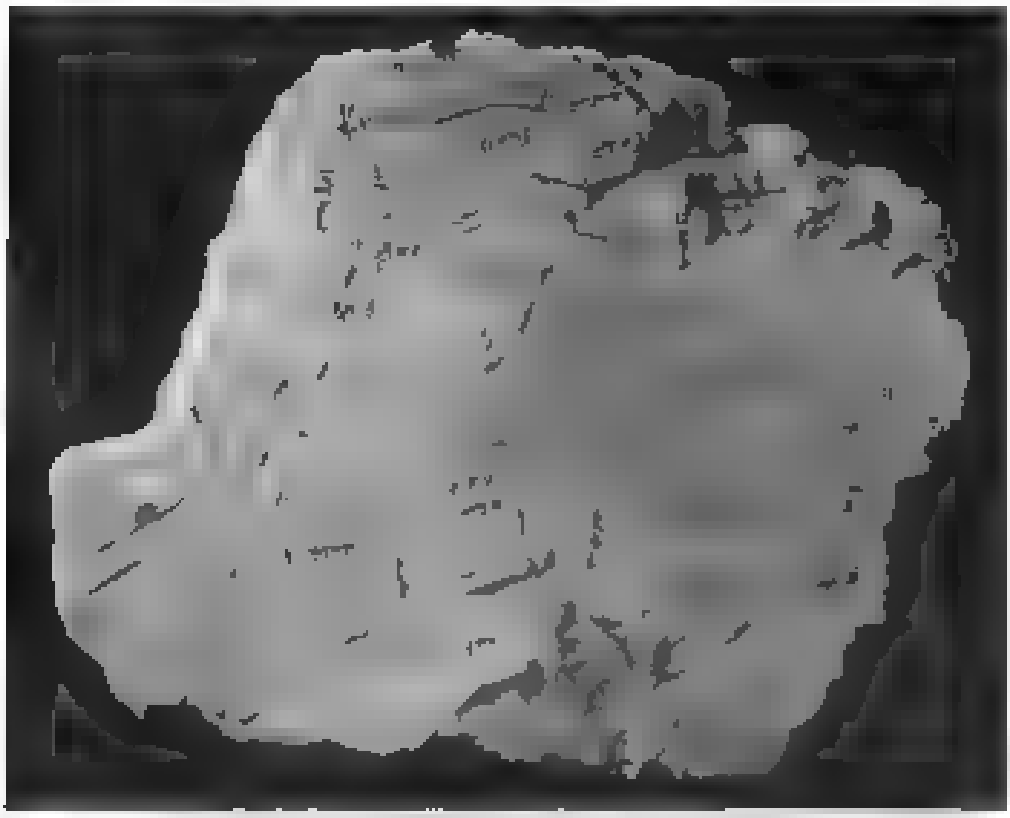
1 and 6. Clay Figures of the Late Period (one-eighth size). 2. Egyptian Figurine in Green Paste. 3. Greek Terra-cotta Head. 4. Figure of a Dog. 5. Obscene Figurine.



Plan of the City of Nippur, found in the Archæological Museum

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Space forbids of any further detailed description of the temple buildings. But before turning to the other portions of the site it must be clearly explained that in the very slight sketch given above no attempt has been made to indicate the different phases through which the sanctuary passed. Its main features remained similar through many changes of rulers and of dynasties, and its external walls occupied practically the same position in the days of Darius as they did in the time of the first Sargon. True, the ziggurrat grew steadily from a quite small, crude-brick structure in pre-Sargonic days until under Ashurbanapal (668–626 B.C.) its sides were 190 feet and 128 feet respectively; and in its growth it must necessarily have cramped the "house of Bel" closer to the north-east wall of the court; but their relative positions remained the same throughout. As each builder sought to eclipse the performances of his predecessors we find frequent advances in point of detail. Ur Gur employed burned bricks for facing the work of Naram Sin and others of his predecessors, and at the same time he laid a new pavement of brick around the ziggurrat and over the inner court. Ur Ninib (2500 B.C.) and Kadash man Turgu (1850 B.C.) each in turn repaired the court, laid a new pavement over the old one, and executed various works on the temple and ziggurrat; and, finally, Ashurbanapal placed his pavement and his casing-walls over those of the early kings. Between the pavements of Naram Sin and Ashurbanapal there is a difference in level of nearly fifteen feet. The pre-Sargonic buildings descend another fifteen feet below Naram Sin's pavement, and minor antiquities have been discovered yet another ten feet down.

The wall enclosing the area north of the temple proper underwent almost as many changes as the ziggurrat. Of Naram Sin's work there are slight traces, but the bulk of the remains are Ur Gur's construction, while evidence is not lacking of the activity of other builders. But when it is stated that over twenty different strata can be distinguished in the mounds, it will be understood that in this article only the best

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defined can be described. Of the minor objects discovered at all parts of the site, such as Arabic coins, Hebrew incantation bowls, figurines, fragments of statues, steles, pottery of all shapes, sizes and ages, and the thousand and one similar articles I have no space to write. Nor have I even attempted to touch upon many interesting details in the principal buildings, as, for instance, the early arch (4000 B.C.) below the east corner of the ziggurrat, the construction of the water-courses, wells, drains and drain-pipes, etc. For the present I would refer the reader to Professor Hilprecht's book, which, besides describing many of these details, contains photographs and diagrams illustrating the more important of them; and the promised volume, "Ekur, the Temple of Bel at Nippur," will meet the requirements of those who seek information on the more technichal portions of the work.

In the temple mounds, twenty feet above Naram Sin's pavement, are the foundations of a fortified building of the Parthian days. In the period intermediate between the construction of this great building and the last renovation of the temple the spot lost its sacred character, which it had maintained for some four thousand years at least. The ziggurrat and the two courts of the temple were overbuilt and converted into a fortress. This first change took place most probably during the days of Seleucia's short-lived power; but the traces of its buildings are particularly slight, the Parthian builders having removed them in nearly all cases where they could not be incorporated with the new work.

The great building erected by the Parthian invaders is characterised by its solidity and its remarkable powers of defence. Although constructed entirely of crude bricks, its walls were so substantial as to be almost impregnable. Built with a marked batter, they were over sixty feet high, thirty feet, or more, at the top, and almost forty feet wide at the base. At the angles were huge buttresses, while along the faces stood smaller ones and round towers, from which a cross-fire could be poured upon any attacking party. So far the

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Principal Court of the Parthian Palace looking towards the North West

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excavations have not revealed the entrance to the building, but it will probably be found at the north corner when that part of the mound is excavated. Professor Hilprecht believes that the fortress, like the temple buildings beneath it, was divided into two main enclosures; and certainly the projecting walls on the south-east seem to point to such a plan; but until that part of the mound is cleared and examined the only portion which can be fully described is that which overlay the inner court of the temple.

In the centre of the enclosure stood the citadel of two platforms. It was built over the ziggurrat, and from each face an arm projected, giving a cruciform plan to the whole. Between the citadel and the south-east wall stood a number of buildings which served as barracks and store-rooms. On top of three of the outer walls also were rooms for the garrison, and others which were used either as storage-places or as dungeons, as is shown by the fact that they were entered only from above. The officers' apartments and the quarters of the governor lay in the north angle of the enclosure; for in these buildings we found large rooms built with double walls in order to secure coolness, a feature which none of the other rooms of the fortress exhibit. The west section has not been entirely excavated, but the arrangement of its rooms, and the fact that it appears to have been connected with the last-mentioned section only by a corridor, suggest that it was designed for the "harem."

From the citadel a well was carried down through the brickwork of the ziggurrat, thus affording the supply of water without which all the elaborate defences of the place would have been unavailing. But with a good supply of water, and defended by a determined garrison, the stronghold must have been a formidable place for any hostile force to attack. Even in its ruined and half excavated state it is still imposing, and an eloquent testimony to the skill and enterprise of its constructors.

The library of the ancient city lay in the mound to the

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south of the branch canal. In two places it has been excavated to the plain level, and in both small buildings of crude brick have been found lying as close together as do the houses of modern Baghdad in its most crowded parts. The general indications point to the belief that these buildings represent a number of separate houses, opening off from narrow alleys and passages, but forming an organic whole—the literary, priestly, and scholastic quarter of Nippur in fact. About eighty rooms have been examined. They vary greatly in their dimensions, some being only nine feet by four feet, while others are as large as twenty-five by fourteen feet. They appear to have been only one storey high, since their walls were nowhere sufficiently thick to carry a second floor; but owing to their poor state of preservation it is out of the question to attempt to describe their architectural features.

Their importance lay in the fact that from them many thousands of cuneiform tablets have already been obtained, and the mound holds out promise of proving a perfect mine of tablets for some time to come. The tablets obtained from the north-east portion of the mound appear to have formed what may be regarded as the temple library, while those from the rooms excavated in the south-west area are largely concerned with the business and official records of the city. In the latter class are business accounts, contracts, and letters; but the former are chiefly astronomical, astrological, mathematical, and grammatical. Each class of documents seems to have been kept in a separate department, so that the contents of the well-stocked library were plainly arranged with a view to readiness of access for reference. Educational books and exercises in different branches of study are numerous, and the curriculum was a very complete one, as would be expected at such a centre of learning as Nippur is known to have been. The majority of the tablets were unbaked, and therefore remarkably perishable. To keep them from damp, they were stored either upon wooden shelves or on ledges of brickwork which were coated with bitumen. Of the shelves no traces

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Photo by the Babylonian Expedition

Ruins of the Library Buildings of Nippur

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remained, but a few of the benches were discovered with tablets still in position upon them.

A find of peculiar interest in these library buildings was that of a collection of antiquities made (by a priest, in all probability) about the time of Nabonidos (556–539 B.C.), and carefully stored away in an earthenware jar, where at last it was found in a fine state of preservation during the work of 1900. The little collection contained a score of inscribed articles, dating from the time of Sargon (*c.* 3800 B.C.) down to that of Sinsharishkun (*c.* 615 B.C.), and one of its treasures was a plan of Nippur and its surroundings, which naturally proved of great interest and value to Dr. Hilprecht, who speaks with much delight of the collection of his "Babylonian colleague."

On the east of this mound we found a narrow chamber with a corbelled roof, similar to that discovered at Mugheir by Taylor. Writing from recollection only, I should say that it was about twenty feet by twelve feet, but it was in a very bad state of repair, and kept filling with water as fast as it was baled out. Although no traces of burials were found in it, there can be little doubt that it was originally built as a tomb. All over this mound we discovered graves. Indeed, all the mounds of Niffer are full of burials, dating from early Arabic days back to Parthian and neo-Babylonian, while in the lower strata of the temple hill were plentiful traces of pre-Sargonic burials, and a cemetery of the same period almost certainly lay at the south of the mounds upon the west of the Shatt en Nil.

Perhaps the most commonly found style of burial was that of the "slipper-coffin" class. Most of the examples of these coffins at Niffer were decorated with rope-pattern mouldings, which divided the surface of the coffin up into panels, in which were placed figures of men, women, or animals. The opening at the head was closed with an earthenware lid (which was very commonly missing, and when found was nearly always badly broken), and the coffins were usually covered with a blue or green glaze. Another much-used form was that of two

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large, wide-mouthed jars, placed mouth to mouth, and sometimes sealed with bitumen or clay. A less frequent type was in the form of a bath-tub, which was sometimes edged with rope-pattern ornament. In many cases a single large jar held the body. Other forms of interment were in brick-built tombs, either vaulted or corbelled, in brick-lined graves, and in simple holes dug in the soil.

The most elaborate burial, we found, was that in a tomb beneath the floor of a chamber in the south-west wall of the Parthian fortress. It was reached by a short flight of steps, and its roof was vaulted, the whole structure being of burned bricks. The tomb chamber was ten feet long, eight wide, and about five high, and it contained two bodies placed in wooden coffins. Jars of food and drink had been provided for the dead, and a quantity of gold ornaments of really artistic workmanship (a great rarity at Nippur) were discovered on one of the bodies. The evidence of the surroundings leads to the conclusion that the two occupants of this tomb had been high officers, and from a gold coin of Tiberius, which was found amongst the relics, it would appear that they lived about 14–37 A.D.

In connection with the pre-Sargonic cemetery, which has been alluded to above as lying on the west of the Shatt en Nil, we found a facing-wall of burned bricks similar in character to those of Surghul and El Hibba. These walls were necessary to protect the burial-grounds against the ravages of sand-storms, and to prevent the ashes and dust of the burials from being blown away by the wind or washed away by the rains of winter. Unfortunately, at Niffer all the conditions of soil and climate are against the preservation of burials, and we were hardly ever able to secure even a skull in a fit state for measurement. I think, indeed, that not more than two dozen skulls altogether were handed to me for the purpose; and I am certain that not one of them would have borne transport to America.

This brief sketch of the mounds and excavations may be closed by a description of a small palace of the second or third

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Slipper-Shaped Coffins as excavated (Fig. 100 a, b)

century B.C., which is the most thoroughly explored building of the site. It lay upon the west bank of the Shatt en Nil, where it was hit upon largely by chance during the early days of the first expedition. Doctor Peters examined it by means of trenches and small tunnels, but he failed to complete the work, and most of his conclusions regarding the place have been proved wrong by the later excavations. Mr. Haynes made a more serious attempt to do justice to the building, but it was not until Doctor Hilprecht took the matter in hand that it was sufficiently cleared to be completely planned. In nearly every respect this palace ranks above the other buildings of Niffer. In place of an apparently fortuitous agglomeration of ill-balanced courts and cramped chambers, with walls running in all directions and at all angles except right ones, its plan exhibits ingenious contrivance and an aiming at balance and unity; and its general detail marks at least an earnest seeking after grace and refinement, instead of a mere piling up of ponderous masses of brickwork, such as satisfied the builders of the temple and the library for instance. The architects were heavily handicapped by the hopeless material at their command—the black Mesopotamian mud; for, unlike many of the builders, they did not make extensive use of the burned bricks of earlier buildings for their walls and pavements. Possibly there were good reasons against their doing so; and it is noteworthy that in the great fortress of the same period burned bricks were sparingly used. Be the reason what it may, the walls of this palace were constructed of crude bricks, a foot square and about seven and a half inches deep; but for the thresholds, the columns of the courts, and parts of the porch burned brick was employed.

The palace was divided into two nearly equal portions, the half towards the canal being set aside for the public apartments and the use of the men, while the other side of the building (the south-west) was reserved for the women's quarters and domestic requirements. This section was further divided, the women's quarters, grouped round a courtyard

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in which was a broad portico, being closely shut off and accessible only through a lobby. The lobby could be reached from the main building by means of a narrow passage which might be closed by a door at either end, as was shown by the discovery of two brick door-sockets in position; or it could be entered from the servants' quarters through a second smaller lobby. The women of the household and the servants could reach their particular apartments from the main entrance through a narrow passage, without being observed from any of the principal rooms. Another room was evidently a bath. Its floor was covered with bitumen and sloped towards a drain opposite the doorway, and a skirting of burned brick, also covered with bitumen, ran round the room.[1] Another was probably a store-closet, and another seems to have been the "strong-room" of the palace, for at its entrance another door-socket was found, and, as it was too small for a bedroom, the presence of this socket points to the use of the place as a receptacle for valuables. In two others stand low benches of brickwork, which appear to have served as "beds" or couches.

In the group of rooms in the west angle of the building, one was plainly the kitchen, for there we found a raised fireplace, with a hollowed stone contrived to hold a spit, and other unmistakable evidence of its use. In the other rooms of this quarter were large jars for holding grain and similar stores; but space in this section must have been at a premium, and the slaves must have slept in other parts of the building or else in small huts outside.

The only entrance to the palace was placed nearly in the centre of the north-west façade. From the entrance-lobby an anteroom on the right (as you enter the building) leads to the domestic part of the palace, and a similar anteroom on the left opens on to a vestibule with another small room at its north-east end, which may have served as a guardroom or

[1] In several of the houses in Baghdad at the present day, the floors of the bathrooms are covered with bitumen, which comes from Hit, on the Euphrates.

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Typical Ruins of Houses built of Earth Brick

Showing the similarity in appearance between the walls and the debris

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armoury. From the vestibule a wide entrance—divided into three openings by two columns of burned brick and flanked by antæ of the same material—leads to the chief court of the building. There can be small doubt that the central part of this court was open to the sky, while the columns served to support a roof over the colonnade which surrounded it, and afforded access to the various rooms grouped round it. The spacing of the columns was not quite regular, and the vestibule is not situated centrally with reference to the court. The colonnade is wider upon the south-east of the court than upon the three remaining sides; and from this wider portion a doorway, approached by a broad step edged with burned bricks, upon which stands a circular altar, leads to a large apartment, through which again is reached a still larger hall. This was undoubtedly the men's assembly hall, and the finest room of the palace. From the outer room a flight of steps led up to a wide doorway, which was provided with a door hung in two leaves, as was shown by the fact that two door-sockets—one on either side of the entrance—were found in position. Most unfortunately, the walls of the building beyond this point were entirely worn away, a gully in the mounds having served to carry all the washings from a large area over this angle of the structure.

The building was practically square. The north-west side was 174 ft. in length, the south-west 170 ft., the south-east 172 ft. 9 in., and the north-east 168 ft. 8 in. The principal court was 70 ft. by 64 ft. Nowhere did we find a wall complete as regards height, so that the height of the rooms cannot be given. It may be noted also that no traces of a stairway were discovered; and although there can be little doubt that originally there must have been a means of getting on to the roof there is every reason to suppose that the building was of one storey only.

Concerning the character of the columns it is possible to form a clear idea; for although not one of them remained complete, in the main court we discovered the brick rings of

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which they were built up lying beside the lower portions that were left standing. Of the square columns shown at the angles of the colonnade no traces remained at the time I first saw the ruins, but Doctor Peters states positively that they existed, and describes them as being "of a peculiar shape, partly rounded, partly square." Of the columns at the sides of the court the lower courses of twelve, and traces of a thirteenth, remained. They were constructed with sector-shaped bricks set in mortar, and were at least 12 ft. 6 in. in height. At the base they had a diameter of 2 ft. 9 in., and at the fifteenth course (which was 12½ ft. from the base) 2 ft. 1 in. in diameter; but the tapering did not commence until a third of the height was reached (at the seventeenth course). A few fragments of bricks with moulded edges showed that the columns were provided with capitals, which appear to have been imitations of the Doric—as, indeed, the whole column most probably was. Over the whole, covering the brickwork, was spread a fine white plaster. Of course no base was formed to the column, but beneath each one was a foundation of burned bricks, eleven courses deep, and between these square foundations ran an edging of the same material, but only two courses deep.

The columns of the inner court were of a similar character and construction to those just described, and the antæ also were of burnt brick, and stuccoed in like manner. Palm logs probably formed the ceiling joists, while from the fragments of charred wood it appears that the doors of the different rooms were of mulberry or tamarisk; but it is quite certain that many of the doorways were covered only with curtains or other loose hangings. Of the finish of the walls we could nowhere find traces owing to the damaged condition of the building; but while the inferior rooms may have been only mud-plastered, I am inclined to believe that in certain of the principal apartments a plaster similar to that used upon the columns was applied—an opinion based upon certain indications of "keying" at the vestibule and the portico in the women's quarters. The

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principal rooms were paved with burned brick, to judge by fragmentary traces discovered, but the inferior ones and the courts had only crude brick, or possibly nothing but trodden earth.

The exterior of the building was extremely plain. The walls on the north-west, south-west and south-east were broken by a system of broad but shallow buttresses, but that opposite the canal was quite plain. The principal doorway was marked by some elaboration. From the street a couple of steps—built with burned bricks set in bitumen—led up to it, and its threshold was raised another step. Upon either side of the opening the main wall was recessed slightly, and on each side there was a pedestal built of yellow burned bricks, and stuccoed with white plaster. These pedestals stood upon ornamental bases, and although in front elevation their sides rose perpendicularly, seen from the side they had a gracefully curved outline. Unfortunately they had suffered sorely in the decay of the building, but on one of them, about four feet from the base, we found on the side an almost perfectly preserved pediment-shaped decoration formed of mouldings in plaster upon the face of a brick set up on edge. Of course there can be no doubt that the corresponding faces were originally treated in a similar way, and from the traces which remained in the upper portions of the structure it seems likely that the pedestals supported pilasters with fluted faces. In all probability the doorway was crowned with a pediment formed in a similar way to the small one discovered, but no remains of such work were found by us. In the interior angles the junction of the crude brick with the burned was concealed by a simple moulding of plaster, and the edge of the stucco seems to have been finished with a larger moulding, but it was so much perished that we could make nothing of it.

Such was the interesting little building. Who built it, or whether it was the residence of an official, or the home of some wealthy private citizen, it would be difficult to say, although its size and its fine building point to the former theory. Of its

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end, however, there can be no doubt. There is ample proof that it was destroyed by a conflagration; and subsequent to its fall it became a quarry for later builders, and a place for burials. Scores of slipper coffins and of burials in earthenware jars were discovered in its rooms, and in many cases the graves had been cut through the walls. But in this treatment it only shared the fate of other buildings of the old city, which, having done their duty as abodes of the living, afterwards served to shelter the dead until strangers from a land that was undreamed of when they were built crossed the seas to break in upon their long sleep.

VALENTINE GEERE.

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THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

XIX

"I AM bringing you here," said Glanville, as the party entered the orangery, "to see my latest acquisitions first. We will go to what I am pleased to call my museum afterwards. Its shape and structure will most likely surprise you."

The objects now before them were, in some ways, of unusual interest. Glanville, during his late expedition, had broken new antiquarian soil. He had actually disinterred several Græco-Roman houses, from the walls of which he had managed to remove some paintings; and to these treasures he had added a variety of domestic utensils.

The party broke into expressions of repeated astonishment at the likeness of ancient life to the life of the present day.

"And now," said Glanville, when his friends were at the end of their raptures, "we'll go to my famous museum, and you shall see what I've got there."

He led them up some steps to a terrace formed by the roof of the orangery; and bordering this was a line of seemingly interminable orchard-houses. The appearance they presented was singular, for all their glass was blinded by some uniform green distemper applied to the panes internally. Glanville opened a door at the end of the structure which was nearest to them, and admitted his friends to a sort of twilight gallery, along

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which ran a broad continuous shelf, divided here and there by partitions at irregular intervals, and laden with objects of an oddly miscellaneous kind. Huddled up close to the door, as if to escape notice, was a beautifully executed model of some ancient domestic building, as its roofless, but painted walls, had revealed themselves to the study of its excavators, whilst copies were hung behind it of some of the mural pictures. Here again the visitors were lost in astonishment at the likeness to modern civilisation which the model and the pictures suggested; but their astonishment was tempered by what seemed to be the obvious fact that they here had to do with a date that was very much more recent than that of the remains which they had just been examining in the orangery.

"This," said Glanville, "is a model of the great palace at Knossos. It belongs to a civilisation which was flourishing at the time when all of us here were taught by our mothers and nurses that the Deity was creating Adam."

"Why," said Lord Restormel, "do you put it into a corner like this?"

"We may put its date," said Glanville, "at six thousand years ago. It stands within six feet of the extreme end of the shelf. The cross marked on the wall stands within two feet, and here represents the beginning of the Christian era. My objects are arranged in a sort of chronological scale, of which every foot represents a thousand years. Let us go a step further, and we enter the pre-Adamite ages. Here is a specimen of pre-Adamite writing—a facsimile of the beautiful ebony tablet of Mena. Here are models of great pre-Adamite ships, made from Egyptian drawings. Earlier still than the ships are these beautiful jars and pitchers—these little delicate charms—these diminutive figures. And here, Mrs. Vernon, let me beg you to notice these combs, with ivory birds for handles. We are getting on. These combs were six thousand years old when Eve was eating the apple. Here come a lot of flint implements. We can't examine them now. Let us move on a few steps further to these models of morticed

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woodwork, and that neat little house on a platform. Look also at these models of pots and pans, and these little diapered napkins. Here we see how man lived as a lake-dweller twenty thousand years before the Christian era. By this time we are twenty-two feet from the door; and from this point, to the beginning of that white bank of lime, the length of the shelf is fifty-eight feet. This stands for fifty-eight thousand years more; and all along it are models of early men, their caves, their contemporary animals—like figures out of a Noah's Ark. Here," Glanville continued, when they came at last to the spot where a long white bank of lime took the place of all other objects, "we are looking at man as he was eighty thousand years ago."

"I still think," said Lord Restormel, "that you have cramped yourself too much at first. We haven't even come down your gallery a sixth of the way yet. I should get rid of that litter, and spread things out a little. You've ample space here for enlarging your chronological scale."

Granville laughed. "You complain," he said, "of my bank of lime. It does take up a good deal of shelf-room certainly. It extends to a length of a hundred and sixty feet. This represents the second glacial epoch. The ice and snow—the Huns and Vandals of nature—had for all this period driven man out of Europe. And now let us go to the spot where the bank of lime ends. My dear Restormel, you tell me I've plenty of space. I've so little that from this point onwards my scale is reduced by half, and every foot represents two thousand years, not one. Well—here is a section of shelf which stretches for two hundred and forty feet—if my scale were not reduced it would stretch for four hundred and eighty; and then at the end the lime-bank begins again. This stands for the inter-glacial epoch, and the shelf is sprinkled, as you see, with figures representing the races that peopled Europe for nearly half a million years. Now comes our second lime-bank, a hundred and thirty feet long—according to our original scale it should be two hundred and sixty; and we have here the

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first glacial epoch, during which, for more than a quarter of a million years, Europe was white with snow, and the human race expelled from it. Perhaps you think there is nothing else to come. Let us hasten to the end of this second lime-bank, and we will see. Look—before the first mantle of cold descended—'in the dark backward and abysm of time'—this was left as a relic for us. It is a facsimile of a drawing on ivory by one of our pre-glacial ancestors. It is a drawing of a woman—the earliest of female portraits. Look at her. She has one thing on—only one; and that thing is a bracelet. Can you, Mrs. Vernon, who are familiar with London ball-rooms, doubt that lady's relationship to many of our own contemporaries? Consider," he went on. "This gallery is six hundred feet long. To have made my scale uniform it ought to have been a thousand. That would have given us room for a million years of man's history—the smallest space to which the most timid speculation can contract it. As things stand, my scale is greatly foreshortened; and yet, before we go out, take one look more down the gallery. Of these six hundred feet of human history, which properly ought to be a thousand—or, as most men of science would say, a considerable number of miles—the Christian centuries occupy two feet only, whilst the Hebrew cosmogony carries us back but six. I showed all this last year to a clergyman—a good amateur geologist. He was delighted with my scheme of arrangement; but he maintained that the glacial epochs should be much longer and earlier, and complained that I had defrauded man of at least one half of his pedigree. Three weeks later my friend was preaching in London, and was solemnly alluding to the primæval revelation in Eden."

"Astonishing!" said Lord Restormel, "astonishing!" But he was here interrupted by Mrs. Vernon, who was still contemplating, as though fascinated, the portrait of the pre-glacial woman.

"One can hardly bear to look at it," she said; "and yet I can hardly put it down. It makes all the history that we

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know—all the empires—all the religions—seem like the moods, the squabbles, the story-tellings of a child's day in the school-room. One hates the thought, but one can't keep it away."

"Yes," said Lord Restormel; "for us knowledge is like a balloon, which we have tied, while filling it, to the ground of our old conventional interests; but which now is beginning to surprise us by breaking away from its moorings, and is threatening to carry us whither we would not."

"Ah," cried Mr. Brompton, "I like that simile well. But no—Mrs. Vernon—no—these new thoughts which frighten you—don't let them do that. If we look at them in their true perspective they will give us most glorious encouragement. That's precisely the point which I'm devoting my life to demonstrate."

"I believe," said Mr. Hancock, "that we have, in the programme of our Conferences, got Mr. Brompton down for tea-time this afternoon; but perhaps he would like to wait till the great Mr. Brock arrives, and have him for a listener, or allow him to speak first."

The last suggestion, however, seemed eminently unwelcome to Mr. Brompton. "No, no," he said eagerly. "I should be much too shy to speak after him. Besides, I am very anxious that Mr. Brock should speak after *me*—yes, and without having heard me: in order that I may have him—for I know we agree in fundamentals—as an independent supporter of my views.

"And now," said Glanville, "let us go out and take a walk, and refresh ourselves with the pleasant working hypothesis that we can assent, in theory, to all the negations of science, and only assent in practice to such of them as we find convenient."

XX

By four o'clock the party were again assembled in the same nook of the garden which was the scene of their first discussion.

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Mr. Hancock once more took his seat at his table, and proceeded to read a short opening statement which had just, he said, been drawn up by their accomplished host, Mr. Glanville.

"In our first Conference," so the statement ran, "without unnecessarily committing ourselves to any opinions of our own, we took the undoubted fact that the claims of Christianity, as a special and miraculous revelation, which, together with its prelude in the Old Testament, purports to represent God's special dealings with man from the first moment when man began to be, are now being rejected, whether rightly or wrongly, by an increasing number of persons in all civilised countries; and we asked, What are the reasons of this unconcerted rejection. The answer we arrived at was illustrated afresh, before luncheon, by the object-lesson which we found in the museum. It amounted simply to this—that the conception of human history, implied in theogolical Christianity, is difficult to harmonise with the account which science gives us of the origin and development of man, and the order of nature generally. In our second Conference we turned from what calls itself Revelations to Nature; and considered whether science, appealing to Nature solely, could supply us with a religion, or a spiritual support in life, which could take the place of the religion which we have hitherto looked upon as revealed. To some of our party the result of our second Conference was disconcerting. We saw that if we honestly pursue the course which we had then marked out for ourselves, and confine ourselves rigidly to strict scientific methods, applying them simultaneously to mental facts and to physical, denying ourselves any aid from sentiment, desire, or feeling, science leaves in the universe as little room for a natural, as it leaves for a revealed, religion. It leaves us face to face with merely an unknown first cause, between which and ourselves there can be no moral connection—because, if for no other reason, the things which we call ourselves are merely effects, at once fleeting and necessary, of the universal process through which the first

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cause reveals itself. The nearest approach to anything like a religion which was, on scientific grounds, suggested at our last night's Conference was a conscious desire of the individual mind to be reabsorbed in the universal, analogous to the desire of a lover to be united with the life of the beloved. It was objected that such a desire could have little influence on life; because in whatever manner a man's life might be passed his union with the universal would be equally accomplished by his death. Where, then, it was asked, in the flux of transient existences, shall natural religion discover a firm fulcrum, which shall give its lever the power of moving and of raising man? Mr. Brompton, whose faith in science is as ardent as the faith of any of us, and who has publicly sealed his faith by tearing himself, at its sole bidding, from the bosom of that church of which he was so conspicuous an ornament, professes himself able to answer this great practical question. He offers to show us a rock firmer than that of Peter, which, when everything else dissolves, shall remain unmoved and solid; and, morally, though not astronomically, to give us back a geocentric system. I will now, ladies and gentlemen, call upon Mr. Brompton to address us."

Mr. Brompton, as he listened to these handsome allusions to himself, had exhibited signs alternately of pleasure and some slight confusion. His modesty for a moment assailed him with the cowardly suggestion that in parts of what he had just heard there might be some trace of irony: but his better judgment came to his rescue with the assurance that for anybody to overpraise him would be a very difficult thing, and he now leaped to his feet with a fully restored self-confidence.

"With your permission," he said, extending an oratorical arm, "I will say very few words to you standing. That's the way in which I conduct my London services. If," Mr. Brompton continued, "I were in my own Ethical Church I should be standing on a platform with a grand piano beside me—it's all very simple—and I should begin the proceedings

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with a hymn, so as to put the emotions into sound scientific order. Our hymns are solemn poems by non-clerical writers. For the present occasion I should select one of Matthew Arnold's, in which the poet muses on the calm courses of the stars, which seem in such strange contrast to the troubled life of man. What is their secret? he asks. How shall man learn it? Then, at last, the poet gives us his message:

> "Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
> Through the rustling night air came the answer.
> 'Would'st thou be as these are, live as they?'

'Undistracted,' he says, 'by the silence round them; undisturbed by the vast complexities of this universe, they are content to fulfil their own appointed functions, without asking, "In what state God's other works may be."' Well—that splendid song having been sung, I should begin my address with a text from another inspired writer, whose works may well be described as the fountain from which the modern non-theistic world has drawn the whole of its noblest religious sentiments. I refer to Emerson: and from him I will now quote to you two glorious sentences. 'The Highest dwells with every man, if the sentiment of duty be there.' 'I overlook the sun and stars, and feel them to be but fair accidents and effects, which change and pass.'

"And now," exclaimed Mr. Brompton, "let me take up my own parable. Armed with the spirit which animates these two sentences, and Arnold's beautiful lines, I say boldly we may confront the whole cosmos of science, and admitting everything that the most fearless scientist can tell us, we may reassert the sublimity of human life. Churches may fall, theologies break up like match-wood; heavens, angels, and celestial thrones may topple down; but the light of ethical humanity will only shine more resplendent. Mr. Glanville asks for a rock. The flame of humanity is its own rock.

"You will observe that from the beginning my language is strictly scientific. We, of the Ethical Church, know exactly what science teaches. It teaches—yes, Mr. Glanville, and we

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are quite aware of this—that in the enduring universe, all individual things, as such—whether systems, or worlds, or races of man, or men—appear, persist for a time, and then disappear for ever; and we know quite well that to a mind weakened by theological stimulants this new knowledge of the whole seems to dwarf the majesty of the parts, and reduce, in particular our race, and every member of our race, to insignificance. But a thought such as this is a disease, and the way to cure it is by another thought: and with that other thought science itself supplies us. Fleeting as, no doubt, our individual existence is, it is yet, whilst it lasts, as much a cosmic fact—as inevitable a part of the great cosmic process—as its previous non-existence and its subsequent dissolution. Men of science tell us that in the general constitution of this universe are implied the conditions and history of every cubic inch of it. Well, turn the principle round, and what you will see is this—that just as the condition of the whole implies the condition of the parts, so does the condition of each minutest part, at every vanishing moment, imply and contain the whole. Now if this be true of anything, it is specially true of ourselves. Each one of us—every beggar, every school-boy, every baby—concentrates, so long as he lives, the entire cosmos in himself. Every one of his faculties is cosmic; and pre-eminent among these is his sense of duty, his conscience, or, in other words, his inveterate perception of the moral significance of life.

"Do you catch my drift?" said Mr. Brompton, looking round for applause. "I'm going to make it clearer in a moment. I'm coming to close quarters with theology. Cynical sceptics, backed up by insidious priests, will of course tell us that science has deprived conscience of its authority, by showing us that it is not a kind of supernatural alarum tucked into us, at the moment of our birth, like a piece of squeaking clock-work into the sawdust of a doll's inside; but is the slowly evolved product of our long tribal experiences. Priest and sceptic!" exclaimed Mr. Brompton, slapping his chest, "I will silence you both for ever. I tell you that this

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scientific conception of conscience, which exhibits it as the natural flower of the cosmic process itself, instead of destroying it invests it with a new sanctity; and gives it a higher authority than any we could possible attribute to it as an arbitrary whisper from some mystical no-man's-land. And now mark the reason of this. It will presently carry us very far.

"Conscience, the arbiter of right and wrong, appropriately speaks to us with authority as the voice of our tribal experience, because it was only through our dealings with one another that right and wrong came into existence. A solitary on a deserted island, in contemplating the vastness of the universe, might, when the weather was suitable, experience a sense of exaltation akin to the ecstasies which we talked about last night. But such a feeling, taken by itself, even if pleasant, would be utterly barren. It would have not the least little thread in it of practical or ethical meaning. It acquires a meaning only when the solitary finds himself in society; and then it begins to get a meaning fast enough. It begins to associate itself with helpfulness, justice and so forth—with a growing approval of these, and a growing disapproval of their opposites. And now," said Mr. Brompton, "we come to a grand conclusion. If we want to enter into a religious, into an ethical relation with the All, we can do so only by following that same route by which the ethical principle in the All has made itself manifest to us. That is by obeying the tribal or social instinct in our relations to the tribe or to society. You can no more make a religious or ethical system, if you have only one man to deal with, than you can make a geometry like Euclid's if you have only one line to deal with. But the moment you take the family, the tribe, the nation, and ultimately the human race, our ethical geometry begins its exquisite life. One proposition or principle emerges after another, till the moral law is united with the laws of the solar system. Society, or humanity, is for us the embodied Logos. Whatever we do to one another, we are really doing in it. So true is this," said Mr. Brompton, with an upward glance, "that whenever I help a little mite of

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a child across the street—a thing I often do—I feel that a shiver of gladness runs through all the stars."

A sound here emanated from the lips of Lady Snowdon, which bore a curious resemblance to "Humph!" Mr. Brompton looked at her sharply.

"I should like," she said, "to ask a question."

"And in due time," said Glanville, "I should like to ask you two."

"Let me," said Mr. Brompton condescendingly, "deal with the lady's first."

"I want to know," said Lady Snowdon, "what would happen if you failed to do your cosmic duty by the child? Would the stars shiver with agony? If the whole human race systematically regulated its duties, would the universe be seriously injured by so small and so local a catastrophe?"

"You bring me back," said Mr. Brompton, "to the point from which I set out—to the objection which all along I have been specially setting myself to answer. It has really been answered already in those sublime words of Emerson—'The Highest dwells with every man, if the sentiment of duty is there.' But I know quite well, Lady Snowdon, what is still continuing to perplex you. You are practically urging again, in spite of all I have said, the old platitude about the vastness and duration of the universe, which degrade man and his destinies to a vanishing and insignificant part of it. As we may, no doubt, if we only let out ourselves yield to it, allow such a comparison to poison our moral life—as even men like Tennyson have yielded to it in their weaker moments—I will give you the specific answer which the Ethical Church, the Church of Humanity, gives. I am glad that you have drawn it from me. I might otherwise have forgotten it. Like all sovran answers, it is very simple. If your ethical enthusiasm is paralysed by the vastness of the suns and stars, we, of the Ethical Church, say to you, Don't think about them. We say, in the words of Mr. Frederic Harrison, 'Away with such unmanly musings!' We say, in

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the words of Professor Clifford, 'Don't let us dwell on the thought that we shall one day be dead. Let us gloriously confine ourselves to the thought that this day we are alive.' We say, as Arnold says in his hymn, Let us not ask in what state the rest of the universe may be. We say with Comte, Let us not trouble ourselves about the stars. We say, finally, adopting the yet more drastic advice of Emerson—advice which formed a part of my text—that if the vastness of the universe seems to reduce us to a passing accident, an act of our living will shall turn the tables on the universe, and turn the stars into its accidents, and ourselves into its eternal essence. Carlyle said of history, Without wise oblivion there is no true memory possible. The Ethical Church says the same thing of science. Science can tell us nothing that will stimulate our ethical life, unless we forget every part of its message which might deaden it. I am not," continued Mr. Brompton, "speaking these things of myself, I am answering Lady Snowdon in the words of the Choir Invisible. I am merely summing up, and reducing to intelligible order, the utterances and opinions of all the most celebrated thinkers, who, convinced of the hopeless insolvency of the old theistic system, have determined to found a religion on the facts of the social organism. If you don't agree with me, Lady Snowdon, you condemn all these also—the Comtes, the Cliffords, the Emersons, the Huxleys, the Tolstoys, the George Eliots. We all of us fall, and we all of us stand together."

"There, Mr. Brompton," said Glanville, "I at all events quite agree with you."

"I rejoice to hear it,' said Mr. Brompton, with a solemn bow. "And now Mr. Glanville, will you favour me with your own question."

"I'm afraid," said Glanville, "that the precedence which your chivalry so rightly induced you to give to Lady Snowdon's has put my own somewhat out of its logical order. Still, questions of practically eternal importance don't lose their points by being kept waiting for five minutes. Well, Mr.

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Brompton, you tell us that religious emotion is meaningless unless it associates itself with some particular kind of action, which we call moral or virtuous. There we are all with you. But you haven't told us whether the virtues which you have in view are like those which were inculcated by the Christian religion or no. What, according to the Church of Humanity, is the root idea of virtue?"

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Brompton, drawing a deep breath, "that is a question which I have been tempted to look at in two lights—as a question the answer to which is so self-evident that you would not require me to give it to you; and again as a question the answer to which is so important that I should have to make it the subject of a second and separate exposition. I gladly find that I shall be right in choosing the second alternative. What will the virtues be which the Ethical Church will cultivate? At bottom all virtue is of one and the same kind—it is social endeavour, struggle for the welfare of all, a self-consecration to the services of that social organism which is greater than ourselves and includes ourselves. Christianity perceived this in its own imperfect way, but obscured the truth by associating it with disturbing fiction. The Ethical Church will give us these same virtues in their purity, as actions which by their outward effects benefit others, and, by being an inward struggle, develop the highest life in ourselves—yes—I say so advisedly—the most ecstatic life."

"But surely," interrupted Mr. Hancock, "we all of us agreed last night, when we talked about the river and the piston-rods, that struggle——"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Brompton, waving the objection away, "but we must not push things too far. In the man that is acting virtuously struggle is the essence of virtue. Sociology tells us that. Psychology tells us that. These, Mr. Hancock, are sciences, and there's no getting out of what they tell us. When we make our bodies healthy by games or sports—when we develop our minds by exercising them on difficult problems—we do so only because we encounter and overcome resistance.

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How could a cricketer bat if nobody bowled a ball at him? In the same way that highest of human satisfactions which attends the performance of the actions which we call good, depends on the fact that we are overcoming the resistance of what we call evil. And here I may observe incidentally that the Ethical Church dissolves, with the spell of science, what was for Christian theism an absolutely inseparable difficulty. It exhibits what we call evil, not as the work of a devil with a long tail, but as the resistance of one part of our nature to another part—the overcoming of this resistance by a noble spiritual reaction, being what we call good. As the rapture of the athlete depends on work done by his muscles, so does the rapture of the Ethical saint depend on the effort involved in preferring good to evil. It is only for this reason that men are higher than animals; or that humanity, when perfect, will be better than a hive of bees. I won't tax your patience longer by enlarging on this topic further. I will only repeat, as a most assured and obvious truth, that the moral strength and heroism of the saints of the Ethical Church will be no less strenuous than those which figure in the hagiology of Rome. I might have put all this—indeed, perhaps I should have put it—in the forefront of my argument, if I had not, like most of the great thinkers who agree with me, been accustomed to assume it; and if I had not felt—to quote the beautiful words of Professor Huxley about it—that 'all this is surely indubitable.' Well," said Mr. Brompton, as he sank with an air of triumph into a chair, "is Mr. Glanville satisfied? Doesn't he see now that the Ethical Church has found for itself a scientific rock to stand on?"

"With your permission," said Glanville, "I would sooner not say anything till we've both of us had the privilege of listening to the wisdom of Mr. Brock. He, too, as you know, is an authority on moral questions; and as he, like you, bases his system on science, it will be best perhaps to discuss both your systems together."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Hancock, "that your views

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and mine, Mr. Brompton, come practically to the same thing. Your doctrine, I take it, is merely another form of my own, which I've mentioned so often—my doctrine of the working hypothesis."

"Not at all," said Mr. Brompton, frowning. "Nothing could be further from my meaning. The essence of my religion is that it turns hypothesis out of doors. It's the religion of exact thought united to earnest feeling. When Mr. Brock comes, you will see how completely he corroborates me, though his language, being more technical, may be less pellucid than mine."

XXI

"We meet under conditions very different from those under which we last parted. I hope you will find them very much more satisfactory. I haven't forgotten even yet how you snubbed me at that unfortunate ball."

"I trust," said the gentleman addressed, to the lady who had thus addressed him, "that you did not misapprehend the tenor of my remarks on that occasion. It is true that I deem conversation which consists of trivial personalities, and the course of habitual conduct out of which such conversation springs, to be little better than a puerile stultification of existence. But social intercourse which results in any serious representations of general facts and problems as they present themselves to different minds, even when it is associated with laughter and the ordinary commonplaces of friendship, I look upon as being, in moderation, healthful both for mind and body; and I join a small gathering like that which our host appears to have assembled here—especially, Mrs. Vernon, seeing that it includes yourself—not only with willingness, but also with satisfaction."

So spoke Mr. Brock, as Mrs. Vernon and he—more punctual than the rest of the party—were alone together in the drawing-room before dinner.

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"Well," said Mrs. Vernon, "you've heard, no doubt, from our host that everybody here is in a mood which ought to meet your approval. We've all of us been discussing religion, and morals, and science; and asking how much religion and how much morality science will leave us when we really understand what it teaches us. I dare say you'll think it very conceited on my part to meddle with such matters at all; but oddly enough the subject has proved so interesting that nobody here has been talking about anything else."

"Surely," said Mr. Brock, "you pay a poor compliment to human nature if you consider it odd that intelligent men and women should manifest any interest in the question which of all questions concerns them most. All philosophy and all science, though they consist of a vast substratum of definitely co-ordinated knowledge, are valuable only as affording a foundation for religion and ethics."

"I'm glad," replied Mrs. Vernon, "to hear you say that. Mr. Glanville has been trying to indoctrinate us with the forlorn conclusion that science won't allow us to have any belief in anything—not even in our own souls and an intelligent ruler of the universe."

Mr. Brock looked down on Mrs. Vernon with an expression of amazed compassion. "Religion," he began, "is not a system of belief, but a state of mind or feeling connected by, and arising out of, knowledge. Nor does ethics, though such still is the opinion of the partially educated, depend on any such beliefs as your idea of religion implies."

But here Mr. Brock was interrupted by the entrance of Lady Snowdon, who was closely followed by the host and the rest of the party. Lady Snowdon, when Mr. Brock was introduced to her, acknowledged the philosopher's bow with a majesty so cordial that it would have given him unmixed delight if it had not been too suggestive of an intellectual equality with himself. Mr. Hancock shook him by the hand with an effusiveness reserved for the celebrated. Mr. Brompton made a statement, which struck Mr. Brock as superfluous,

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to the effect that he had read with admiration many of Mr. Brock's works; whilst Miss Leighton confused him for a moment by the curious magic of her manner, which made him vaguely feel that they were people of different sexes. Lord Restormel, however, who lounged into the room late, so quickened his step when he perceived Mr. Brock's presence, and held him by the arm with so much affectionate reverence, that Mr. Brock, when they presently went in to dinner, felt himself after all amongst reasonable human beings, who, even if they were not perfectly wise already, were desirous and prepared to be made so by a little of his own teaching.

Such being the case, he was good enough not to be displeased by the fact that the conversation, so long as the servants were in the room, was adroitly diverted by the host from the lofty questions that were awaiting them, and confined itself to what Mr. Brock described as "proximate interests"—such as the Irish climate, the character of the Irish peasantry, with their imperfect sense of veracity; and even the character of his own house at Ballyfergus, of the meals supplied to him by his landlady, and the manner in which he ate them.

"I find," he said, "that a repast such as the present, where the dishes are numerous, and some rich and elaborate, is, when eaten in company, frequently much more wholesome than one which is severely simple, if the latter be consumed in solitude. It is important to remember that, when we eat our food in company, the cerebral and nervous actions set up by conversation, and even by laughter, constitute a powerful digestive, which is quite capable of making the banquet of a Lucullus a healthier meal than a plateful of cold mutton bolted in gloomy silence. As for myself,' Mr. Brock continued, "when I dine alone I have my soup brought to me in two successive tea-cups, with an interval of ten minutes between them, during which I pace the room in order to promote circulation; or I stimulate my risible faculties by perusing accounts in the newspapers of the blunders—of daily occurrence as Mr. Glanville knows—perpetrated by the Government, or this or

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that public body; and the rest of my meal is consumed under the same conditions."

The unusual character of Mr. Brock's table-talk secured for him an attention which was highly agreeable to himself, and prepared both himself and his audience for the still more prominent position which he was destined to occupy when the business of the evening should begin. An overture to this business, though not the business itself, was started spontaneously the moment dessert was in progress, and the servants had at last withdrawn.

"Mr. Brock," said Lady Snowdon, as though she were one sovereign addressing another, "I should like to ask your opinion, not about any question of philosophy, but about a general question of fact, which we all of us here have been discussing. We all are aware—and your writings have helped to make us so—that the old ecclesiastical view of the world is seemingly out of accordance with modern scientific discoveries. Nobody doubts these discoveries; but the old ecclesiastical view is still practically prevalent amongst a large part of the public. Churches are being daily built having for their sole object the assertion and the perpetuation of ideas, at direct variance with that system of knowledge which, apart from its bearing on religion, the very church-builders themselves accept. The same curious fact comes out in royal speeches, in enthronements of archbishops and other public ceremonials, in squabbles between parties in the Church, and in squabbles about religious education."

"Such," said Mr. Brock, "is beyond all doubt the case. There is not a country in Europe, there is not a State in America, where a riot or a political crisis might not arise to-day in connection with the claims of rival religious doctrines, which doctrines differ, in their several relations to fact, only as some doctrine about Thor might differ from some doctrine about Jupiter. The phenomenon seems strange; but it illustrates and is explicable by the strangely partial receptivity of the mind of the ordinary man. Lacking time or ability to

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view assembled propositions in their totality, he is capable of entertaining, and indeed of simultaneously asserting, religious and scientific views which it is quite impossible to reconcile; and it is only by a slow and mainly unconscious process that the latter modify, and will ultimately dissolve, the former. This slowness is, however, practically advantageous, as it tends to retain certain useful ethical sanctions, until others, of a higher kind, can be put formally in their place. We may, therefore, rejoice in this irrational religious conservatism, even while we are doing all we can do to dissipate it."

"No doubt," said Lady Snowdon, "that's true. But it's not quite an answer to my question. What I want to ask you is to what extent you personally think that the dissipation of this irrational conservatism is progressing."

"It is progressing," said Mr. Brock, "much faster than you suppose. Amongst uninstructed or semi-instructed persons the decline of religious belief invariably at first shows itself, not in the form of a direct negation of such belief, but in the changed mood of mind which accompanies a continued assertion of it. Parts of it, though accepted as true, are thrown aside as unimportant; then they are treated with a slowly developing flippancy—as the story of the deluge, the fall of man, and the Creation, are already treated by the great majority of church-goers. Then, having been treated with flippancy, whilst still accepted as truths, they gradually cease to be accepted as truths at all. And the same process is taking place in the case of all the miraculous doctrines which form the specific features of the Christian and Hebrew cult, though with regard to many of them it proceeds slowly."

"Many people," said Glanville, "cling to the old beliefs that have comforted them just as English farmers, and Indian ryots, cling to their old methods of cultivation."

"An admirable parallel," said Mr. Brock. "In many countries this obstinacy is a serious bar to agricultural progress; but no one would say, for that reason, that improved

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methods of agriculture are not being daily discovered, and are steadily, even if tardily, extending themselves."

"But my dear Mr. Brock," said Mrs. Vernon, "you seem to be forgetting one thing—you who are such a believer in the reality of social progress. When you talk of the prejudices that keep Christianity alive, you forget that it is kept alive also by the general growth—insisted on so strongly by yourself—of the moral and philanthropic, or—as you would call them—social feelings, of which the doctrines of Christianity are the most vivid and familiar expressions."

"There is truth," said Mr. Brock, "in what you observe, but it illustrates my own thesis, instead of constituting an objection to it. In the ages when Christian belief was really dominant, the virtues you refer to were practised because certain beliefs sanctioned them. On your own admission the case is now inverted. On your own admission the classes to which you refer now base their beliefs on their practices, instead of deriving, as formerly, their practices from their beliefs. In short," said Mr. Brock, "miracles, which were once looked on as the foundation of the Christian life, are now a burden which the Christian life has to sustain—and which, I need hardly say, it sustains with increasing difficulty."

When the ladies had left the room the philosopher, with great good nature, divested himself of his philosopher's mantle, and condescended to discuss, in language that was almost familiar, the respective merits of claret, port and Madeira. His favourite wine was port, on account of its hygienic properties; and whether he partook in the evening of one glass or of two depended on the distance which a pedometer, always worn by him, showed him to have walked in the course of the last twelve hours. His beverage at luncheon was invariably toast and water. He was presently proceeding to explain that a general abstention from alcohol was by no means necessarily favourable to the higher evolution of societies, as might plainly be seen by a study of the Mohammedan races; whilst governmental

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attempts at producing an artificial temperance must be actively prejudicial to the health of the social organism.

At this point, however, Mr. Hancock thought proper to intervene; and observed that the present was perhaps a fitting opportunity for putting before Mr. Brock the precise nature of the question with regard to which the party, and the ladies of the party especially, were anxious to hear him speak. Everybody agreed, including Mr. Brock himself, though Mr. Brompton's face became clouded with a somewhat jealous frown.

"In making special reference to the ladies," said Mr. Brock, when Mr. Hancock had finished, "you have, my dear Mr. Hancock, acted very judiciously; for the intellects of superior women—and Mr. Glanville's ladies are distinguished specimens of that class—may be generally taken as exemplifying the mental condition—the insight, the defects of insight, the confusions of thought, the prejudices—current amongst ordinary men. I do not," he said, slightly modifying this not very gallant utterance, "necessarily mean men who are congenitally bad reasoners. I mean men who, occupied with proximate interests, and swayed by unexamined opinions, are incapable of effecting a synthesis of even that general scientific knowledge which, in detached fragments, they can hardly help possessing. I am therefore not surprised that these three most intelligent ladies should find their main difficulty to be that of perceiving in what way ethics and the principles of religion can survive the dissolution of theology; and the consciousness that I shall presently be addressing such admirable persons will greatly, I trust, assist me in investing my exposition of the matter with a character which will render it capable of comprehension by the feeblest intellect."

When the gentlemen, having finished their wine, at length adjourned to the portico, Mr. Hancock once more assumed the duty of chairman, and announcing that another Conference was now about to begin, recalled to his hearers the fact that their distinguished friend Mr. Brompton had already given them, in

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his capacity of religious teacher, an outline of an ethical system which, though it was purely natural, claimed to provide them with all the more valuable of the Christian virtues—the ceaseless struggle towards the right, the ceaseless purifications of self-denial, the heroic championship of justice."

"Hear, hear," murmured Mr. Brompton in an approving whisper.

"But," Mr. Hancock continued, "a general desire has been expressed to learn how this view of the matter, which has been put before us as a religion, is formulated and substantiated by the more rigid methods of science. We are therefore fortunate in having to-night amongst us the most celebrated, the most severely logical, the most comprehensive, the most encyclo—I always stick at this long word—the most encyclopædically scientific of all our modern philosophers; and it is now my privilege to request him to be good enough to address us."

(*To be continued.*)

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THE NEW CREATION

CREATION, in the fullest sense that we can give to it, is the self-manifestation of God, the nature of His Being made intelligible to us. We use the word sometimes in a restricted sense, confining it to the system of things that man finds outside himself; or, from the analogy of our own works, we give it a mechanical meaning, and think of it as the product of certain combinations, or the adjustment of various elements to serve a particular end. The defect of this mechanical view is that it suggests a mind controlling or shaping things external to itself, like the potter fashioning clay.

I am trying to give Creation its highest and fullest thought-meaning as the Self-Revelation of the central Unity. This seems to me to be the standpoint that is beginning to make itself known to-day, now that mechanical views of life are already fading away (through the alchemy of the intellect) into the Spiritual, the region of the Becoming, and the minds of men are seeking after some kind of unity from which all things may be felt to proceed, and in the light and power of which a new harmony may be discovered, a new construction of Society be established.

The unit I take to be Personality. The real thing to each of us is the fact of his own existence. The reality of other existences is an ultimate fact as well, but it is arrived at through the primary fact of the individual self-consciousness of each. Self-consciousness is the ground of everything. It is that

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which differentiates man from other animals; it is also that which is synonymous with Personality. Personality involves a duality, or perhaps we should say a manifoldness, within the individual unit. "Here am I," the man says to himself. "How did I get here?" "What is the 'Here,' its meaning and object?" and so forth. He is himself the questioner and the questioned, the object and the subject, as well as the cause of the questions. He is in contact too with other things, and, stranger still, with other persons. These he can at first only designate as the "Not-self;" yet he comes to feel that they must all be in some way part of himself, else they would not be. Everything that he knows as existing must have some relation to himself. A man's own personality then is the one real thing to him; the centre of his Universe. The *meaning* of himself and his Universe is what he seeks gradually to acquire; a meaning that shall tend to unify his manifold experiences. The unifying principle is what we call God.

Personality is that which exists for its own sake, which has its own permanent value—a value not realised in present attainment or knowledge, but a value which enlarging experience and growing interpretation of experience tends to help us to realise more and more. To grow is to come to realise more and more the exceeding greatness of one's own worth. Needless to say that I am not speaking of the worth of one individual as compared with another, but the worth of each personality. In this sense all are equal, and equal things are outside the region of comparison. The Universe is a Society. God is the social Spirit. The social Spirit is the free intercourse of personalities, of which none is greater or less, higher or lower, than another. Such intercourse cannot *be* so long as persons can be dealt with as though they were things, so long as they be valued according to the use they may be put to by others, without regard to their value in and for themselves.

Shall we say then that what constitutes personality is the

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consciousness of being a self-existent Reality, and therefore of infinite worth, and that this involves the consciousness of God as being in vital relation with each, making a personal link between each; forming, so far as I can see, the only real ground of sympathy and fellowship between me and any one else? To my thinking, if the term God is to express something intelligible and vital, in short something real, it must mean Ideal Personality. Ideal Personality is the only thing cognate to myself that I can be at home with, that can give me the sense of pardon and joy and satisfaction that I cannot do without, into whose mind and being I can enter as I can into that of no one else. Moreover, it calls forth the best and worthiest that is in every one's life. If God be considered as being in ideal personal relations with us, He is bound by this very hypothesis to respect the personality of each; is conditioned, so to say, by the needs and demands of each as being of infinite worth.

There are three main forms of manifestation—the physical, the intellectual and the spiritual.

With the first, the physical, we have immediate and direct contact. Sense-perceptions are direct, and produce an immediate image. We can at any time reproduce any familiar sense-object: say, a garden, a face, a melody or a scent.

The second form of manifestation, the intellectual, is ours mediately; it is our own creation: the result of a process of thought. The mind judges, distinguishes, corrects the sense-impressions, mediates between the appearance and reality, translates perception into knowledge. Here, too, imagination —that is, the throwing outward the image of that which is within—brings to our consciousness the content of the mind. Ideas—as the word shows—are such mental visions. The earth as we see it appears to us a flat stationary thing; but the mind can picture the truth that the planet spins round its centre at the rate of so many thousand miles a second.

Again, the third form of manifestation, the spiritual, is perceived directly and immediately. Spirit recognises spirit

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by a direct and immediate perception. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. Spiritual vision is clear, direct, unmistakable. And here, too, the spiritual is manifested to spiritual sight by the projection of its image. As the spiritual is beyond the three-dimensional order, its image as seen takes no shape, neither, as it is beyond intellectual manifestation, is its existence something that can be proved, defined or demonstrated. It is its own evidence, more real than sense-perceptions or ideas, because it abides while they change, it transcends their limitations. This spiritual image, manifesting the spiritual in us, is what is often called the "religious sense." It is the sense of a presence, the presence of a personal power that is all-in-all, the pledge of all-power, all-wisdom, all-goodness, bringing with it the sense of all-sufficiency, that the all is here and now, flooding all the spaces of the mind and heart, swallowing up hesitancy, doubt, discontent. It is the manifestation of the very-self of the Universe, the "I," the "Thou," the "He" in perfection of Unity. It is the manifestation to man of the spiritual in him, the glorifying of the personality of each. The glory of anything consists in the manifestation of what it is, its Reality. Man's glory lies in his recognition of the spiritual as being what he is, and the disowning of any lesser manifestation as being a *permanent* part of himself. To own this consciousness of one-ness with the all as being the Truth is to take his rightful place in the Universe.

The relation of the one to the many is, in various forms, the old and ever new subject of philosophical discussion. It becomes, I think, somewhat simpler to understand if we eliminate a purely numerical connotation from the terms. Number, if I understand aright, is the tool that the mind forms for itself and uses for definite purposes. It requires it for dealing with things in their actual (*i.e.*, 3-dimensional) condition. It (*i.e.*, the mind) wants to know for practical purposes and uses the relationship and inter-connection of things in time and space. But in the spiritual region number does not apply.

"Are there many or few that shall be saved?" is not a

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question of the spiritual understanding. Spiritual and numerical relationship is not the same thing. The whole is not the sum of each. God is not merely everything. One and one does not make two. It is still one and one, though we call it two for short. The relation of the one to the many in spiritual thought is best expressed in the form that the one is *in* each, and each *in* the one. The relationship is vital and internal, not external at all. Man is *in* God, and not truly known till *so* known. God is *in* man, and not truly known till *so* known. This form of expression symbolises a fact cognisable by direct spiritual perception.

The Universe of created things (as we call them) is not strictly and directly God's creation but man's, in so far at any rate as we conceive of it in terms of matter, motion, force, number, and so forth. The world of created things is in a real sense "in us," the projection of our own manifold content. The Word by which all things were made, without which was not anything made that was made, that which upholds and sustains all things, is that very self-consciousness which, as I have said, differentiates man, making him to be the interpretation of the world, because the world is, in varying degrees, the manifestation of his very being.

That which is of direct Divine Creation is man. "God created man in His own Image." Here man is spoken of as the work of the divine imagination, the projection, so to say, of the reality of God's very Being. God is the source of man, as Being is the source of its own image. Man is changelessly the very Image of the Inmost. The Duality of God and man is not a duality of Essence, but of presentment. He is the self-Revelation of the Divine. The unity between God and man is not the merging, and, therefore, practically the destruction of two personalities, but the unity of the abiding relationship between the manifestation and that which manifests.

The Divine in this view is what I have called the abiding personal link between the various personalities. It is the Unity of the Spirit of Sonship—the Spirit that testifies to our

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oneness with God as being the oneness of that which manifests with that which is manifested. This I understand to be the true meaning of Sonship. It should be freed, I think, from the connotation of time-process, as when we speak of descent from father to son.

Now what is the line of way along which we are to pass from our present state of divided consciousness to the fuller realisation of the true? There must first of all be going on in us a constant sense of change. Our natural tendency is towards fixity in thought, in activity, in point of view. We form habits and forget that we have formed them, and come to look upon them as fixed and permanent environments, the fixity all the while being in us and not in things outside. We become victims to our own illusions, and are prone to stamp such habits with a divine authority to which we voluntarily subjugate ourselves. This is but worshipping idols of our own making. We must, then, if we would not deceive ourselves, be alive to and expect what has been called the "renewing of the inward man day by day": the consciousness, that is, of continuous change within ourselves; change in point of view, in feeling, in all things; ourselves making all things new, as fuller manifestations of our true selves come into actuality from within, evolving new faculties, and bringing to light new endowments. As we realise ourselves more and more to be not mere products of manifold forces, nor the mere subjects of external objects, but rather media of manifestation of the free, original, self-manifesting unity, so we become more and more able to shake off the separating illusions of the external, and see with direct vision the image of the wholeness that is within ourselves. The nature of the eye that sees determines what it shall see. The vision of the whole man is of wholeness. If thine eye be single it will be full of light.

Here I should like to make clear that I do not look upon the external as pure illusion, in the sense that there is no reality in it. There are degrees of reality, and everything is real in its particular context. There are realities of relationship.

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The pavement along which I walk is real to me as a walking organism; and, as such, there is a real difference whether I walk on pavement or through a bog. But to an angel, or to any being that does not walk, pavement, as such, is non-existent. To any being that has transcended physical conditions, the physical does not exist. Physical things are physically discerned. To the blind or to the deaf colour or sound is non-existent.

It is, however, in the physical—and it is this that gives it a reality if nothing else does—it is in the physical that the real difficulty and problem of life lies. Pain and evil have their sphere there, and it is with pain and evil that we are largely concerned. What is their meaning? why should they be? are questions that are continually haunting us. The doctrine of original sin, perhaps the earliest attempt at a solution, does not help, but only lands us in contradictions. Ultimately God must be responsible for the whole of Creation, for all things are of Him. To say that *some* things are of God would be false and unmeaning, for only universals are intelligible. The spiritual only knows and deals with universals. The Spirit everywhere is one, and all are of one. The responsibility remains the same even though the external world be not directly but indirectly (through man) the work of God. In the classical reference for the old theory the Serpent is still one of the beasts that the Lord God had made, the noxious fruit still of one of the trees that the Lord God had planted. And though the external world exists only for man in his present conditions, still the responsibility for what he is and where he finds himself rests upon the source from which springs all that he is.

The ultimate responsibility of the Creator presents us with a point of view that brings with it certain results. It is but another form of the thesis that all things are in their degrees linked into a unity of process—the process of the self-manifestation of ultimate existence. Spiritual vision is the vision of process not of finality. As man himself is in the process, and

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knows himself only as proceeding from the central Unity, his vision of his Universe in this life is of a process. Things outside change in form and in meaning with the change that is proceeding within himself. If anything in the outward is regarded as final, as having a separate existence of its own, and an end in and for itself, it necessarily comes to be regarded as an evil. That, however, which is evil is not the thing, which, in fact, in itself has no existence, but that which is evil is the vision which is not the vision of the whole man, but of the man in a certain relation to the external taken as though it were the vision of the whole man. Evil cannot be a thing in itself. It cannot belong to the external world, and should not be dealt with as though it did, for the external world is but the imperfect apprehension of our imperfect consciousness; nor can it belong to man, since he is made after the image of the infinite good. After all, the sting of evil does not lie in the sensation of it, in the fact that it is felt. Sensation is nothing till it is interpreted, translated, as we may say, into the kingdom of the whole (*i.e.*, the spiritual) man. Nothing is really and vitally judged or known until it is discovered by the spiritual faculties. Ultimately all that goes to form the experience of man must be seen to coincide with the demands of the whole process of his evolution, and to work together with the pressing need from within him—the need of the expression and assertion of his own creative power; the power, that is, that is within him of making all experience minister to his own self-manifestation. For the region from whence his experience comes, that which we call the external world, is not really alien to himself. Although it comes to him from the apparently unknown, the whole region from whence all possible experience comes is cognate to himself, inasmuch as, according to my contention, it is the externalised content of his own inner being. Man is according to his inmost consciousness by destiny lord of all things. The fact that this is conceivably his destiny involves its truth; for I take it that the deeper the conception the greater and the surer is the truth.

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There can at any rate be little doubt that the whole experience of pain and evil is the constant spur to man to refuse to accept anything as final, to refuse to allow the external to pose upon his imagination as the real. It incites him, by throwing his attention back upon himself, to dwell with increasing assurance upon the truth of his being one with the original source of all things. The sting of the experience of pain and evil lies in the suspicion, so long as it exists, that there is something outside the influence of man's control, something that need not be, something that has a power of its own to hinder the development of personalities.

Hence the sphere of the conflict—for the conflict is real enough—is wrongly conceived. It is supposed to lie in the external; but the true conflict is not there. The true conflict is between the narrower and the wider consciousness that is within the man, whether shall prevail the conception that the world forms the man or the man the world.

The difference of the two conceptions shows itself in the two methods of dealing with the world of outer experience. In the one case the unyielding man will try by all available means to alter the experience; in the other case, the man will show himself to be free by the voluntary yielding of his outer self to the outer experience, and so give them each their rightful place and lawful meaning in the scheme of things.

The suffering of manifold experiences is the way of life ordained for all. It makes a difference whether we shall regard experiences merely as humiliations imposed by a necessity from without, or whether we shall regard a voluntary acceptance of them as our highest prerogative. By such voluntary acceptance of the manifold experiences of whatever kind we confess them to be factors in our evolution.

We express at the same time our knowledge of what we are and whither we go, and exercise the power that such knowledge involves. We express it, too, in the name of each and all. For I do not understand that there can be two

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principles of action, one for my own benefit and another for that of others; I understand rather that the way of truth makes for the good of all *because* it makes for the good of each.

I have spoken of the creative power of man. Of this, in what may be called its secondary sense, we have ample testimony and an assurance that grows stronger every day. That he is destined to have control of, and to put to what use he will, the forces of nature, of this we have little doubt; that he is to be increasingly able to stamp with his own personality, and express himself through, the material of his environment, to this arts, sciences, and institutions bear growing witness. The face of the world he is changing day by day. But this is after the order of the potter and the clay: creation in its secondary sense. We wait for something further. We expect the direct exercise of spiritual powers, the exercise of spiritual faculties called forth by the deepening consciousness of man as to his place in the Universe.

It will show itself—or, rather, it is already showing itself—in certain ways. The tyranny of the outward is decreasing. There is less belief in mere re-arrangement, more demand for reconstruction. Power is to be found in ideas rather than in things. The authority for things that exist in the outward lies not in themselves but in the reasons for which they came to be. These reasons are all human reasons. What man has thought out on one plane, he can re-think on a higher plane; what he has made, he can re-make. A large part of the Universe with which man has to do is of his own making: customs and institutions and so forth are all forms of his belief at various times, and themselves alter with his growth. Why things seem to change and be re-made so slowly is, I suppose, because man is composite and manifold. That he is, in all his various individual manifestations, coming to be conscious of the Total Unity as conceived in Ideal Personality is not, I think, to be doubted. And it is this from which he is coming to draw his inspiration, and to believe in himself as inspired (in-breathed)

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with the all-creative breath of Life. For what is Inspiration but the turning of the whole man to the central Ideal Personality, which is the one intelligible thing in the Universe, and finding there the meaning of himself and of all things; breathing *in* the breath of lives which is love, and breathing *out* the same love which is the one creative and re-creative Power?

C. R. Shaw Stewart.

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WALTER PATER

ENGLISH prose literature has become in our day almost as rare as English poetry. A host of writers, more or less conspicuous, have conspired, it would seem, to write not English prose but prose run mad. English in the hands of the most popular writers is now a language without rule and often without sense; indeed, the more popular a writer is the madder his prose becomes. It were invidious to give examples, for it is characteristic of the English novel that apart from every other form of literature it alone is indifferent to words, concerning itself chiefly with a tale of love, or the domestic accidents of provincial family life, or the impossible achievements of some braggart long and long ago. But when we remember the magnificent work of the translators of the Bible, how they dealt with romance immortally, and delicately set their words in order, or how in reading the Morte d'Arthur we are possessed by the beauty of a page that tells so exquisitely the valiant old tale, it is with utter disgust that we return to the work of the day, with its split infinitives, its use of "like" for "as," its eternal "and which," its horrible tautology and alliteration, its absence of rhythm or any sense of music, its domesticity and its vulgarity. To read the opening sentence of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," that captures the reader by its sheer beauty from the very beginning, and then to read the work of the writers of our day is, as it were, to experience a revolution in manners, and in the language so tremendous as to startle even the most artless reader.

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Yet amidst the masses of verbiage that know no master or king, nor any rule or order, we may find after due search, even in our day, one at least who cared passionately for words, who without being a poet loved words as the poets do, and who has written a few books very beautifully.

In writing of Sir Thomas Browne, Walter Pater says of English prose literature towards the end of the seventeenth century in the hands of Dryden and Locke, that it was becoming "a matter of design and skilled practice, highly conscious of itself as an art, and above all correct." That might stand almost as a criticism of his own work; prose as he understood it being as difficult to write as poetry. Concerned as he was less with plot than with beauty, he achieved no popular success. Yet he was concerned with the adventures of the soul of man. As his highest aim was beauty, so he found that at least in his own art beauty is not to be divorced from words; that in themselves perhaps words are the most beautiful things in the world, to be used carefully and less readily than the novelists use them.

How much of his art was a great patience and an infinite capacity for taking pains it is impossible to say for certain; yet except perhaps in "The Renaissance," the one great fault in his work seems to be a lack of spontaneous inspiration, a want of the impromptu effects of literature that are so delightful, for instance, in Sir Thomas Browne. Yet he surpassed easily all his contemporaries in the use of words, the measure of his prose sometimes very happily attaining to a perfection of rhythm hardly surpassed in all English literature; as when in his essay on Pico della Mirandola, he writes so sincerely:

> For the essence of humanism is that belief of which he seems never to have doubted, that nothing which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality—no language they have spoken, nor oracle beside which they have hushed their voices; no dream which has once been entertained by actual human minds; nothing about which they have ever been passionate or expended time and zeal.

That is perhaps a fuller and more elaborate example than

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usual, but still a very good example of the tone of his voice, as it were, his manner, perhaps his style. He is never off his guard, never quite "at home," with his reader, never happy without a certain ceremony. His mind appears to be ecclesiastical, expressing itself always with a certain ritual, which is indeed beautiful in itself, and to him and to the friendly reader beautiful for itself. Yet his manner, his style, changes with his books, reaching its greatest perfection perhaps, certainly its greatest richness, in "The Renaissance," and its greatest simplicity in "The Imaginary Portraits." His thought, profound and lovely as it frequently is, is never obscurely expressed; indeed, to one who valued words so much, vagueness of expression would have been a fault in art, and except as a fault impossible. And in spite of his small production, seven books in more than twenty years, or five only if we leave out the two books "Greek Studies" and "Miscellaneous Studies," published after his death, he appears to us now as more important than a host of more garrulous, less reticent writers. To some extent he may be said to have influenced the language, making it possible for us to appreciate modern English, as we do the English of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or Latin and Greek. He came to remind us not without a smile that English, too, is a precious language, and worthy of respect since Shakespeare wrote in it, and in it, too, unlike other living tongues, the Liturgy is said, and a whole people pray to God. A wise criticism will not claim for him a place beside Shakespeare or Milton as has been done for lesser men. He is not among the greater men in literature, only among the greater men of his day, where he is unique, in that he wrote more beautifully than they all.

And as other men have chosen to express themselves in fiction, for instance, he in criticism explained himself, perhaps chiefly to himself, expressing there his imagination and his dream of a world. For him the vision is always necessary. He never describes, but suggests, as it were, what he would have us see or feel. The atmosphere of Italy, of Rome, of

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Florence, of the country of Loire, of Valenciennes, of Germany, of England, disengages itself from his pages. And all this is really nothing but a great desire for truth of expression, so that the word, the phrase, the sentence, may convey the very emotion that he feels, the very vision that he sees. He is the true realist, he will never excuse himself from the truth; and it is there that he finds the true beauty of his expression, for anything lovely cannot be expressed at all save beautifully and with integrity. One desires long summer afternoons in which to read his books under great shady trees.

His criticism—his work, is always close to life. Without life he is as feeble as in his "Essays from the Guardian," the publication of which has wronged him, or as in his essay "On Style," where he hastens to speak not so much of style as of Flaubert. He creates a personality, suggestive of that which he desires to express, and it is generally round such a figure that he builds his essay, none the less beautiful for that visionary life. His heroes, his young men, are almost as lovely and almost as languid as the Adam of Michael Angelo in the *Creation of Man* in the Sistine Chapel. They never decide, they hesitate always between life and death, and are really indifferent to both. And yet in their absolute sincerity, in the sheer beauty of their youth, they live though perhaps only as a kind of angels, guardians of the centuries whence they come.

After all it is only of those things which really matter that he writes with an unique detachment from the petty sordid things of the world and the din of the trumpery cities. He is not perhaps so much a thinker as an artist in thought, with a real passion chiefly for whatsoever things are lovely; able to charm us not only with the delicacy of his thought but with the beauty of its expression and the individuality of his style. He is not of those who found a school; at most his disciples will learn from him to be scholars, students, refusing hasty production of any sort, patient in their love of Beauty, who is no easy mistress.

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Perhaps, in spite of the verdict of the many who pronounce him "precious," it is as a humorist he is most delightful, as in the twenty-fourth chapter of the second volume of "Marius the Epicurean," for instance. Lucian and Marius meet Hermotimus on the way to the lecture of a philosopher.

> In a few moments the three were seated together, immediately above the fragrant borders of a rose farm, on the marble bench of one of the *exhedræ* for use of foot-passengers at the road side from which they could overlook the grand, earnest prospect of the *Campagna*, and enjoy the air. Fancying the lad's plainly written enthusiasm had induced in the elder speaker somewhat more fervour than was usual with him, Marius listened to the conversation.

Lucian begs him since it is a holiday, and therefore there will be no lecture, to stay with them and talk awhile. The lad consents.

> Yes [says he], I was ruminating yesterday's conference. One must not lose a moment. *Life is short and Art is long!* and it was of the art of medicine that was first said—a thing so much easier than divine philosophy, to which one can hardly attain in a life-time, unless one be ever wakeful, ever on the watch, and here the hazard is no little one: by the attainment of true philosophy to attain happiness; or, having missed both, to perish as one of the vulgar herd.

To perish as one of the vulgar herd; well, does it not come to that with us all, whether we have attained to true philosophy or not? Through all his work that sense of humour, of irony, is to be found, saving his work from a charge, perhaps, of too much sweetness. But it is in his treatment of death that he is most characteristic. For he of all modern writers has expressed most exquisitely that feeling in the very depths of our being which Christianity has utterly failed to eradicate, that if we could have enjoyed the privilege of not being led away captive by Death, we would give all our winnings, and the whole world as ransom, were it ours. But ah! great Alexander is dead, and all his greatness buried with him, he for whom our world was too little because he was so great has now left being great and is become little himself, a little handful of dust, and must be contented with a little—a

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little room under ground. For the sun shines, the fire burns, the rivers run equally for all. The king and the subject look pale, are sick and die the same way, their heads and their hearts ache alike, and being dead their ashes mingle together, and then the clearest eye cannot discern or distinguish the one from the other; nor can any man say truly this dust is the softer, the finer mould, look you, this is royal dust. Ah! do you not often wonder how going naked agrees with the soul?

In an age stirred by such diverse and great causes as ours, it is not to be wished for that all writers should be reduced to a type. Yet it may be that in his treatment of death Pater is but the most perfect example of the mood of the age, an age that is above all things pitiful, especially of death, which is of all terribles still the most terrible.

In his first book, called "Studies in the History of the Renaissance," published in 1873, Christianity, the Christian Church, Catholicism, which later influenced him deeply, so that in his last years we are told he read little but the Bible and the Prayer Book (as much it may be, as a school of English prose as for another reason), appear if at all almost as enemies, that he strives to ignore. For him it would seem art is religion, art which "comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for these moments' sake." Perhaps he, too, like Pico della Mirandola, had striven to reconcile the dreams of Plato and Homer with the words of Christ. For he writes of Christianity as though he had even then found it beautiful after a fashion, though not yet at one with that "divine ideal which above the wear and tear of creeds, has been forming itself for ages as the possession of nobler souls." And it may be that he "began to feel the soothing influence which the Roman Church has often exercised over spirits too independent to be its subjects, yet brought within the neighbourhood of its action; consoled and tranquillised as a traveller might be, resting for one evening in a strange city, by its stately aspect and the sentiment of its many fortunes, just because with those

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fortunes he has nothing to do." How profoundly changed he is ten years later when "Marius the Epicurean" was written, we may judge by those chapters on the Mass in the Early Church, which are among the most beautiful pages of all his work. "It was thus," he writes there, "It was thus the liturgy of the Church came to be, full of consolations for the human soul, and destined surely one day under the sanction of so many ages of human experience, to take exclusive possession of the religious consciousness."

And this book on the Renaissance is a book of really profound and exquisite criticism. He understood the past, the past that is even to the most learned only a dream. Even in 1870 he could write of Botticelli, "in studying his work one begins to understand to how great a place in human culture the art of Italy had been called"; and this in the course of an essay that was probably the first written in English on that painter. We may prefer to explain Botticelli's Madonnas in another way than he did; we may differ from him as to the secret of Michael Angelo's sculpture; we may know that some of the work he looks upon as Giorgione's is not his at all; and after all what have we accomplished? Nothing. His work is so full of ideas that to destroy one or two is but to show the value of the rest. His criticism is so delicate, so fine, that in itself it is a work of art, beside which the work of Matthew Arnold appears almost obvious, almost common. That saying of his in his essay on "The School of Giorgione," "All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music," is not a fallacy, as a certain musical critic has lately rather rudely asserted, but a profound truth, fully explained by its context, "For while in all other kinds of art it is possible to distinguish the matter from the form, and the understanding can always make this distinction, yet it is the constant effort of art to obliterate it. That the mere matter of a poem, for instance, its subject, namely, its given incidents or situation—that the mere matter of a picture, the actual circumstances of an event, the actual topography of a landscape—should be nothing

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without the form, the spirit of the handling, that this form, this mode of handling should become an end in itself, should penetrate every part of the matter; this is what all art constantly strives after, and achieves in different degrees." The which Shakespeare accomplishes in certain passages, as, for instance, in these lines from Richard II.:

> Not all the waters in the rough rude sea,
> Can wash the balm from an anointed king.

Or in these from Henry IV.:

> I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
> His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed
> Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury.

Or again in these:

> Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
> Seal up the ship-boy's eyes and rock his brains
> In cradle of the rude imperious surge. . .

And Milton in

> . . . . . Darkened so, yet shone
> Above them all the archangel; but his face
> Deep scars of thunder had intrenched and care
> Sat on his faded cheek.

In all these lines it would be impossible to separate the form from the matter, the subject, so that the words, the rhythm, the form, become an end in themselves, and the idea ceases to exist if you destroy that form. And in Pater's work, also, this perfection is occasionally to be found—

> A breath, a flame in the doorway, a feather in the wind. (or) Each soul keeping as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world.

After all there is no other book in English that so lets us as it were into the secret of that magnificent yet sad age. Ever after we seem to look back on Luca della Robbia and Pico della Mirandola and Joachim du Bellay, as we have met them in his pages, visions like Denys L'Auxerrois and Emerald Uthwart and Sebastian van Storck and Duke Carl of Rosen-

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mold. All the laborious pages of Symonds or Kugler cannot make them less than imaginary portraits.

The years between 1873 when "The Renaissance" appeared and 1885 when "Marius the Epicurean" was published, were, till 1881, filled with many of those studies which have been collected under the titles "Appreciations" and "Greek Studies." The essays on "Wordsworth" and "Measure for Measure" appeared in the *Fortnightly* for 1874. "Demeter and Persephone," two lectures delivered at Birmingham in 1875, appeared in the same Review in 1876. "A Study of Dionysus," again in the same Review, in 1876, and an essay called "Romanticism," appearing later under the title of "Postscript" in "Appreciations," in *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1876. The paper, "The School of Giorgione" appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1877. "The Child in the House," "Love's Labours Lost," and "The Bacchanals of Euripides," and the paper on Charles Lamb, all belong to 1878, and the two papers, "The Beginning of Greek Sculpture" and the "Marbles of Ægina" to 1880. Between that year and 1885, which saw the publication of "Marius," Mr. Shadwell mentions but one essay, that on Gabriel Rossetti, written in 1883.

"Marius the Epicurean," Pater's most considerable work, was written during the years 1881 to 1884. Whether we can admire it or not, there is nothing in the least like it in English literature. At the time of its publication, a writer in the *Dublin Review* stated that it was evidently inspired by "John Inglesant," a beautiful book that has attained to a far wider popularity than "Marius" can claim. But that was a very superficial and ridiculous thing to say. "John Inglesant" probably had very little to do with the writing of "Marius." Indeed, there is little in common between the two books. For not only is "Marius the Epicurean" utterly different from any other romance that touches the history of the early Church, but how different from any other book in the language! Even though its immense scholarship, its simplicity, its profound charm should not be able to prove it unique, the exquisite

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writing, that style which with Pater was the man, that was inseparable from him, would have placed it in a sphere by itself. I doubt that any other man has set himself to write romance with half Pater's care for English. Not Scott, who worked swiftly and cleanly, like an archangel, nor Thackeray, who begins "Esmond" with a grammatical error, nor Dickens, nor Meredith. In many ways all these writers are probably greater than Pater, but in the actual genius of writing, in the generalship, the art of words, they are not his peers. For with Pater, romance, "Marius the Epicurean, his Sensations and Ideas," for instance, is on a level "as imaginative writing" with a poem. It is possible to speak of "Marius" and the "Morte d'Arthur" in the same breath, it is not possible to do so with "Pickwick" or "Vanity Fair," or "The Egoist," or even "Ivanhoe." And it is perhaps because these books are so amusing that they are so devoid of ideas—an accusation common in Europe against modern English prose fiction. But "Marius," whatever else it may be, is full of ideas, not the less profound because beautifully expressed. One can scarcely imagine the same person reading "Marius" and afterwards "The Eternal City" or "The Master Christian." And it may explain somewhat the contempt in which English fiction is held abroad when we remember that in England those last two books have a similar circulation to the works of M. Zola or M. Paul Bourget in France. That the English public is then less civilised, less intellectually attentive than the French, seems to be an inevitable conclusion. And so in England Walter Pater has had but little popularity, and none at all with the mass of the people.

> I wish you to observe [said Cardinal Newman], that the mere orator in words cares little or nothing for the subject which he is embellishing, but can paint and gild anything whatever to order; whereas the artist, whom I am acknowledging, has his great or rich visions before him, and his only aim is to bring out what he thinks or what he feels in a way adequate to the thing spoken of and appropriate to the speaker.

It is thus Pater writes of Marius and his ideas with a great

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care and reverence not only for his subject but for its exquisite expression. And speaking there of the journey of life, its loneliness, its weariness, its companionship that "chief delight of the journey," he expresses the thought of Marius upon this very beautifully.

> And was it only the resultant general sense of such familiarity, diffused through his memory, that in a while suggested the question whether there had not been—besides Flavian, besides Cornelius even, and amid the solitude which in spite of ardent friendship he had perhaps loved best of all things—some other companion, an unfailing companion, ever at his side throughout; doubling his pleasure in the roses by the way, patient to his peevishness or depression, sympathetic above all with his grateful recognition, onward from his earliest days, of the fact that he was there at all. Must not the whole world around have faded away from him altogether had he been left for one moment really alone in it? In his deepest apparent solitude there had been rich entertainment. It was as if there were not one only but two wayfarers side by side visible across the plain as he indulged his fancy.

"Marius the Epicurean" is not a story, but a study in psychology, in philosophy, the revelation of a human soul.

In 1887 "Imaginary Portraits" was published; the earliest of these studies in criticism, "A Prince of Court Painters," having appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1885, while "Sebastian van Storck" and "Denys L'Auxerrois" appeared in the same Magazine in 1886, and "Duke Carl of Rosenmold" in 1887.

It is perhaps in this book that we see Pater at his greatest. He has invented, as it were, in these studies a new manner of criticism, creating a soul for that which he is about not only to discuss but to show us, in a new light. It is, strangely enough, in these "Imaginary Portraits" that we see him as a great imaginative writer, after his fashion—yes, even more than in "Marius the Epicurean." He has succeeded in vitalising a period, a philosophy, a mood, an antick painter. With what care, how delicately, has he shown us the supposed author of that diary, which he calls "A Prince of Court Painters." She is really the only woman in all his work. The mother of Marius, the Christian matron Cecilia, are too

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vague, too far away, for us to perceive anything of them but their transparent souls, their sweetness, their nobility. But she who loved Watteau so passionately and so silently is as real to us as any figure in all his work; she is a kind of companion to Marius, who also was unfortunate. For all his young men have desired the fairest things, and how shall they be satisfied? They all have said: "We, too, desire, not a fair one but the fairest of all; unless we find him we shall think we have failed." Well, all the youth and passion of Denys, all the pride and work of Watteau, all the genius of Sebastian and the philosophy of Duke Carl have not sufficed to show them that one, the fairest of all. They die, still seekers, divine adventurers every one; what they sought was perhaps impossible, or possible only in another life. It was undoubtedly so with "Gaston de Latour," five chapters of which were published in 1888 in *Macmillan's Magazine*. For Gaston is but another portrait more imaginary than they all, more overwhelmed by the largeness of the world, the multiplicity of men and things, of suffering, of beauty. His pilgrimage from this world to the next has no end, he simply disappears, lost to all sight and knowledge amid so many desires and passions and great men. Life so disastrous for him seems to have swallowed him up, and the reader is left with five or six chapters of his life, which was all there was to tell.

With the publication in 1889 of "Appreciations," Pater ceased to create and devoted himself to criticism. His work becomes far less interesting, far less original, at least, in its conception. The volume of "Appreciations," consisting as it does of essays written between 1868 and 1888, is a kind of counsel of perfection. To ignore all that we cannot admire is the implicit suggestion of the book. Writing of Lamb, of Sir Thomas Browne, of Shakespeare's English Kings, of Wordsworth, of Rossetti, he discriminates the different schools, but is not "overmuch occupied concerning them," his chief business being, as he has suggested, to contend against the "stupidity which is dead to the substance and the vulgarity

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which is dead to form." "The form is everything, the mere matter nothing." How stupidly that saying of his has been misunderstood, and in considering Wordsworth how that truth comes home to us! "Whatever may become of the fruit, make sure of the flowers and the leaves." And surely his summing up with regard to Wordworth might serve for himself also, "an unimpassioned writer, you might sometimes fancy, yet thinking the chief aim in life and art alike to be a certain deep emotion." And with all his quietness and with all his devotion to art he is human enough, and desires to be loved. One cannot imagine him contemplating the unfriendly reader. As he read those he cared for with a certain generosity, so he too seems to ask for at least a sympathetic hearing from the reader, seeing he had been so severe with himself. His work appeals to the inward eye, to that sense of music of rhythm, not to the outward ear. Unlike Macaulay's work, his prose cannot readily be spoken. There is nothing of rhetoric, of oratory about it. He seems to take note of an inward harmony, that is too delicate, too subtle for the voice.

In his day at Oxford he was so trim, so tidy, so much talked of, at least by the younger men, that it were wonderful if he should not be so much remembered in the world. It is the burden of the most beautiful chapter of his last book, *πάντα χωρεῖ πάντα ῥεῖ καὶ οὐδὲν μένει*. One finds it running through "Marius," too, like the shiver of the poplars. Will people speak and behave themselves as if he had never been? Is he after all nothing but a voice that is gradually fading in the years? All that immense labour, all that exquisite taste, all the scholarship, and the counsel with himself and the books that he wrote so carefully and with such patience, are they after all so much more rubbish to be thrown to the winds with the rest that have brought fortune, which never came to him? It is not to be thought of. His readers are few, but of the best sort. They know his limitations as well as his strength, he is of the small company which is much beloved. We are told that before his death he

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had thought of taking Orders. It is perhaps a little difficult to see him in the Establishment, his mind was too religious for any such satisfaction. They are happy who having known him in their youth were not too stupid to understand so lovable, so shy a man.

EDWARD HUTTON.

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UMBRIA

DEEP Italian day with a wide-washed splendour fills
Umbria green with valleys, blue with a hundred hills.
Dim in the south Soracte, a far rock faint as a cloud
Rumours Rome, that of old spoke over earth 'Thou art mine'!
Mountain shouldering mountain circles us forest-browed
Heaped upon each horizon in fair uneven line;
And white as on builded altars tipped with a vestal flame
City on city afar from the thrones of the mountains shine,
Kindling, for us that name them, many a memoried fame,
Out of the murmuring ages, flushing the heart like wine.
Pilgrim-desired Assisi is there; Spoleto proud
With Rome's imperial arches, with hanging woods divine:
Monte Falco hovers above the hazy vale
Of sweet Clitumnus loitering under poplars pale;
O'er Foligno, Trevi clings upon Apennine.
And over this Umbrian earth—from where with bright snow
spread
Towers abrupt Leonessa, huge, like a dragon's chine,
To western Ammiata's mist-apparelled head,
Ammiata that sailors watch on wide Tyrrhenian waves,—
Lie in the jealous gloom of cold and secret shrine

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Or Gorgon-sculptured chamber hewn in old rock caves,
Hiding their dreams from the light, the austere Etruscan dead.
O lone forests of oak and little cyclamens red
Flowering under shadowy silent boughs benign!
Streams that wander beneath us over a pebbly bed!
Hedges of dewy hawthorn and wild woodbine!
Now as the eastern ranges flush and the high air chills
Blurring meadowy vale, blackening heaths of pine,
Now as in distant Todi, loftily-towered—a sign
To wearying travellers—lights o'er hollow Tiber gleam,
Now our voices are stilled and our eyes are given to a dream,
As Night, upbringing o'er us the ancient stars anew,
Stars that triumphing Cæsar and tender Francis knew,
With fancied voices mild, august, immortal, fills
Umbria dim with valleys, dark with a hundred hills.

LAURENCE BINYON.

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A CRITICAL PAPER IN EDUCATION

IN the world of education there are two great classes—the examiners and the examined. Some prefer a division into teachers and taught; but this is misleading, for it tends to divert the attention to secondary aims. However that may be, the object of this paper is not to elucidate the theory of education by examination, but to suggest a practical application of the art of examining. For years inspection of public secondary schools has been in the air; Parliamentary Commissioners have set questions upon it, the most energetic of our educationists have preached it, but nobody yet has quite seen his way to it. There are two chief reasons for this state of things: first, the British public—that great sophist—is so thoroughly satisfied with the great public schools that it would take a whole bench of judges to shake its faith; and secondly, the great public schools are so thoroughly satisfied with themselves that it would take an archangel to shake theirs. Consequently, since at present neither judges nor archangels are available, it seems as if the great public schools must continue to go uninspected, and the British parent to support for his boys that wholesome unintellectual tradition to which the less developed educational system enjoyed by his girls has not yet attained. Meanwhile, here and there a thoughtful schoolmaster emerges painfully into print, and from the security of a popular schoolhouse, or, still better, of a pensioned retreat,

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gives us a glimpse of the kind of mind that "shares in the plunder and pities the man."

Now all this is, no doubt, very satisfactory; parents, it seems, get what they want, schoolmasters get what they want (even some assistant-masters, apparently), and boys get what they want. Three parties to a bargain, and all satisfied—what more can be desired? If this be not securing the greatest happiness of the greatest number, what is? Parents get rid of their parental responsibilities for nine months in the year, during which they fondly hope that their sons are mixing with boys of a slightly superior social position to their own; schoolmasters make a living which on the whole varies as it should with their business capacity and other estimable qualities; and the boys enjoy themselves to such a degree that, according to the late Mr. Edward Bowen, the mere pleasantness of school life is enough to account for the fact that they generally stay at school some two years longer than is good for them. It would be absurd to find fault with a system thus

Broad-based upon the people's will,

and there is no denying that inspection carries with it a suspicion of fault-finding. An Inspector sets out with the assumption that nothing in this world is perfect, and that here is a particular thing whose imperfections he is paid to discover; he will probably discover something, some paltry defect in sanitation, or feeding, or teaching, of no importance compared with the general tone of the place regarded as a nursery of English character, but just enough to set him talking and making suggestions, and being aggrieved if his suggestions be not attended to—as they certainly will not be, unless enforced by incontestable authority. In short, while the public schools feel that inspection would be an impertinence, and the parents that it would be a waste of time and money, inspection is not within the range of practical politics.

But though inspection by real live Inspectors is impossible, it may not be impossible to satisfy by other means the curiosity

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of the few who, in no cavilling or irreverent spirit, would like to know something of the working of the system beyond what they can gather from newspaper statistics, from boys' gossip, or from the history of the Boer War, which, we are told, reflects so much credit upon Eton.

Examinations may be conducted either on paper or *viva voce;* in this case the *viva voce* method is seen to be impracticable; but surely a few questions to be answered on paper, at leisure, can hurt no one's feelings. The following is an attempt to suggest a kind of examination paper which, if treated thoughtfully, would be of infinite service to parents, while the mere effort of contemplating the questions asked might set going new trains of thought in those who attempted to answer them—a merit sometimes claimed for examinations in general by true believers:

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

PART I. (*for Headmasters only*).

A. General Questions.

1. State briefly your qualifications for the post which you now hold, in order of importance, giving dates where necessary.

2. How far do you consider the expression "a cure of souls" applicable to a headmastership? Clerical headmasters should give the dates of Ordination and of appointment as headmaster.

3. Mention any three educational reforms which may be traced to the deliberations either of the Headmasters' Conference or of the Incorporated Association of Headmasters.

4. Comment on the phrases: *In loco parentis*—Formation of character—Discipline must be maintained—Intellectual Interest—*Mens sana in corpore sano*—Moral Tone.

5. Give a brief sketch of the development of the Higher Athleticism.

6. What are the advantages and disadvantages to a school of having on its governing body (*a*) a City Company; (*b*) Bishops; (*c*) Local magnates; (*d*) University professors; (*e*) Old pupils; (*f*) Educational experts?

7. What do you know of Infantile Psychology, and why?

8. "No great nation was ever saved by a good man, because good men

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will not go the necessary lengths" (Walpole). Discuss the application of this saying to the duty of a Headmaster, and illustrate your answer from your own experience or that of other Headmasters of your acquaintance.

9. [For those under 40 or over 60 only]

(*a*) Put into Latin Verse:—

When good King Arthur first began
To wear long hanging sleeves,
He used to keep three serving-men,
And all of them were thieves. Or

(*b*) Give reasons for or against the belief that the circle will ultimately be squared in the lower forms of public schools by means of graphs. Or

(*c*) Compare the educational value of the Æneid, the dogfish, the protohippus, and the Tonka bean. Or

(*d*) Give the formula for diacetyldiaminobenzylidenephenylhydrazone *or* paraphrase it in words of one syllable and say whether you consider that it supplies an argument for or against the compulsory study of Greek.

10. Write a short review of "Stalky & Co."

B. Relations with Boys

1. How many of the boys in your school do you know by sight? How often, as a general rule, do you speak to any given boy in the course of a term? Discuss the bearing of this question upon the limits of the numbers of a public school.

2. What proportion of a Headmaster's time can be devoted to teaching without encroaching upon his administrative, social, or political duties?

3. State and discuss the doctrines of Thring and Arnold with regard to the duty of a Headmaster to keep his school select.

4. How much general lecturing on morals in the course of a term is enough to destroy the sense of duty of a whole school?

5. What do you understand by overwork? How far is it possible for a Headmaster to take into account each boy's separate capacity for work?

6. Distinguish the educational advantages of Rugby Football, Billiards, Gymnastics, and Golf.

7. How far should a Headmaster control or show a personal interest in the occupations of his pupils' leisure?

8. "Boys are always reasonable, masters sometimes, parents never" (attributed to a late Archbishop of Canterbury). Discuss this statement, with especial reference to the first clause. Distinguish carefully between reasonableness and ability to reason.

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9. What is the average yearly profit (*a*) of the school tuckshop; (*b*) of the boarding-houses? What connection, if any, can you trace between these statistics and the number of excuses for ill-health that you have to deal with in the course of the term?

10. Write a short Essay on Schoolboy Honour, *or* a review of "Pastor Agnorum."

11. How would you deal with the following cases:

(*a*) Your whole Sixth Form absents itself from a French lesson alleging as an excuse that the French master does not understand their position in the school and is rude to them; they further declare that he is ignorant of his own language. Indicate the bearing of this case on the value of the Monitorial system.

(*b*) A. B. is reported to you as idle and self-indulgent. Both his parents, who are well known to you, are the same.

(*c*) The Senior Prefect coming hastily round a corner collides with you and utters profane language before discovering you.

(*d*) You do the same to the Senior Prefect.

(*e*) Two members of your Confirmation class appear in school with four black eyes and explain that they have been discussing the Athanasian Creed.

(*f*) A boy of 15 complains to you that his life is made a burden to him by the horrid speech and conduct of his companions. Beginning to investigate the matter, you find it unanimously asserted by his dormitory that he refuses to wash.

12. Comment on the following quotations:

(*a*) No, boy, you must not pelt the Jews.

(*b*) Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

(*c*) Creeping like snail unwillingly to school.

(*d*) The flannelled fools at the wicket,
And the muddied oafs at the goals.

(*e*) The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the teeth of the children are set on edge.

(*f*) How ill gray hairs become a fool and jester!

C. Relations with Parents.

1. How would you deal with the following cases:

(*a*) A member of your school eleven asks leave off school to attend a famous cricket match in which his brother is playing: on your refusal he plays truant and brings a note from his mother to say that he was too ill to go to school.

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(*b*) An Impressionist painter, who has himself educated his son up to the age of 16½ in the intervals of painting, wishes him prepared for a Balliol scholarship. He has perfect confidence in the boy's ability but no exact knowledge of the conditions of success, having himself been brought up on a canal-barge, where the splendours of sunset awakened his genius and opened the door to fortune.

(*c*) A retired sausage-seller of enormous wealth proposes to send you his two sons on condition that you can assure him that you will turn them out gentlemen.

(*d*) A distinguished poet calls upon you to inform you that his son (whom you have just flogged for a peculiarly atrocious offence) wishes to become a schoolmaster.

(*e*) A poor widow of Evangelical opinions, with a clever but unprincipled son, consults you as to the wisdom of insisting upon his taking Holy Orders or allowing him at his own desire to adopt the stage as a profession.

(*f*) A country clergyman writes to you that as his son is going into the Diplomatic Service he will be glad to have him placed in a form where he will learn colloquial German, Spanish, American, and Japanese: at the same time he expresses a profound belief in the value of a sound training in Classics and Mathematics, and a hope that his boy's pursuit of those studies will not be interrupted.

2. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects:

i. The limits of the personal interview.

ii. The classification of correspondence.

iii. Some applications of the term "cantankerous."

D. Relations with Staff.

1. In promoting to positions of high responsibility, how should you estimate the following qualifications in an Assistant-Master:

i. Old age.

ii. A sense of humour.

iii. A widowed mother.

iv. Efficiency as a teacher?

2. How many probationer students have you at your school, and how much would you give them to go away?

3. Have your colleagues ever offered to present you with a testimonial; and, if so, what did you infer from the proposal?

4. How would you deal with the following cases:

(*a*) The youngest boy but three in the school is reported to you by his form-master as hopelessly insubordinate.

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(*b*) A. B. reports at the end of a term that his whole form is idle beyond words.

(*c*) X. Y., whom you engaged to teach cricket and football, loses a leg in a railway accident, and about the same time your Composition Master loses his book of fair copies.

(*d*) Two masters call upon you separately, each with a portentous story to the discredit of the other, for which he begs you not to hold him responsible.

5. State the ages and qualifications of the masters in charge of the two top and the two bottom forms of your school, and say what you think would be the effect of interchanging them.

6. What course should the Headmaster adopt where one-third of his staff are past good work and there is no provision for pensions?

7. Give a summary of the principal signs of incompetence in an assistant-master, distinguishing those which a wise system of training might be expected to remove.

8. Write a short essay on the leisure of a schoolmaster, and illustrate by examples the influence upon efficiency of the following pursuits: Golf, Journalism, Minor Poetry, Dress.

PART II. (*for Assistant-Masters only*).

1. Compare your profession with that of (*a*) a duke, (*b*) a housemaid, with special reference to training, social position, and worldly prospects.

2. How far is it possible for a schoolmaster (*a*) to look after his own children if he has any; (*b*) to look after other people's if he has none? Indicate the bearing of this question upon that of celibacy.

3. How much of a growing boy's company do you think that a grown man can stand in the course of a week, and *vice versâ*?

4. Discuss the precise value of personal dignity in relations (*a*) with your chief, (*b*) with your colleagues, (*c*) with your pupils.

5. In punishing boys for deliberate offences, what do you consider a fair division of discomfort between yourself and the culprit? Illustrate by examples.

6. Distinguish the fraternal, the avuncular, and the paternal attitude to games, and give reasons for preferring any one of them.

7. Discuss the moral and intellectual advantages of the Common Room, as illustrated by the growing popularity of Bridge and the publication of Mr. Arthur Benson's "The Schoolmaster."

8. Discuss the limits of home-work for boys and masters. What course do you recommend an assistant-master to adopt who finds himself expected to look over all the work that he sets?

9. Write a short review of *either* "Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy," *or* Mr. Gilkes' "Boys and Masters."

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10. How often in the course of a term is it safe to
    (*a*) Allude to your own schooldays.
    (*b*) Tell a humorous story in school.
    (*c*) Threaten to cane a boy without meaning to do it.
    (*d*) Tell any given boy that he ought to be ashamed of himself?

11. In what order of merit would you place the following qualifications as likely to be useful to a schoolmaster: Geniality, imagination, attention to business, eloquence, sincerity, a good digestion?

12. Prove the following:
    (*a*) The efficiency of any given schoolmaster is in inverse ratio to the number of times that he dines out in a term.
    (*b*) If any five boys concoct a plan for amusing themselves, the odds that it is at somebody else's expense are as the product to the sum of their ages.
    (*c*) If A. B. shirks his work and C. D. shirks his games, the difference between them will be equal to the capacity of any two house-masters.

13. Should boys have less and worse food at school than at home? If so, why? If not, for what proportion of the diet should the house-master be responsible, and what is the advantage of leaving the rest to the discretion of the boys?

14. Give not less than two nor more than six reasons which would justify your headmaster in dismissing you at the shortest possible notice.

A complete school examination paper would contain a set of questions for boys also, but for the fact that the only important questions are those which nobody would answer. Ask any boy of fifteen, for instance, what effect his school life produces on his appreciation of home, or whether he thinks that new boys ought to be allowed to enjoy life, or what his dormitory talks about before he goes to sleep; and if you get a veracious answer you will know more about public school education than you did before. But you will not get a veracious answer, and it is best that you should not; the answers to such questions lie hid in the secret corners of the souls of boys, and the souls of boys are, as Mr. Edward Bowen once said, *penetralia*, wherein the profane may walk never, and even those who understand will venture but once in a year, or in many years, and that with much reverence and not a little misgiving.

R. F. CHOLMELEY.

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FORT AMITY

CHAPTER IV

THE VOYAGEURS

Fringue, fringue sur la rivière;
Fringue, fringue sur l'aviron!

THE man at the bow paddle set the chorus, which was taken up by boat after boat. John, stretched at the bottom of a canoe with two wounded Highlanders, wondered where he had heard the voice before. His wits were not very clear yet. The canoe's gunwale hid all the landscape but a mountain-ridge, high over his right, feathered with forest; so far away that, swiftly as the strokes carried him forward, its serrated pines and notches of naked rock crept by him inch by inch. He stared at these and prayed for the moment when the sun should drop behind them. For hours it had been beating down on him. An Indian sat high in the stern, steering; paddling rhythmically and with no sign of effort except that his face ran with sweat beneath its grease and vermilion. But not a feature of it twitched in the glare across which, hour after hour, John had been watching him through scorched eyelashes.

Athwart the stern, and almost at the Indian's feet, reclined a brawn of a man with his knees drawn high—a French sergeant in a spick-and-span white tunic with the badge of the Béarnais regiment. A musket lay across his thighs, so pointed

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that John looked straight down its barrel. Doubtless it was loaded: but John had plenty to distract his thoughts from such a trifle—in the heat, the glare, the torment of his wounds, and, worst of all, the incessant coughing of the young Highlander beside him. The lad had been shot through the lungs, and the wound imperfectly bandaged. A horrible wind issued from it with every cough.

How many men might be seated or lying on the fore part of the canoe John could not tell, being unable to turn his head. Once or twice a guttural voice there growled a word of comfort to the dying lad, in Gaelic or in broken English. And always the bowman sang high and clear, setting the chorus for the attendant boats, and from the chorus passing without a break into the solo. "En roulant ma boule" followed "Fringue sur l'aviron"; and from that the voice slid into a little love-chant, tender and delicate:

"A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

"Il y a longtemps que je t'aime," broke in the chorus, the wide lake modulating the music as water only can. John remembered the abattis and all its slaughter, and marvelled what manner of men they were who, fresh from it, could put their hearts into such a song.

"Et patati, et patata!" rapped in the big sergeant. "For God's sake, Chameau, what kind of milk is this to turn a man's stomach?"

The chorus drowned his expostulation, and the bowman continued:

"Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait;
Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai . . .

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Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ait à pleurer. . . ."

"Gr-r-r—" As the song ended, the sergeant spat contemptuously over the gunwale. "La-la-la, rossignol, et la-la-la, rosier!" he mimicked. "We are not *rosières*, my friend."

"The song is true Canayan, m'sieur, and your comrades appear to like it."

"Par exemple! Listen, Monsieur Chameau, to something more in their line." He inflated his huge lungs and burst into a ditty of his own:

"C'est dans la ville de Bordeaux
Qu'est arrivé trois beaux vaisseaux—
Qu'est arrivé trois beaux vaisseaux:
Les matelots qui sont dedans,
Vrai Dieu, sont de jolis galants."

The man had a rich baritone voice, not comparable indeed with the bowman's tenor, yet not without quality; but he used it affectedly, and sang with a simper on his face. His face, brick red in hue, was handsome in its florid way; but John, watching the simper, found it detestable.

"C'est une dame de Bordeaux
Qu'est amoureuse d'un matelot——"

Here he paused, and a few soldiers took up the refrain half-heartedly:

"—— Va, ma servante, va moi chercher
Un matelot pour m'amuser."

The song from this point became indecent, and set the men in the nearer boats laughing. At its close a few clapped their hands. But it was not a success, and the brick red darkened on the singer's face; darkened almost to purple when a voice in the distance took up the air and returned it mockingly, caricaturing a *roulade* to the life with the help of one or two ridiculous grace-notes: at which the soldiers laughed again.

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"I think, m'sieur," suggested the bowman politely, "they do not know it very well, or they would doubtless have been heartier."

But the sergeant had heaved himself up with a curse and a lurch which sent the canoe rocking, and was scanning the boats for the man who had dared to insult him.

"How the devil can a man sing while that dog keeps barking!" he growled, and let out a kick at the limp legs of the young Highlander.

Another growl answered. It came from the wounded prisoner behind John—the man who had been muttering in Gaelic.

"It is a coward you are, big man. Go on singing your sculduddery, and let the lad die quiet."

The sergeant scowled, not understanding. John, whose blood was up, obligingly translated the reproof into French "He says—and I also—that you are a cowardly bully; and we implore you to sing in tune, another time. Par pitié, monsieur, ne scalpez-vous pas les demi-morts!"

The shaft hit, as he had intended, and the man's vanity positively foamed upon it. "Dog of a *ros-bif*, congratulate yourself that you are half dead, or I would whip you again as we whipped you yesterday, and as my regiment is even now whipping again your compatriots." He jerked a thumb towards the south where, far up the lake, a pale saffron glow spread itself upon the twilight.

"The English are burning your fort, may be," John suggested amiably.

"They are burning the mill, more like—or their boats. But after such a defeat, who cares?"

'If our general had only used his artillery——"

"Eh, what is that you're singing? *Oui-da*, if your general had only used his artillery? My little friend, that's a fine battle—that battle of 'If.' It is always won, too—only it has the misfortune never to be fought. So, so: and a grand battle it is too, for reputations. '*If* the guns had only arrived'; and

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if the brigadier Chose had brought up the reserves as ordered'; and '*if* the right had extended itself, and that devil of a left had not straggled'—why then we should all be heroes, we *ros-bifs*. Whereas we came on four to one, and we were beaten; and we are going north to Montreal and our general is running south from an army one-third of his size and burning fireworks on his way. And at Albany the ladies will take your standards and stitch '*If*' on them in gold letters a foot long. Eh, but it was a glorious fight—faith of Sergeant Barboux!"

And Sergeant Barboux, having set his vanity on its legs again, pulled out his pipe and skin of tobacco.

"Hola, M. le Chameau!" he called; "the gentleman desires better music than mine. Tip him 'Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre!'"

M. le Chameau lifted his voice obediently; and thereupon John recognised the note and knew to whose singing he had lain awake in the woods so far behind and (it seemed) such ages ago.

He had been young then, and all possibilities of glory lay behind the horizons to which he was voyaging. Darkness had closed down on them, but the beat of the paddles drove him forward. He stared up at the peering stars and tried to bethink himself that they looked down on the same world that he had known—on Albany—Halifax—perhaps even on Cleeve Court in Devonshire. The bowman's voice, ahead in the darkness, kept time with the paddles:

"Il reviendra-z à Pâques—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Il reviendra-z à Pâques,
Ou—à la Trinité!"

Yes, the question was of returning, now; a day had made that difference. And yet, why should he wish to return? Of what worth would his return be? For weeks, for months, he had been living in a life ahead, towards which these paddles were faithfully guiding him; and if the hope had died out of

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it, and all the colour, what better lay behind that he should seek back to it? A mother, who had shown him little love; a brother who coldly considered him a fool; nearer, but only a little nearer—for already the leagues between seemed endless —a few friends, a few messmates . . .

His ribs hurt him intolerably; and his wrist, too, was painful. Yet his wounds troubled him with no thought of death. On the contrary, he felt quite sure of recovering and living on, and on, on, on—in those unknown regions ahead . . .

"La Trinité se passe—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
La Trinité se passe—
Malbrouck ne revient pas."

What were they like, those regions ahead? For he was young—less than twenty—and a life almost as long as an ordinary man's might lie before him yonder. He remembered an old discussion with a seminary priest at Douai, on Nicodemus's visit by night and his question, "How can a man be born when he is old?" . . . and all his thoughts harked back to the Church he had left—that Church so Catholic, so far-reaching, so secure of herself in all climes and amid all nations of men. There were Jesuits, he knew, up yonder, beyond the rivers, beyond the forests. He would find that Church there, steadfast as these stars, and, alone with them, bridging all this long gulf. In his momentary weakness the repose she offered came on him as a temptation. Had he but anchored himself upon her, all these leagues had been as nothing. But he had cut himself adrift; and now the world, too, had cut him off, and where was he with his doubts? . . . Or was she following now and whispering, "Poor fool, you thought yourself strong, and I granted you a short licence; but I have followed, as I can follow everywhere, unseen, knowing the hour when you must repent and want me; and lo! my lap is open. Come, let its folds wrap you, and at once there is no more trouble; for within them

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time and distance are not, and all this voyage shall be as a dream."

No; he put the temptation from him. For it was a sensual temptation after all, surprising him in anguish and exhaustion and bribing with promise of repose. He craved after it, but set his teeth. "Yes, you are right, so far. The future has gone from me, and I have no hopes. But it seems I have to live, and I am a man. My doubts are my doubts, and this is no fair moment to abandon them. What I must suffer, I will try to suffer. . . ."

The bowman had lit a lantern in the bows and passed back the resinous brand to an Indian seated forward, who in turn handed it back over John's head toward Sergeant Barboux, but, seeing that he dosed, crawled aft over the wounded men and set it to the wick of a second lantern rigged on a stick astern. As the wick took fire, the Indian, who had been steering hitherto hour after hour, grunted out a syllable or two and handed him the paddle. The pair changed places, and the ex-steersman—who seemed the elder by many years—crept cautiously forward; the lantern-light, as he passed it, falling warm on his scarlet trowsers and drawing fiery twinkles from his belt and silver arm-ring.

With a guttural whisper he crouched over John, so low that his body blotted out the lantern, the stars, the whole dim arch of the heavens. Was this murder? John shut his teeth. If this was to be the end, let it come now and be done with; he would not cry out. The Highland lad had ceased his coughing and lay unconscious, panting out the last of his life more and more feebly. The elder Highlander moaned from time to time in his sleep, but had not stirred for some while. Forward the bowman's paddle still beat time like a clock, and away in the darkness other paddles answered it.

A hand was feeling at the bandages about John's chest and loosening them gently until his wound felt the edge of the night wind. All his muscles stiffened to meet the coming stroke. . . .

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The Indian grunted and withdrew his hand. A moment, and John felt it laid on the wound again, with a touch which charmed away pain and the wind's chill together—a touch of smooth ointment.

Do what he would, a sob shook the lad from head to foot. "Thanks, brother!" he whispered in French. The Indian did not answer, but replaced and drew close the bandage with rapid hands, and so with another grunt crawled forward, moving like a shadow, scarcely touching the wounded men as he went.

For a while John lay awake, gazing up into the stars. His pain had gone, and he felt infinitely restful. The vast heavens were a protection now, a shield flung over his helplessness. He had found a friend.

Why?

That he could not tell. But he had found a friend, and could sleep.

In his dreams he heard a splash. The young Highlander had died in the night, and Sergeant Barboux and the Indian lifted and dropped the body overboard.

But John à Cleeve slept on; and still northward through the night, down the long reaches of the lake, the canoe held her way.

CHAPTER V

CONTAINS THE APOLOGUE OF MANABOZHO'S TOE

THEY had threaded their course through the many islets at the foot of the lake, and were speeding down the headwaters of the Richelieu. The forests had closed in upon them, shutting out the mountains. The convoy—officered for the most part by Canadian militiamen with but a sprinkling of regulars such as Sergeant Barboux—soon began to straggle. The prisoners were to be delivered at Montreal. Montcalm had despatched them thither, on short rations, for the simple reason that Fort Carillon held scarcely food enough to support his own army;

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but he could detach very few of his own efficients for escort, and, for the rest, it did not certainly appear who was in command. Barboux, for example, was frankly insubordinate, and declared a dozen times a day that it did not become gentlemen of the Béarn and Royal Roussillon to take their orders from any *coureur de bois* who might choose to call himself Major.

Consequently the convoy soon straggled at will, the boatmen labouring if the fancy took them, or resting their paddles across their thighs and letting their canoes drift on the strong current. Now and again they met a train of batteaux labouring up with reinforcements, that had heard of the victory from the leading boats and hurrahed as they passed or shouted questions which Barboux answered as a conscious hero of the fight, and with no false modesty. But for hour after hour John lived alone with his own boat's company, and the interminable procession of the woods.

They descended to the river, these woods, and overhung it —each bank a mute monotonous screen of foliage, unbroken by glade or clearing; pine and spruce and hemlock, maple and alder; piled plumes of green, motionless, brooding, through which no sun rays broke, though here and there a silver birch drew a shaft of light upon their sombre background. Here were no English woodlands, no stretches of pale green turf, no vistas opening beneath flattened boughs, with blue distant hills and perhaps a group of antlers topping the bracken. The wild life of these forests crawled among thickets or lurked in sinister shadows. No bird poured out its heart in them; no lark soared out of them, breasting heaven. At rare intervals a note fell on the ear—the scream of hawk or eagle, the bitter cackling laugh of blue-jay or woodpecker, the loon's ghostly cry—solitary notes, and unhappy, as though wrung by pain out of the choking silence; or, away on the hillside, a grouse began drumming, or a duck went whirring down the long waterway until the sound sank and was overtaken again by the river's slow murmur.

When night had hushed down these noises the forest would

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be silent for an hour or two, and then awake more horribly with the howling of wolves. John slept little of nights; not on account of the wolves, but because the mosquitoes allowed him no peace. (They were torture to a wounded man; but he declared afterwards that they cured his wounded arm willy-nilly, for they forced him to keep it active under pain of being eaten alive.) By day he dozed, lulled by the eternal woods, the eternal dazzle on the water, the eternal mutter of the flood, the paddle-strokes, M. le Chameau's singing.

They were now six in the canoe—the sergeant, le Chameau, the two Indians, John à Cleeve and the elder Highlander, Corporal Hugh McQuarters.

By this time—that is to say, having seen him—John understood the meaning of M. le Chameau's queer name. He was a hunchback, but a gay little man nevertheless; reputedly a genius in the art of shooting rapids. He was also a demon to work, when allowed; but the sergeant would not allow him.

It suited the sergeant's humour to lag behind the other boats by way of asserting his dignity and proving that he, Barboux, held himself at no trumpery colonial's beck and call. Also he had begun to nurse a scheme; as will appear by-and-bye.

At present it amused him to order the canoe to shore for an hour or two in the heat of the day, lend his bayonet to the Indians, and watch, smoking, while they searched the banks and dug out musquashes. These they cooked and ate; which Barboux asserted to be good economy, since provisions were running short. It occurred to John that this might be a still better reason for hurrying forward, but he was grateful for the siesta under the boughs while the Indians worked. They were Ojibways both, the elder by name Menehwehna and the younger (a handsome fellow with a wonderful gift of silence) Muskingon.

Since that one stealthy act of kindness Menehwehna had given no sign of cordiality. John had tried a score of times to catch his eye, and had caught it once or twice, but only to find the man inscrutable. Yet he was by no means taciturn;

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but seemed, as his war-paint of soot and vermilion wore thinner, to thaw into what (for an Indian) might pass for geniality. After a successful rat-hunt he would even grow loquacious, seating himself on the bank and jabbering while he skinned his spoils, using for the most part a jargon of broken French (in which he was fluent) mixed up with native words of which Barboux understood very few and John none at all. When he fell back on Ojibway pure and simple, it was to address Muskingon, who answered in monosyllables, and was sparing of these. Muskingon and McQuarters were the silent men of the party—the latter by force as well as choice, since he knew no French and in English could only converse with John. He and Muskingon had this further in common—they both detested the sergeant.

John, for his part, had patched up a peace with the man, after this fashion: On the second day Barboux had called upon le Chameau for a song; and, the little hunchback having given "En roulant ma boule," demanded another.

"But it is monsieur's turn, who has a charming voice," suggested le Chameau politely.

"It has the misfortune to grate on the ears of our English gentleman," Barboux answered with an angry flush, stealing a malevolent glance at John. "And I do not sing to please myself."

John doubted this; but being by nature quick to forgive and repent a quarrel, he answered with some grace: "I was annoyed, Sergeant Barboux, and said what I thought would hurt rather than what was just. You possess, indeed, a charming voice, and I regret to have insulted it."

"You mean it?" asked Barboux, still red in the face, but patently delighted.

"So much so that I shall not pardon myself until you have done us the favour to sing."

The sergeant held out his hand. "And that's very handsomely said! Given or taken, an apology never goes astray between brave fellows. And, after all," he added, "I had, if I

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remember, something the better of that argument! You really wish me to sing, then?"

"To be sure I do," Jack assured him, smiling.

He cleared his throat, wagged his head once or twice impassively and trolled out:

> "Belle meunière, en passant par ici,
> Ne suis-je t'y pas éloigné d'Italie. . . ."

From this graceful opening the song declined into the grossest filth; and it was easy to see, watching his face, why McQuarters, without understanding a word of French, had accused him of singing "sculduddery." John, though disgusted, could not help being amused by a performance which set him in mind now of a satyr and now of a mincing schoolgirl—*vert galant avec un sourire de cantatrice*—lasciviousness blowing affected kisses in the intervals of licking its chops. At the conclusion he complimented the singer, with a grave face.

Barboux bowed. "It has, to say true, a little more marrow in it than le Chameau's *rossignols* and *rosiers*. Hola, Chameau; the Englishman here agrees that you sing well, but that your matter is watery stuff. You must let me teach you one or two songlets——"

"Pardon, m'sieur, mais ça sera un peu trop—trop vif; c'est-à-dire pour moi," stammered the little hunchback.

Barboux guffawed. The idea of le Chameau as a ladies' man tickled him hugely, and he tormented the patient fellow with allusions to it, and to his deformity, twenty times a day.

And yet the sergeant was not ill-natured — until you happened to cross him, when his temper became damnable—but merely a big, vain, boisterous lout. John, having taken his measure, found it easy to study him philosophically and even to be passably amused by him. But he made himself, it must be owned, an affliction; and an affliction against which, since the boats had parted company, there was no redress. He was conceited, selfish, tyrannical, and inordinately lazy. He never took a hand with the paddle, but would compel the

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others to work, or to idle, as the freak took him. He docked the crew's allowance but fed himself complacently on more than full rations, proving this to be his due by discourse on the innate superiority of Frenchmen over Canadians, Englishmen or Indians. He would sit by the hour bragging of his skill with the gun, his victories in love, his feats of strength — baring his chest, arms, legs, and inviting the company to admire his muscles. He jested from sunrise until sundown, and never made a jest that did not hurt. Worst of all was it when he schooled le Chameau to sing his obscenities after him, line for line.

"No, no, I beg you, monsieur," the little fellow would protest, "c'est—c'est sale!"—and would blush like a girl.

"*Sale*, you dog? I'll teach you ——" A blow would follow. M. Barboux was getting liberal with his blows. Once he struck Muskingon. Menehwehna growled ominously, and the growl seemed to warn not only Barboux but Muskingon, who, for the moment, had looked murderous.

John guessed that some tie, if not of blood-relationship, at least of strong affection, bound the two Indians together.

For himself, as soon as his wound allowed him to sit upright, which it did on the second day—the bullet having glanced across his ribs and left but its ugly track in the thin flesh covering them—the monotony of the woods and the ceaseless glint of the water were a drug which he could summon at will, and so withdraw himself within a stupor untroubled by Barboux or his boastings. Having discovered Barboux's levity, and also (as he imagined) the moral cowardice at the bottom of Barboux's bluster, he suffered the man indeed, but saw no necessity for heeding him.

He had observed two or three hanks of fishing-line dangling from the thin strips of cedar which sheathed the canoe within, a little below the gunwale. They had hooks attached, and from the shape of these hooks he judged them to belong to the Indians. He unhitched one of the lines, and more for the sake of killing time than for any set purpose, began to construct a

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gaudy salmon-fly with a few frayed threads of cloth from his tunic. After a minute or two he was aware of Muskingon watching him with interest, and by signs begged for a feather from the young Indian's top-knot. Muskingon drew one forth and, under instructions, plucked off a piece of fluff from the root of the feather, a small quill or two, and handed them over. With a length of red silk drawn from his sash John, within half an hour, was bending a very pretty fly on the hook. It did not in the least resemble any winged creature upon earth; but it had a meretricious air about it, and even a "killing" one when he finished up by binding its body tight with an inch of gilt thread from his collar. Meanwhile, his ambition growing with success, he had cast his eyes about, to alight on a long-jointed cane which the canoe carried as part of its appanage, to be lifted on cross-legs and serve as the ridge of an awning on wet nights. It was cumbrous, but flexible in some small degree. Muskingon dragged it within reach and sat watching while John whipped a loop to its end and ran the line through it.

He had begun in pure idleness, but now he stood committed to an attempt at least. The production of the rod had drawn every one's eyes. Barboux was watching him superciliously; and Menehwehna with grave attention, resting his paddle on his knees while the canoe drifted. Fish had been leaping throughout the afternoon—salmon by the look of them. John knew something of salmon; he had played and landed many a fish out of the Dart above Totnes, and in his own river below Cleeve Court. The sun had dropped behind the woods, the water was not too clear, and in short it looked a likely hour for feeding. He lifted his clumsy pole in his right hand, steadied it with his injured left, and put all his skill into the cast.

As he cast, the weight of his rod almost overbalanced him: a dart of pain came from his closing wound and he knew that he had been a fool and overtaxed his strength. But to his amazement a fish rose at once and gulped the fly down.

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He tossed the rod across to Muskingon, calling to him to draw it inboard and sit quite still; and catching the line, tautened it and slackened it out slowly, feeling up to the loop in which (as was to be expected) it had kinked and was sticking fast.

He had the line in both hands now, with Muskingon paying out the slack behind him; and if the hook held—the line had no gut—he felt confident of his fish. By the feel of him he was a salmon—or a black bass. John had heard of black bass and the sport they gave. A beauty, at any rate!

Yes, he was a salmon. Giving on the line but never slackening it, though it cut his forefinger cruelly (his left being all but useless to check the friction), John worked him to the top of the water and so, by little and little, to the side of the canoe.

But his own strength was giving out, faster now than the salmon's. His wound had parted; and as he clenched his teeth he felt the line fraying. The fish would have been lost had not Muskingon, almost without shaking the canoe, dropped overboard, dived under and clenched both hands upon his struggles.

It was Menehwehna who dragged the salmon across the gunwale; for John had fainted. And when he recovered Menehwehna was coolly gutting the monster—if a fish of eighteen pounds can be called a monster, as surely he can when taken in such fashion.

After this, John being out of action, Sergeant Barboux must take a turn with the rod. He did not (he protested) count on landing a fish; but the hooking of one had been so ridiculously prompt and easy that it was hard to see how he could fail.

But he did. He flogged the water till nightfall, confidently at first though clumsily, at length with the air of a Xerxes casting chains into the flood; but never a bite rewarded him. He gave over the rod in a huff, but began again at dawn, to

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lay it down after an hour and swear viciously. As he retired Muskingon took the pole; he had watched John's one and only cast and he imitated it patiently for three hours while the sergeant jeered and the canoe drifted. Towards noon he felt a bite, struck, and missed; but half an hour later he struck again and Menehwehna shouted and pointed as John's fly was sucked under in a noble swirl of water. Muskingon dragged back his rod and stretched out a hand for the line; but Barboux had already run forward and clutched it, at the same moment roughly thrusting him down on his seat; and then in a moment the mischief was done. The line parted, and the sergeant floundered back with a lurch that sent the canoe down to its gunwale.

McQuarters laughed aloud and grimly. Menehwehna's dark eyes shone. Even John, though the lurch obliged him to fling out both hands to balance the boat, and the sudden movement sent a dart of pain through his wound, could not hold back a smile. Barboux was furious.

"Eh? So you are pleased to laugh at me, master Englishman! Wait then, and we'll see who laughs last. And you, dog of an Indian, at what are you daring to grin?"

"I was rubbing my hands, O illustrious warrior," answered Menehwehna with gravity, "because your exploit set me in mind of Manabozho; and when one thinks upon Manabozho it is permitted and even customary to laugh."

"Who the devil was Manabozho?"

"He was a very Great One—even another such Great One as yourself. It was he who made the earth once on a time, by accident. And another time he went fishing."

"Have a care, Menehwehna. I bid you beware if you are poking fun at me."

"I am telling of Manabozho. He went fishing in the lake and let down a line. 'King Fish,' said he, 'take hold of my bait,' and he kept saying this until the King Fish felt annoyed and said, 'This Manabozho is a nuisance. Here, trout, take hold of his line.' The trout obeyed, and Manabozho shouted,

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'Wa-' e! Wa-i-he! I have him!' while the canoe rocked to an fro. But when he saw the trout he called, 'Esa, esa! Shame upon you, trout; I fish for your betters.' So the trout let go; and again Manabozho sank his line saying, 'O King Fish, take hold of my bait.' 'I shall lose my temper soon with this fellow,' said the King Fish; 'here, sunfish, take hold of his line.' The sunfish did so, and Manabozho's canoe spun round and round; but when he saw what he had caught, he cried out 'Esa, esa! Shame upon you, sunfish; I am come for your betters.' So the sunfish let go, and again Manabozho——"

"Joli amphigouri!" yawned the sergeant. "Pardon, M. Menehwehna, but this story of yours seems likely to last."

"Not so, O chief; for this time the King Fish took the bait and swallowed Manabozho, canoe and all."

John laughed aloud; but enough sense remained in Barboux to cover his irritation. "Well, that was the last of him, and the Lord be praised!"

"There is much more of the story," said Menehwehna, "and all full of instruction."

"We will postpone it anyhow. Take up your paddle, please, if you have not forgotten how to work."

So Menehwehna and le Chameau paddled anew, while the great Barboux sat and sulked—a sufficiently childish figure. Night fell, the canoe was brought to shore, and the Indians, as usual, lifted out the wounded men and laid them on beds of moss strewn with pine-boughs and cedar. While Menehwehna lit the camp fire, Muskingon prepared John's salmon for supper, and began to grill it deftly as soon as the smoke died down on a pile of clear embers.

John sleepily watched these preparations, and was fairly dozing when he heard Barboux announce with an oath that for his impudence the dog of an Englishman should go without his share of the fish. The announcement scarcely awoke him—the revenge was so petty. Barboux in certain moods could

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be such a baby that John had ceased to regard him except as an object of silent mirth. So he smiled and answered sweetly that Sergeant Barboux was entirely welcome; for himself a scrap of biscuit would suffice; and with that he closed his eyes again.

But it seemed that, for some reason, the two Indians were angry, not to say outraged. By denying him his share Barboux had—no doubt ignorantly—broken some sacred law in the etiquette of hunting. Muskingon growled; and the firelight showed his lips drawn back, like a dog's, from his white teeth. Menehwehna remonstrated. Even le Chameau seemed to be perturbed.

Barboux, however, did not understand; and as nobody would share in John's portion, ate it himself with relish amid an angry silence, which at length impressed him."

"Eh? What the devil's wrong with you all?" he demanded, looking about him.

Menehwehna broke into a queer growl, and began to rub his hands. "Manabozho——" he began.

"Fichtre! It appears we have not heard the end of him, then?"

"It is usual," Menehwehna explained, "to rub one's hands at the mention of Manabozho. In my tribe it is even necessary."

"Farceur de Manabozho! the habit has not extended to mine," growled Barboux. "Is this the same story?"

"O slayer of heads, it is an entirely different one." The sergeant winced, and John cast himself back on his leafy bed to smile up at the branches; *tueur de têtes* may be a high compliment from an Indian warrior, but a vocalist may be excused for looking twice at it.

"This Manabozho," Menehwehna continued tranquilly, "was so big and strong that he began to think himself everybody's master. One day he walked in the forest, cuffing the ears of the pine trees for sport, and knocking them flat if they took it ill; and at length he came on a clearing. In the

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clearing was a lodge, and in the lodge was no one but a small child, curled up asleep with its toe in its mouth. Manabozho gazed at the child for a long while, and said he, 'I have never seen any one before who could lie with his toe in his mouth. But I can do it, to be sure.' Whereupon he lay down in much the same posture as the child, and took his right foot in his hand. But it would not reach by a long way. 'How stupid I am,' exclaimed Manabozho, 'when it was the left foot all the time!' So he tried the left foot, but this also would not reach. He rolled on his back, and twisted and bent himself, and strained and struggled until the tears ran down his face. Then he sat up in despair; and behold! he had awakened the child, and the child was laughing at him. 'Oh, oh!' cried Manabozho in a passion, 'am I then to be mocked by a babe!' And with that he drew a great breath and blew the child away over the mountains, and afterwards walked across and across the lodge, trampling it down until not a trace of it remained. 'After all,' said Manabozho, 'I can do something; and I see nobody hereabouts to deny that I can put my toe in my mouth!'"

As Menehwehna concluded, John waited for an explosion of wrath. None came. He raised his head after a minute and looked about him. Barboux sat smoking and staring into the camp-fire. The Indian had laid himself down to slumber with his blanket drawn up to his ears.

(*To be continued.*)

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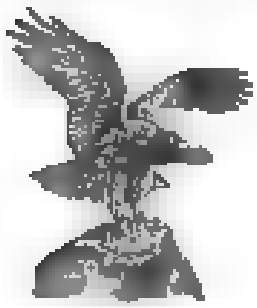

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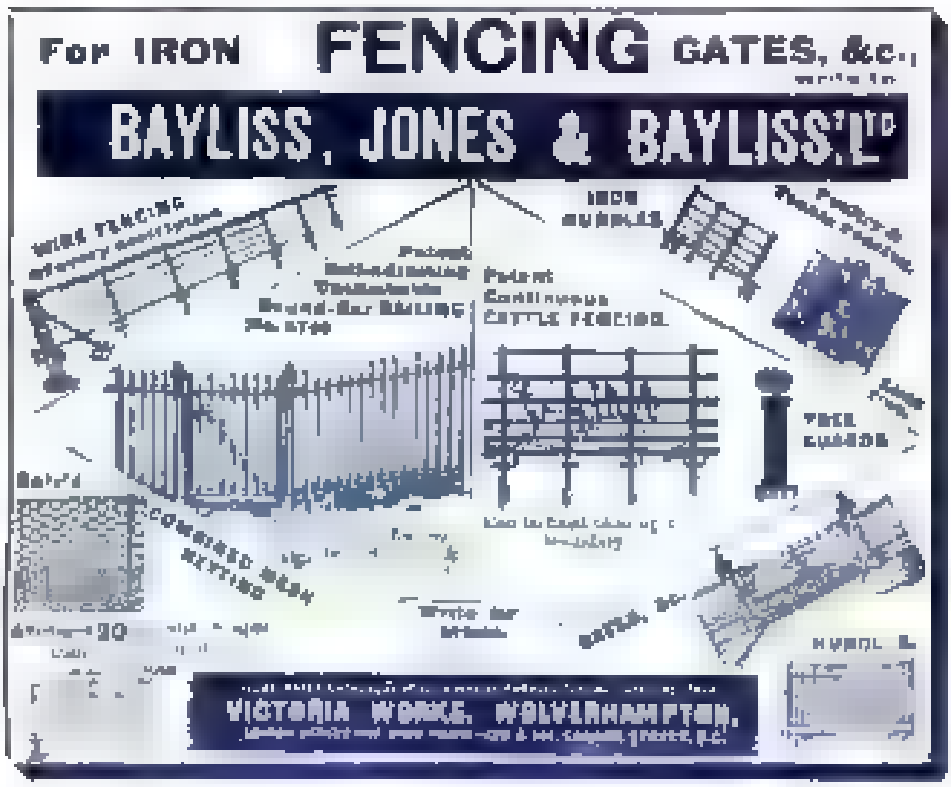

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